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Saturday Review

January 15, 1966 25¢

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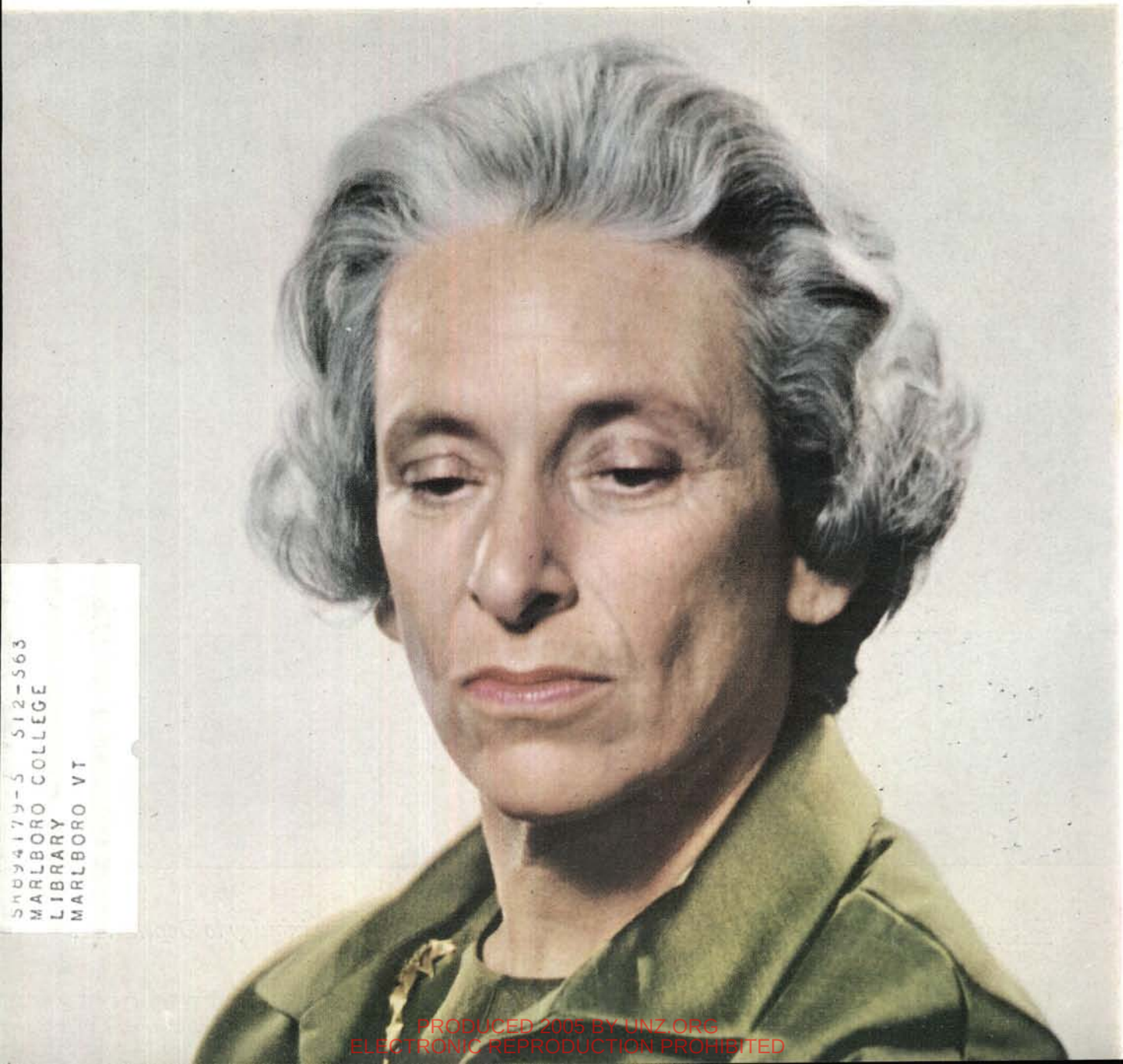
THE PH.D.: NEW DEMANDS, SAME OLD RESPONSE

Articles by Everett Walters and Frederic W. Ness

Barbara W. Tuchman, author of "The Proud Tower" (see Books)



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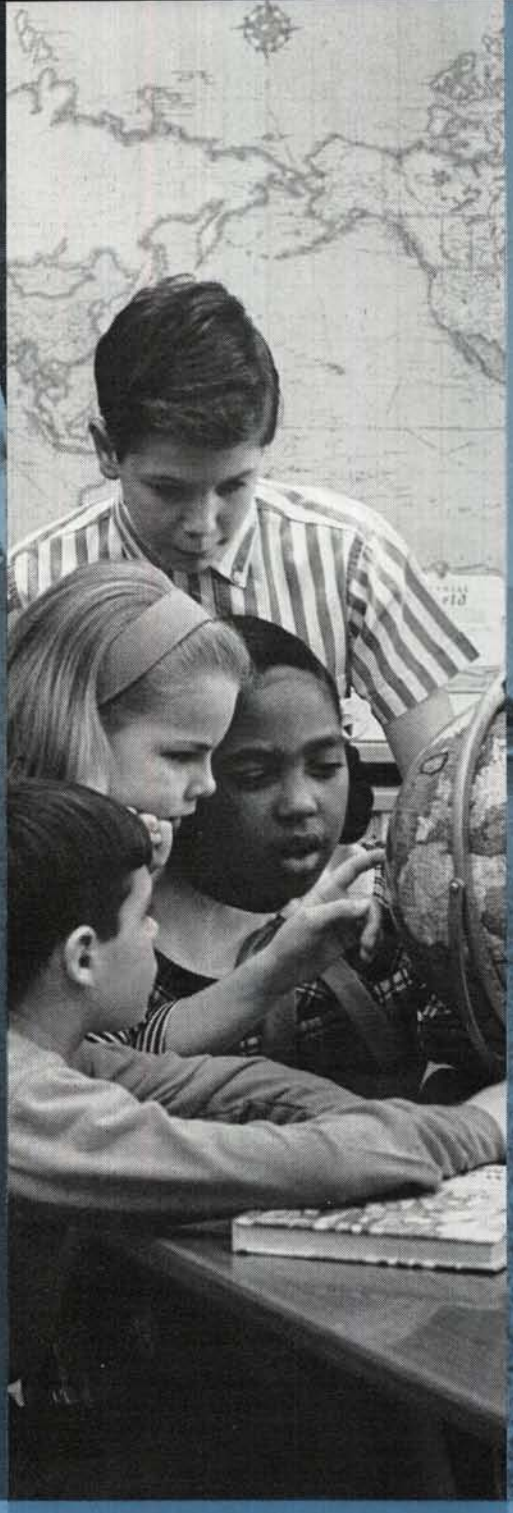

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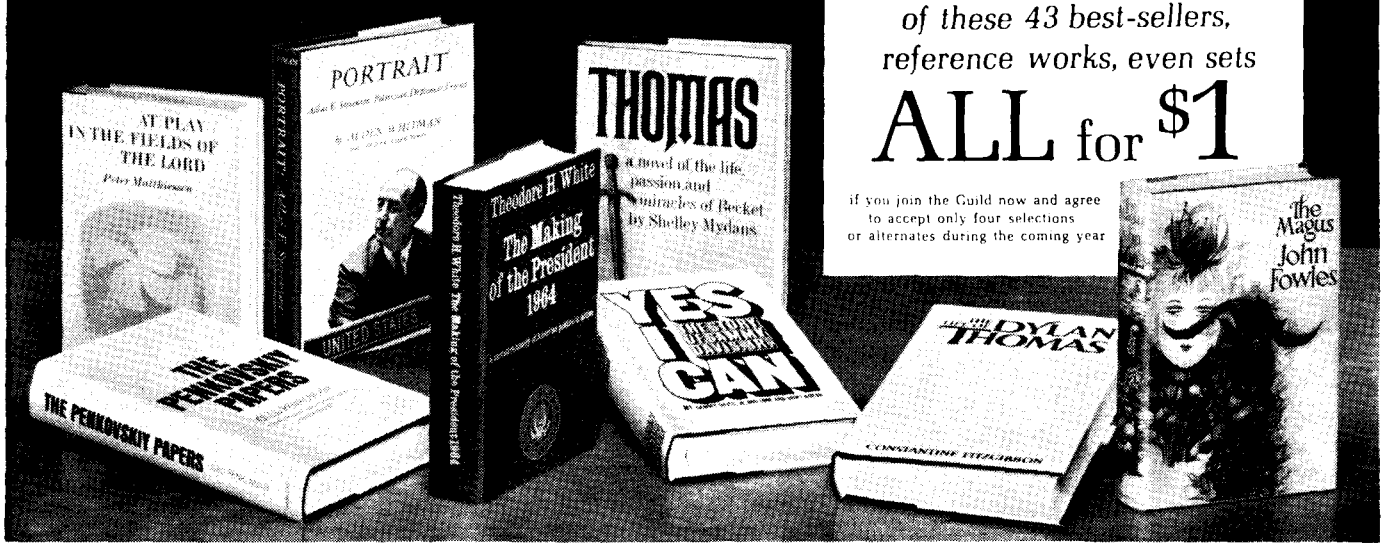

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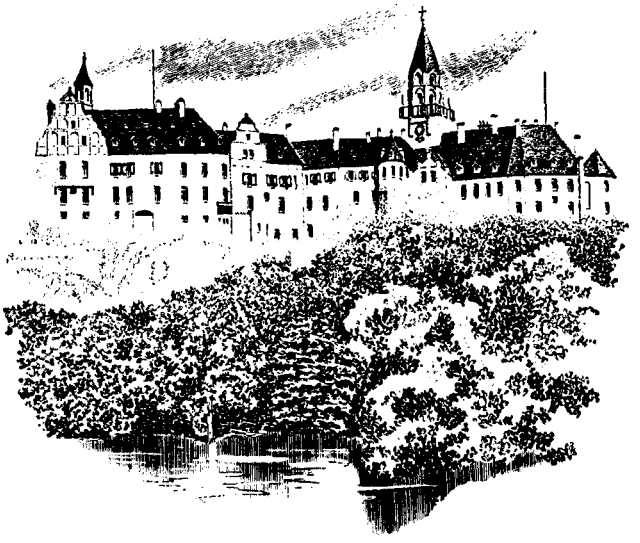

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Saturday Review

January 15, 1966

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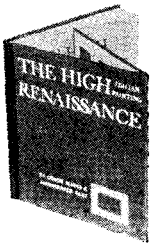

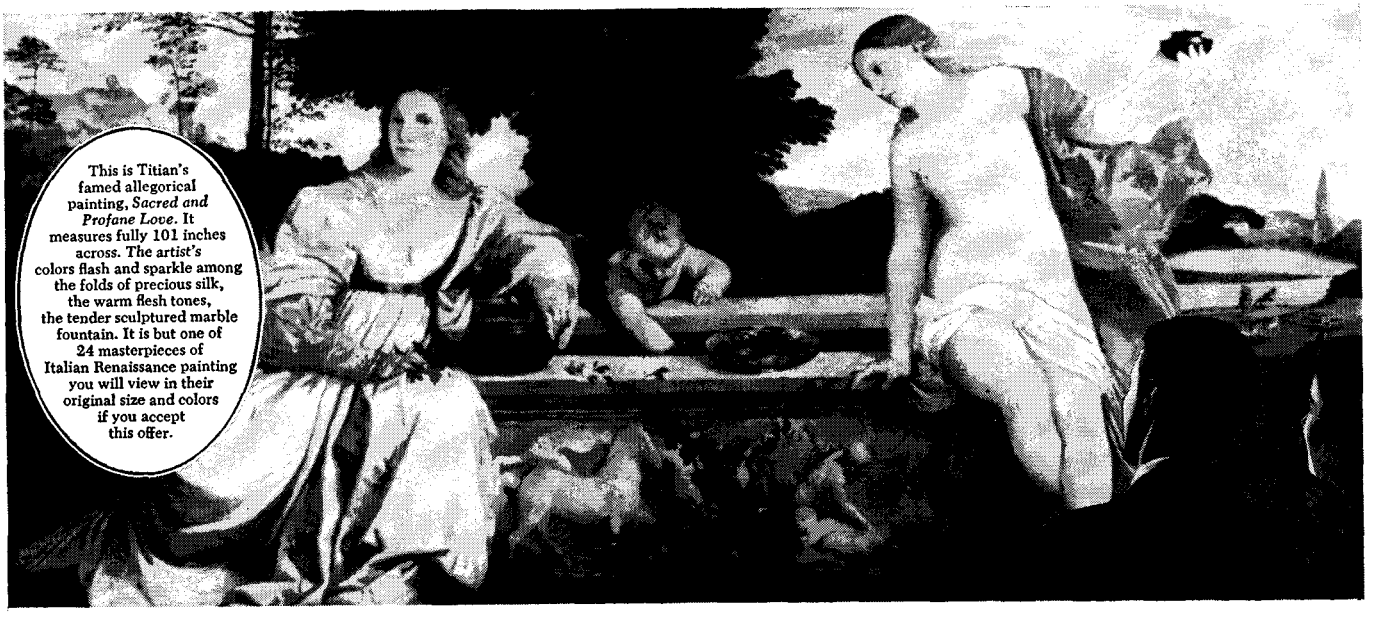

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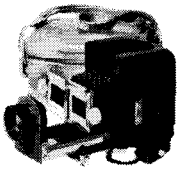

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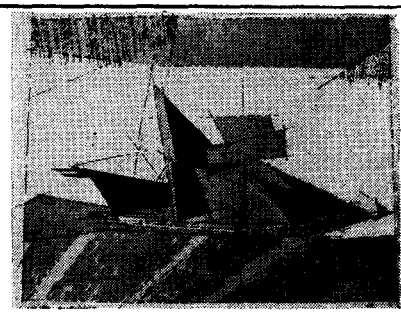

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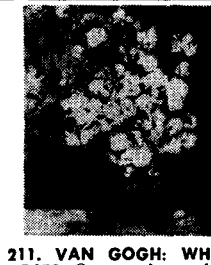

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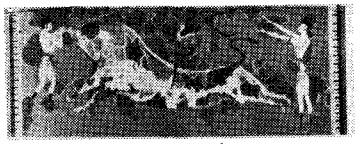

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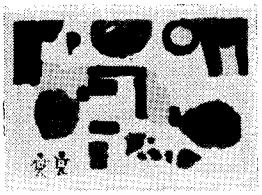

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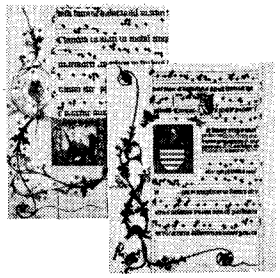

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Edited by Martin Levin

When It's Dinner Time At the White House

Farce Duxelles
Is not for me;
Neither is
The fragrant brie;

The course that makes
My palate quiver
Is Chili
Pedernales River.

—Norman Reader.

Detrua on Lake Mitchigan

NATURALLY, I wanted to escape to America. What boy of eleven does not strive to run away from his drab home into the gloriously adventurous and fantastic land beyond the ocean?

Although there was no doubt about the country of my choice I could not make up my mind whether to become an American millionaire or an American kovboy. Both prospects were lucrative. An American millionaire was infinitely wealthier than a Russian one: he had dollars instead of rubles. A kovboy rode herd through the steppes of Tekhas and Novays Meksika, fought Indians, tamed moostangi, and made love to pretty kreolkas. Sometimes, if one was to believe the American writer Bret Garte, a kovboy could also discover a treasure in an abandoned mine.

However, the life of a kovboy was a dangerous one. The prospect of losing one's skalp to an Indian brave was not appealing. I did not know what a skalp was but even at the age of eleven I understood that its loss boded no good. In a way it was more desirable and easier to become a millionaire. The road to the acquisition of riches was elementary. All that was needed was just the right opportunity for a right start in the right direction early in life. Or so at least said another of my American literary idols, Goratsyi Aldjer. To become an American millionaire, according to Mr. Aldjer, I would have to begin selling newspapers at the age of ten or eleven. Well, I was eleven!

There were, however, a few hitches in the proper execution of my plan. Aldjer's recipe called for a boy to start selling newspapers primarily in order to support his destitute family—an elderly mother of thirty-five, two sisters, thirteen and nine, and a little brother, six. But my mother, alas, was not widowed; I had no brothers or sisters; my father was well-to-do, rather successful, and very much alive. Besides, I doubted very much whether my parents would agree to move to the United States and become destitute there so that I could support them by selling newspapers in the streets of some famous American city.

The cities of my dreams were New York, San Francisco, and Detrua. New York held a great appeal for me. Almost every Russian had a relative there. My mother was getting letters from a cousin in New York written in Russian. Where else in the world was there a city whose inhabitants wrote letters in Russian? San Francisco was also close to my heart. It housed Chinese opium dens and Nik Karter lived there. Nik Karter was a great American detective, the hero of some fine dime novels that cost five kopeks a copy and that boys of my age devoured with exemplary avidity. Of Detrua I knew very little. I liked its lovely French name and the fact that it was situated on Lake Mitchigan.

I had a feeling that once I got to Detrua—with or without my destitute parents—I would make my fortune there. I would do something heroic, like saving the lovely daughter of my future boss from drowning in Lake Mitchigan.

In the meantime I decided to prepare myself for the career of a newsboy in Detrua by selling newspapers in my own city of Novgorod. The plan fell through. I discovered that there were practically no newspapers in Novgorod to sell. Most of the newspapers read in our city arrived from Saint Petersburg three or four days after their publication. The local paper appeared biweekly and was read only by governmental employees who wanted to know about the latest promotions and administration ukases. There were two kiosks in Novgorod but their main business was renting out keys to comfort rooms in the rear.

I was compelled to give up the idea of becoming an American millionaire in Detrua, USA, and in the forty years that I have lived in this country, nothing has come along to change my mind.

—M. K. Argus.

No News Is Welcome News

In days of old, a few years back,
The world had far-off lands which used
To have the very welcome knack
Of making unimportant news,

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And furnished needed light relief
From troubles near, or greater heft
(But Time proved an inventive thief:
There are no funny countries left).

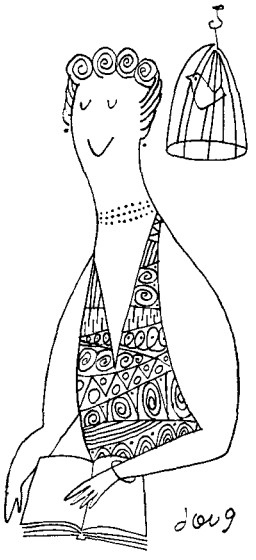
From very young reporters far
Away we got the latest scoop
About unrest in Zanzibar
And bizarre plots in Guadeloupe,
Whose far-off crises let us shut
The paper and, with conscience cleft,
Keep worry within reason (but
There are no funny countries left).

From far-off, too, as I recall,
Fantastic folk enriched the papers.
Some wore fine clothes, some none at all,
Some dined on roe, some on their neighbors.
All lived with neither care nor fear,
But fought, loved, swindled heatedly,
Held revolutions twice a year,
And lesser wars repeatedly,

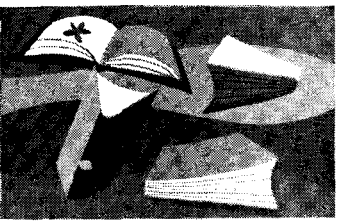
And when they'd shot each other up
Engagingly, and without pain,
Linked arms and drank a loving cup
Til it was time to start again
Their fierce, diverting, harmless whirl
Through section two. (Ah, we're bereft:
Each shot is now heard 'round the world.
There are no funny people left).

There are no funny people left,
There are no funny countries here,
Since Time pulled off its dirty theft
And brought the farthest fracas near.
But maybe Martians contemplate
Us now: Our solemn flags unfurled,
A solemn row of solemn states
In one hilarious, far-off world.

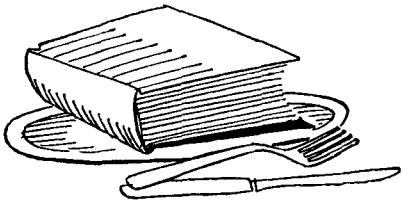
—RICHARD LEMON.



Trade Winds



Her book has been out for a month, and already the publisher, Harcourt, Brace and World, has sold more than 100,000 copies at $4.50 a throw. At that rate this book will do better than her previous three—and they have sold



more than 1,000,000. She is, in short, one of the best-selling authors we have, a leading nutritionist whose ideas on diet and its relation to disease and health have built her a tremendous following. Her name, of course, is Adelle Davis.

I had not heard of Miss Davis, I am ashamed to say, until I read her latest *Let's Get Well*. Then I learned how successful *Let's Cook It Right, Let's Eat Right to Keep Fit,* and *Let's Have Healthy Children* have been. I found out that a lot of Americans not only gobble up her writings on the subject of proper nutrition, but also flock to her lectures and cheer her words. And no wonder, for Adelle Davis seems to know an awful lot about vitamins, hormones, calcium, cholesterol, acidopholus milk—you name it. In *Let's Get Well* you'll find evidence that the right diet has an effect on everything from heart disease to acne.

When Miss Davis's daughter, Barbara, developed athlete's foot, her mother tells us, she spent a lot of time smearing various salves between her toes and visiting the family M.D. The affliction didn't clear up but Barbara was inclined to continue the treatment indefinitely because she liked the good-looking doctor. Miss Davis finally lowered the boom. She reports: "A week of eating liver, wheat germ and yogurt, and taking three tablespoons of yeast daily caused all signs of athlete's foot to disappear and none has been evident since."

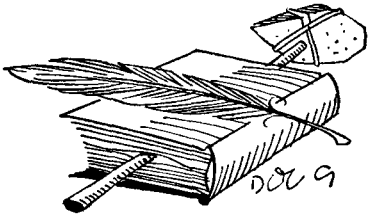
Diet is not simply a personal matter, Miss Davis writes, but is of international importance. She reveals how Germany grew strong in the 1930s by eating unrefined rye bread and drinking beer, which are good for you, while Frenchmen were eating nutrient-lacking white bread and drinking wine, making that nation weaker. Her thesis isn't going to make our food processors like her, for she intimates that the United States may collapse from within due to the bad foods we are accustomed to.

She says: "Prepared cereals, package mixes, hydrogenated fats, and hundreds of other refined foods are not advertised and are practically unknown in Russia. Their consumption of sugar, sweets, and soft drinks is extremely low. Insecticides and food additives are little used. Black bread and other wholesome foods make up their national diet. . . . How long may our world leadership be expected to continue?"

Miss Davis's book will give aid and comfort to the anemic.

What bothers some American historians is the uncomfortable fact that one of the leading members of their group is a fellow who was born in Hungary and didn't come to the United States until 1940. He is Stefan Lorant, who in the last twenty-five years has created a most successful career as the compiler and author of books about the history of our nation.

What brings this to my mind is a new edition of his *The New World,* published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce and to be



distributed by the Book-of-the-Month Club. In this volume are "the first pictures of America," drawings and paintings by Jacques Le Moyne of the French settlements in Florida in 1562, and by John White, who accompanied the first English expedition to Virginia in 1585. They are exciting and amazing pictures of Indian life as the white men found it, and seem to be worth all the fuss they have stirred up. The controversy among historians is over the White drawings. The British Museum has now published them in a two-volume edition for $225. Lorant's *New World* goes for $20. Historians argue over which is "better."

Lorant pioneered the picture-text book when he edited *Lincoln: His Life in Photographs* in 1941. He had read Lincoln's speeches a few years before while languishing in Hitler's favorite

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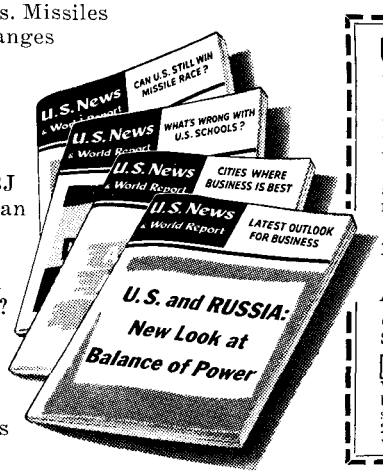

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prison camp (out of which came his best-selling *I Was Hitler's Prisoner*). His other books have included *Franklin Delano Roosevelt*, a pictorial biography; *The History of Presidential Elections from Washington to Truman; The Life and Times of Theodore Roosevelt; and Pittsburgh: the Story of an American City*. They are all still in print and have sold extremely well. The question is, how come a Hungarian has done so well in American history? His answer is that there is much to be said for starting from scratch without the "disadvantage" of having been forced to study American history in American schools.

How to get her students to read books —that was the problem Miss Dorothea Burns grappled with as she contemplated the teaching of ninth-grade English in the North Junior High School in Bloomfield, New Jersey. The two most

popular alibis for not reading are that there is too much other homework that has to be done and that, even if you do read a book, writing a long, tedious book report afterward spoils the fun.

Miss Burns has fixed that. She stocked the shelves in her room with 100 paperbacks ranging from Irving's *Sketch Book* to Felsen's *Hot Rod*. Starting November 22, the students in her classes began reading a book a week from this selection. No other homework from Miss Burns except spelling and vocabulary. Each Monday morning the student writes in class a mere one-page critique or personal reaction to the book, and takes out another one. It's all so painless it seems to have done the trick.

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

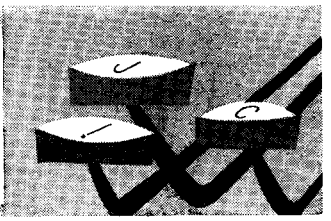
Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1657)

Joseph W. Krutch:
IF YOU DON'T MIND (MY SAYING SO)
(From *The American Scholar*, Summer, 1965)

Cro-Magnon caveman had just as much native intelligence as we do. Yet he and his forebears had been on the Earth many hundred thousand years before anybody knew* that one can plant the seed of a plant in the ground and get another plant just like it.

*Two words replacing *it was discovered* to shorten text.

Manner of Speaking



Mail Bag: File X: The first letter was in answer to one of the notes I had written on poetic style, and no matter which; almost any remarks on style might have provided equal occasion for this correspondent. His letter read:

Dear Sir:

Although you said it nicely, I'm sure you realize that it is not possible. To paraphrase slightly—habituated speech cannot be shattered. There is no essential language that can be called into being by an esthetic experience.

The requirements of precise communication have subjected language—including the essences of style—to electronic analysis. New knowledge has destroyed the traditional beauties of mere words giving in return the greater beauty of understanding. The doom of the glittering but meaningless phrase has arrived. No longer will mere cleverness with words be mistaken for knowledge. Only the clean bone of clear indices will remain. Whether reality will be considered to be beautiful or ugly is merely relative to the trained response of the esthete.

Sincerely
X
(Not for Publication)

The note under the signature had, of course, to be honored, and so my reply.

Dear Mr. X:

I am about as close to your point of view as I am to Martian psychology but I must say you lay it on the line.

You note that your letter is not for publication. Would you allow me to use it while protecting your anonymity? I have so many disagreements that I hate to miss such a target.

Sincerely yours,
John Ciardi

In reply to which, Mr. X, in the course of giving me a dizzying historical eminence in a straight line from Chaucer to Ciardi (which is too much more than I could have asked or he could have fully considered), also gave me the permission I had asked, along with some fateful warnings (the only real answer to which is: I should live so long):

Dear Sir:

You have the permission you requested. The views expressed in my first letter cannot rightly be mine since I did not originate them. The words are mere epitomes of the rather grossly expressed original reports of linguist and habit studies of which I have only sufficient knowledge to support the more picturesque synthesis you believe will be useful. My personal preferences may or may not be in accord. You cannot know them unless I thus state them.

You have a reputation to defend in history; I have not. The need for sensualized mathematics and the exigencies of programing will have more effect upon the future of language than anything any writer will say today and this is not a modern phenomenon. No English writer from Chaucer to Ciardi has had the power to prevent the erosion of the very meanings he has put down on paper. Rare indeed is the author who even partially reads the way he wrote. Beware lest Ciardi also become a footnote curiosity of antiquarians.

Sincerely,
X

There the file concludes. But now that Mr. X has granted his permission (for which thank you, sir) I hardly know where to begin disagreeing. For one reason or another there are a number of Mr. X's phrases I mean to be wary of. His first letter is especially potted with semantic quicksand and I am not about to be sucked into a defense of "mere words," of the "glittering but meaningless phrase" or of "mere cleverness." If electronic analysis can get rid of all such when the combined satiric powers of a Dryden, a Pope, and a Byron have failed, why plug in the analyzer and let 'er rip. I must even pass up a temptation to argue that an esthetic experience certainly can call an essential language into being, largely because I am not at all sure what Mr. X has up his semantic sleeve when he slips in that "essential." And though I certainly resist the idea of a style that has to pass an electronic analysis in order to emerge as "the clean bone of clear indices," I am going to dodge that one, too, at least for the time being, on the ground that Mr. X gets a bit stylistic himself when he starts rhapsodizing those indices of his. I begin rather with his second letter. As Mr. X points out there meanings do shift on the page when custom and the language have shifted. There, at least, we have an agreement to start disagreeing from.

Yet it is certainly to the point that no great work of Western literature has suffered enough from such changes as to lose its recognizable force. Even with the help of scholars and translators we

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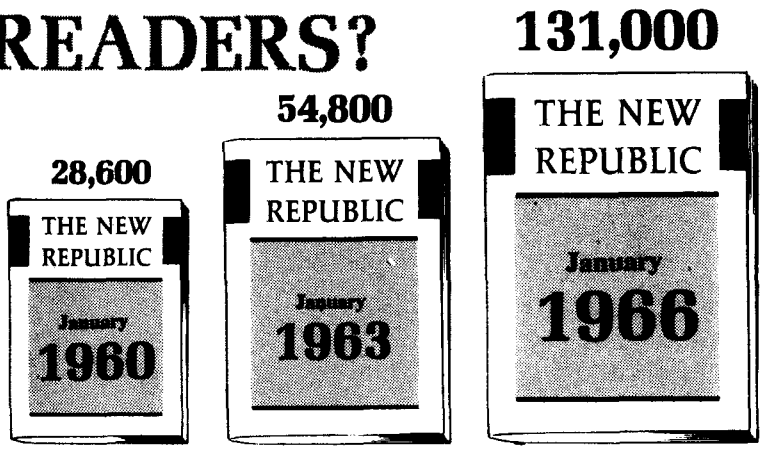

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cannot hope to read Homer as the Greeks did, or Horace as the Latins did, or Dante as fourteenth-century Italians did. Yet, to take Dante's writings as an example, it is likely, and may be certain, that we read him more sensitively than his contemporaries could, our reading informed by a massive and sustained scholarship.

"Experience" is the key word here. It is the essential nature of literature as experience that will forever make boobs and yokels of electronic linguisticians, sad souls who have no interest but in the elusive hardware of information-prose and who dream, therefore, of reducing language, and even poetry, to a mathematical symbolism in which X means forever exactly and only what has been assigned to it as its meaning.

If such a language will do for the "clean bones of the clear indices" Mr. Electronic X is looking for, one simple solution is already available: he need only learn to program his electronic gizmos in Latin, or in any other dead language. The lovely humming-and-buzzing electronic utility of a dead language is just in the fact that all of its words have lost all of their possibility of undergoing a change in meaning. The roots of those words have, to be sure, passed into other tongues. But within the idiom and syntax of the original and now dead language, *rigor mortis* has set in. The Latin dictionary you buy for your own use, if it is a good one, will be equally useful to your great-grandchildren's great-grandchildren.

In the living language, however, I will not be told I am having syndrome X when I hear the liquefaction of Julia's clothes, nor will I compute "this morning's minion" as part of some avian index, nor will I stop looking through any "magic casements" I can find, not on electronic command. You stick to your hard facts, boys, and take it as one more hard fact that writers will go on calling into being an "essential" language that does not transmit indices but that creates esthetic experiences.

Life comes to our experience of it uncomputable (or at least uncomputerable) but full of elusive and active presences. And if any of you electronic X's doubt the pertinence of those presences, or that a good artist can render them with exacting control and precision and achieve thereby a kind of knowledge that is otherwise unknowable—then may that man be so far gone in madness that he asks the computer to pick him a programed wife, and may he marry her click by click in the witness of all transistors. The fact that he might actually achieve with her as much as his low-order nervous system can grasp of the idea of a satisfying relationship is all the evidence there need be of his cross-indexed nonexistence. —JOHN CIARDI.

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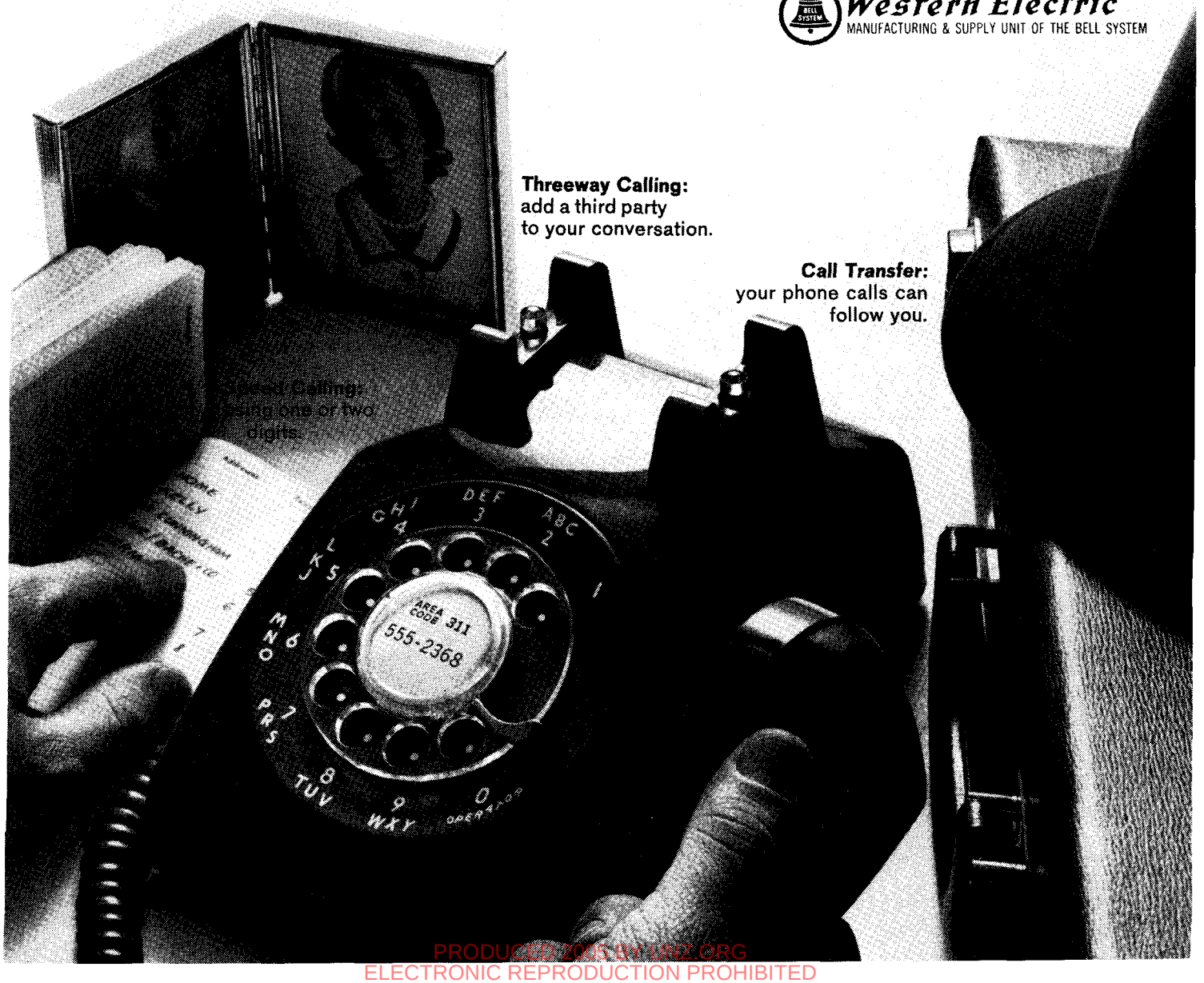

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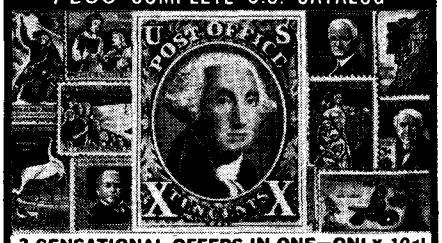

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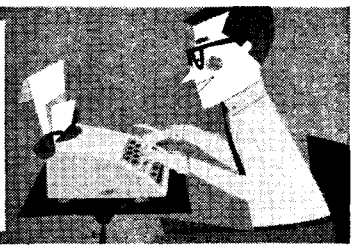

Where the Reaction Is

THE REACTION began to set in three weeks before Christmas. It is during this period that the Sunday *New York Times* has a section headed "The Neediest Cases." In this section are pages devoted to television. That's when I first realized I was hooked on TV. Those network pushers had peddled me their last Julie Andrews, Frank Sinatra, and *Charlie Brown's Christmas* to keep me on the junk.

The reaction of other television viewers grows more violent with each passing week. Eyes by the hundreds of thousands are becoming unglued from their TV sets as they become more disenchanted with the medium. If you haven't yet joined the revolution, arise and break your chains! You have nothing to lose but *Mona McCluskey!*

It's only a habit, watching television. But friends, you can kick this vicious habit. I offer my personal, sordid story with the prayerful hope that you, too, may become enlightened and rejoin society, Great or small.

For fourteen long years I was a cobalt addict. My television set was on from the moment I came home from work. Before I hung my hat I rushed to turn the knob and it stayed turned on the entire evening. Through dinner we never looked at the food we ate, or at each other when we spoke.

Unashamedly I confess I watched ten or twelve shows every night. The effect was an exhilaration that defies description. I floated on cloud two and four and five and seven and nine and eleven and sometimes thirteen. During these years I luxuriated in a constant state of euphoria. I gained weight—all that beer and cheese, you know—even had delusions that all was right with the world.

Then came the great awakening. It happened gradually. At first I thought it was my vision. Things began to appear in color. I looked away and then back. The color was still there. I didn't want to ask my wife for fear of frightening her. Later I discovered she didn't want to ask me for fear of frightening me. We were too far gone to realize it. Living color had come to television—the cerise grass, the lavender horses, the brown skies, the magenta bananas, and the orange faces with the red ears.

The cry for hue had come just in time. The drabness of the entertainment had begun to seep through even to my befogged mind. But strangely enough color was the catalyst that brought on my agonizing period of withdrawal. Color did not change one stilted line of the dialogue we heard nor wring one twist to a predictable plot we watched. Color only pointed up their shoddy banalities.

The abandonment of TV was by easy stages. Ten shows a night became six, then four . . . excruciating torment . . . then three . . . unbearable craving . . . then two . . . clawing at walls . . . finally one . . . this would be it . . . the monkey off my back!

But it isn't easy, friends You come home, you find yourself staring at your set, it stares back at you—the room isn't big enough for both of you. One of you has to get out. But you can't get rid of your set. Where will you put that bowl of glass grapes? Racked as I was, a Machiavellian plan obsessed me. I could beat this set at its own game. I quickly turned on Channel 3. No program. Just a light. And I sat and read a newspaper by it.

One nefarious notion leads to another. I turned to the amusement page. Movie ads were in full bloom. I made a list of the current pictures in the cinema theaters—*The Ipcress File, Dr. Zhivago, Life at the Top, The Spy Who Came in From the Cold, That Darn Cat.* Opposite this I listed the TV fare for that evening—*Gilligan's Island, My Three Sons, Donna Reed,* and the ever-popular *Mona McCluskey.* It wasn't even close. I went to a movie.

The next night I did the list of Broadway plays—*Cactus Flower, The Right Honorable Gentleman, Luv, The Odd Couple.* And the TV list: *Tammy, Camp Runamuck, The Smothers Brothers, The Farmer's Daughter.* The theater by a landslide. And I am proud to say that one night I went to the opera.

And so the weaning away was accomplished. But watch out for one thing. It happened that night at the opera. During a soprano's vibrato aria I heard someone humming, "Come on over to the L and M side." I looked around. It was me. —GOODMAN ACE.

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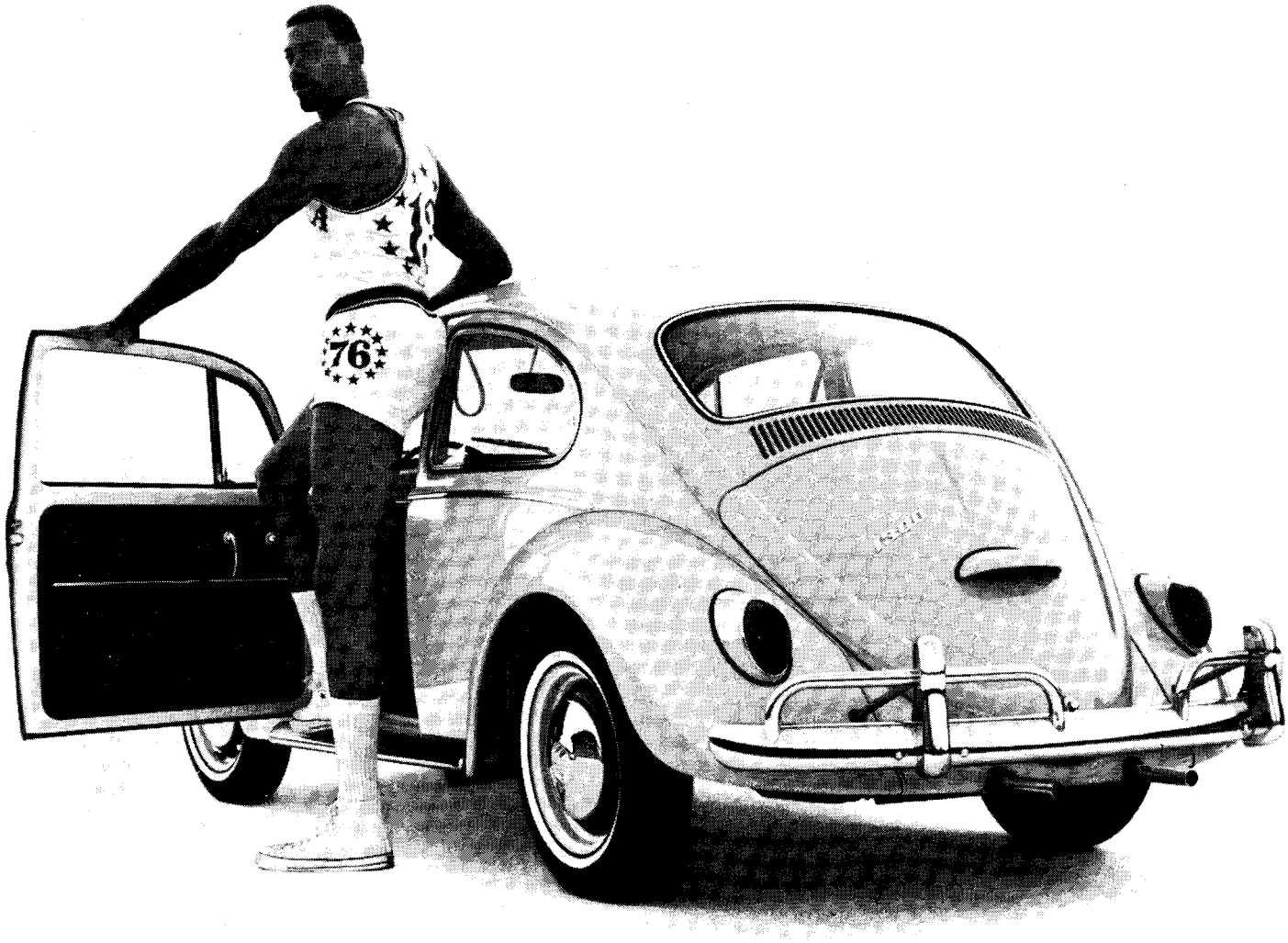

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Saturday Review
January 15, 1966

The Hidden Politics of Words

Colonialism may be a dying phase in international affairs, but the colonialism of language still flourishes—with some bizarre and unexpected effects

By MARIO PEI

POLITICAL institutions change faster than linguistic practices. It is therefore not surprising that the linguistic fruits of colonialism live on, and that they seem destined to live on for decades and perhaps even centuries after colonialism itself has become largely a thing of the past. What is surprising is how often these fruits are overlooked or, in some cases, magnified beyond all reason. Here, once again, is powerful proof that the word, both written and spoken, is by no means the passive, powerless thing many people unthinkingly assume it is.

Colonialism is an ancient phenomenon, and its linguistic repercussions can be studied at leisure in history books. The Romans, for example, extended not only their sway but also their language and culture to hundreds of alien groups, ultimately building up an empire that stretched from the North German forests to the edge of the Sahara, from the Atlantic to the Persian Gulf. In a large portion of this immense area their language endured long after their empire had crumbled, and the Romance tongues of Portugal, Spain, France, Italy, and Rumania, not to mention those of more than half the Western Hemisphere, are there today to attest to the enduring qualities of linguistic colonialism.

Or, in more recent times, consider the case of Ireland. Originally a Celtic-speaking land that was invaded but not really occupied by England's Norman barons and their Saxon retainers as far back as the twelfth century, and subsequently brought under English rule in the days of Elizabeth and Cromwell, Ireland held on as stubbornly to her Celtic language as to her Catholic faith. It is estimated that just before the great potato famine of the late 1840s, when her population had reached a high-water mark of about 8,000,000, well over half the Irish still spoke Gaelic. By 1851, only 1,500,000 Gaelic speakers remained out of the 4,000,000 who had not died or migrated to America. By the beginning of this century, only about 650,000 Gaelic speakers were left in Ireland, approximately 15 per cent of the total population. The rest of the Irish had simply forgotten their Gaelic. They spoke only English, with or without a brogue. Even today, in spite of the strenuous efforts of the Irish government to bring back Gaelic, barely 20 per cent of the population speaks it. But with the exception of a few thousand diehards in the Gaeltacht (the southwestern region where Gaelic always continued to be spoken), all Irishmen speak English, the tongue of colonization. This is not because of love for England or her language. It is simply a matter of convenience, coupled with an unspoken recognition of the fact that a language spoken in every corner of the earth, and in which you can directly communicate with more than one-tenth of the world's population, is better for practical purposes than a tongue, however ancient and beautiful, that serves you only within the confines of the Emerald Isle, and none too widely even there.

THE new countries that have sprouted up like mushrooms all over the map may be quite vocal in U.N. circles and in their own press when they deplore both old and new colonialism. But they tend to live on with it, consciously or unconsciously, in many aspects of their economies, international policies, and world outlook. For this there are, of course, excellent reasons. Former French or British colonies whose economy was closely linked to that of France or Britain, whose systems of education, banking, military service, taxation, transportation, and all the other things that the twentieth-century world is made up of, were created and conducted by the French or British, cannot be expected to sever all their links overnight, under penalty of sinking back into chaos. What is surprising is that few of them show any tendency even to consider the possibility of loosening those links, now or in the future. If anything, the links tend to be drawn tighter.

Nowhere is this more apparent than in language. As the European colonizers of the sixteenth to the nineteenth centuries took possession of alien lands in the exploitable continents, sometimes by peaceful means, more often simply by force of superior armaments, they brought their languages with them and imposed them on the colonial populations as official tongues of common intercourse. Whatever we may think of the method, this generally turned out to be a blessing to the native populations, since it gave them a common means of communication where, because of the vast number and diversity of local languages and dialects, none had existed before. In Nigeria, for example, speakers of Ewe, Efik, Fanti, and Hausa were finally able to talk to one another in the English of their conquerors. The same may be said even for a land of ancient and noble civilization like India, where the speakers of Tamil and Telugu of the south discovered that they could communicate in English with the speakers of Hindi, Bengali, Gujarati, and Punjabi of the north, without having in any way to defer to the language or culture

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of their fellow Indians of different ethnic affiliations.

This possibility of intercommunication by using the language of the colonizing power extended, however, only to that intellectual élite, often a very small portion of the total population, that had the good fortune to be educated in the schools set up by the colonizers, and possibly even to be sent to the "stepmother" country to complete their education. But it would be unwise to minimize the role played by this intellectual élite, not only in the general life of the country, but in taking the lead in movements designed to end the colonial status of their lands and set them up as full-fledged independent nations. Such men as Nehru and Kenyatta were the products of British schools. Tshombe and Lumumba were educated in Belgium, Ho Chi Minh and Bourguiba in France, Sukarno in Holland. However much these leaders may abhor colonialism as an institution, it is to their respective colonizing powers that they owe both their cultural formation and their positions of leadership.

It may be only a small fraction of the population of countries like Malawi and Zambia that speak English, or of Gabon and Guinea that speak French. But this small fraction effectively rules the country and directs its activities. Its outlook is, in a sense, British or French. Even when the leaders meet, as they did at Bandung, to deplore colonialism, they are forced to use the language of a colonizing power in order to understand each other.

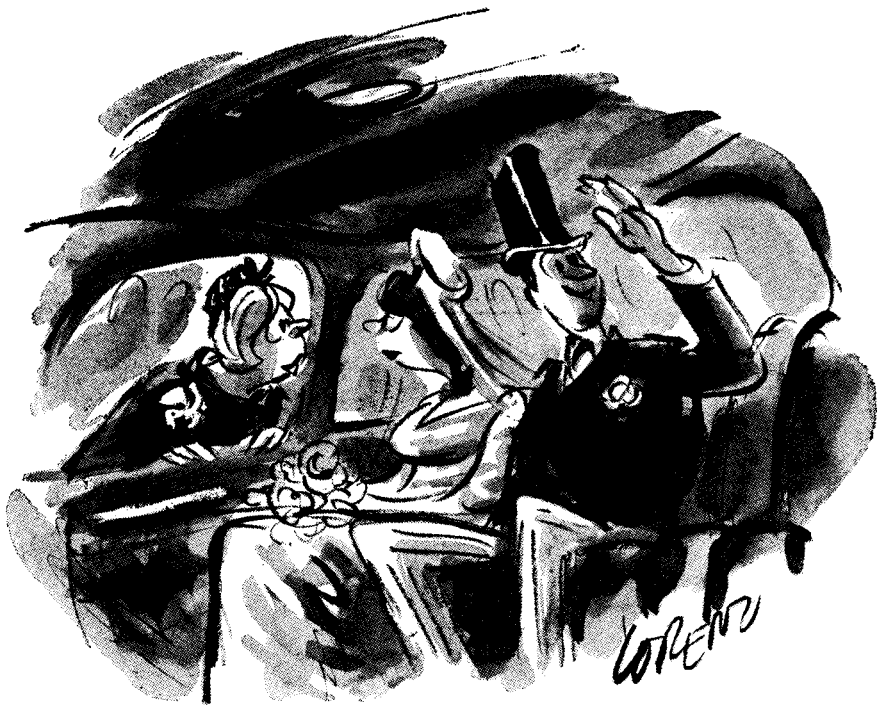
IN a few of the former colonial countries, attempts are being made to break the linguistic chains that bind the countries to their former colonial masters. Perhaps the most successful of these attempts are Indonesia's creation of a new national tongue to supersede both the Dutch of the colonizers and the myriad tongues of the Indonesian islands, and the setting up by the Republic of the Philippines of one of the more widespread local languages, Tagalog, as a national tongue to replace both the recent English of the Americans and the old veneer left by the Spaniards. In Indonesia, the career of Bahasa Indonesia, the newly created national tongue, has been mightily aided by the fact that Bahasa is based squarely upon an older lingua franca, Malay (the Dutch called it Bazaar Malay), that already served as a language of common intercourse among the speakers of the hundred tongues of the thousand islands that were once the Netherlands East Indies. In spite of this, and in spite of the rather strenuous educational and anti-illiteracy efforts exerted by Sukarno's government, it is estimated that barely twenty million out of Indonesia's hundred million people are today able to use Bahasa acceptably.

In the Philippines, by latest accounts, Tagalog seems to be making slow progress. It is the mother tongue of only about a fifth of the Republic's population of 30,000,000 or more; it is outstripped by Visayan in the number of speakers, has Ilocano and Bikol as runners-up, and must overcome the resistance of the two languages of colonization, Spanish and English, both of which are spoken, read, and written by most literate Filipinos.

One country where the campaign to get rid of the language of colonization came spectacularly a cropper is India. Here it had been the intention of Nehru's government to get rid, once and for all, of English, which is spoken, in one fashion or another, by perhaps 25,000,000 out of the country's estimated population of about 480,000,000. The replacement was to be Hindi, an Indo-Aryan language of the north that is the mother tongue of perhaps 160,000,000 (its variant, Urdu, is official in neighboring Pakistan, where it is spoken by perhaps a fifth of a total population of 100,000,000). The plan had originally been to eliminate English and use Hindi as the sole national tongue by 1965, but with thirteen other regional languages, all on a basis of parity with Hindi within their own speaking areas. As the date approached, there was such a storm of protest from the Dravidian-speaking states of the south that Premier Shastri was forced to suspend execution of the plan, assuring the dissident states that English would continue to remain in force as a co-official language as long as the south should desire it. This reassurance, however, came only after nearly 100 people had lost their lives in the Madras language riots. As matters now stand, each Indian state has three official languages: English, Hindi, and the predominant local tongue. More English is being studied in India than ever before, though some Indians shake their heads and assert that modern educational systems will never produce English speakers of the caliber of Nehru and Mme. Pandit.

Pakistan retained English as a co-official language with Urdu at the time of the partition of British India, and has never made any serious effort to displace it, even when the Bengali speakers of East Pakistan forced recognition of their language on a co-official basis in their area. Ceylon, which replaced English with Sinhalese in 1957, now wishes it had retained it, in view of the frequent rioting of the Tamil-speaking part of the population. Burma, another nation that acquired its independence from Britain after World War II, still has English on a co-official basis with Burmese. Two of the four nations into which French Indochina was ultimately carved (South Vietnam and Laos) continue to use French on a co-official basis with Vietnamese and Laotian, respectively. Cambodia and North Vietnam do not, but French continues in widespread use in both countries.

It is on the African continent, however, that the triumph of the former tongues of colonization is almost complete, with replacement seldom if ever



"Remember, dear, give him lots of green vegetables."

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thought of. French alone is official in Chad, Dahomey, Gabon, Guinea, Ivory Coast, Mali, Senegal, Togo, and Upper Volta, in addition to being co-official in Algeria, the Central African Republic, Burundi, Rwanda, the Malagasy Republic, and the Brazzaville Congo. In the Leopoldville Congo (the former Belgian Congo), only the two colonizing languages, French and Flemish, are official. English alone holds sway in Gambia, Kenya, Liberia, Uganda, and Zambia. It is co-official in Tanzania (including the former Zanzibar), Niger, Nigeria, Sierra Leone, and Ghana. In Malawi, the two fully official languages are both colonial: English and Afrikaans. In Somalia, English is co-official with Italian and Arabic, both of which may be described as former tongues of colonization. There is, in addition, semi-official status for French in Morocco, Tunisia, the United Arab Republic (Egypt), Niger, Mauritania, even Ghana; and for English in the United Arab Republic and the Sudan.

Few African languages, outside of the two Semitic tongues that originally came from Arabia (Arabic and Amharic), have made the grade to full officiality. Amharic is the sole official tongue of Ethiopia (though French, English, and Italian are rather widely spoken), while Arabic appears not only in the Arab states of North Africa (Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, Libya, the United Arab Republic, the Sudan), but also in Somalia, Niger, and Eritrea. The one and only Malayo-Polynesian tongue of Africa, Malagasy, is co-official with French in the former Madagascar. Languages that may be described as fully African Negro, and that are used on a co-official basis with the tongues of colonization, are the Sangho of the Central African Republic, the Kirundi of Burundi, the Mouman and Kutuba of the Brazzaville Congo, the Hausa of Nigeria and Niger, the Swahili of Tanzania, the Kinyarwanda of Rwanda, the Krio of Sierra Leone, and the Twi, Fanti, Ga, and Ewe of Ghana. But these languages, with the exception of Swahili and Hausa, are purely local, undeveloped, and serve only a fraction of the population even in the countries where they are official. Everywhere in the new African countries there is a thirst for education and literacy—in English, or French, or both.

HIGHLY instructive to me was an experience I had three years ago while serving as Mellon Visiting Professor at the University of Pittsburgh. The university was host to a visiting delegation of some twenty black Africans of standing—educators, bankers, scientists, industrialists. They were touring the United States to observe first-hand our Western civilization and report back to their respective countries. All of them came from nations that had been carved out of the former French and Belgian African empires. None of them could speak any English. All spoke fluent, almost flawless French. They had with them an interpreter for their American contacts. Among themselves, they used nothing but French. Not one of them knew the African language of any other. They supplied the key to the African picture, at least south of the Sahara. The great colonial languages, French and English, offer the Africans not only access to the outside world, but even ready-made means of intercommunication. In the Nigerian election campaign, in scenes that were flashed on American TV screens the candidates were heard to use English in their campaign speeches, and the announcer explained that if they had tried to use any of the local languages, they would have reached only a fraction of their audiences. As it was, there were always enough English speakers in the crowd to relay the candidate's message to the others, in all the different tongues and dialects of the region.

Among the African Negro languages there are at least two, Hausa and Swahili, that could conceivably be expanded for general use in the same fashion that Nehru tried to expand Hindi and Sukarno tries to expand Bahasa. Both have at least 10,000,000 speakers, not to mention fairly extensive speaking areas, and are also tongues of great beauty and flexibility, with vocabularies that can be enlarged at will to betoken modern concepts. What seems to be missing is the desire to use them. The press of the African countries continues to be overwhelmingly French and English, with only an occasional attempt at using a native tongue.

Again, it must be emphasized that while the general African attitude is not such as to give comfort to Negro cultural nationalists, it is intensely practical and utilitarian. Countries that are striving to bring themselves into line with twentieth-century civilization feel forced to make use of the tools of that civilization, including language. A speaker of Kinyarwanda sees no reason to acquire a tongue of limited range, even a fairly widespread one like Swahili, when French and English are there to give him access to the whole wide world.

So linguistic colonialism continues to flourish and expand, even while its political counterpart is dying out. Perhaps the phenomenon we observe in the former colonial lands, particularly in Africa, is only a reflection of a larger linguistic picture, one that tends inevitably toward a single tongue for world-wide use, one in which all men, swallowing their national pride, will be able to communicate directly and practically, in an age when transportation has become easy and rapid and international travel is a commonplace instead of a rare experience reserved for the chosen few.

It may also be pointed out that the fruits of linguistic and even cultural colonialism in the past have been far from bad. The Romanization of customs and citizenship, and the Latinization of speech, of ancient populations with such diverse backgrounds as the Gauls, Iberians, Oscans, Etruscans, Numidians, and Dacians cannot, in the light of history, be described as having done those populations any irreparable damage; quite the contrary, to judge from the exploits of their descendants.

"For heaven's sake, Myra, you aren't going to let the doorman see you looking like that!"

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IN THE GREAT TRADITION

Maugham the Master Craftsman

EDITOR'S NOTE: *When William Somerset Maugham died last month at the age of ninety-one, the event had a special poignance for SR Associate Editor Harrison Smith. Mr. Smith, who has been involved with publishing since 1911 and with SR since 1938, had for many years given close attention to Maugham's career as a writer and had as long ago as the mid-Forties written two reviews that constituted a kind of personal summing up. Because they seem as relevant today as they did two decades ago, SR thought it appropriate to offer its readers a second look at some excerpts:*

By HARRISON SMITH

MOST OF THE older generation of American readers who were brought up in their adolescence in the great tradition of the English novel and in English literary liberalism, under the torrent of novels of H. G. Wells, the plays and their prefaces of Bernard Shaw, Arnold Bennett's novel of the Five Towns, Galsworthy—and how many other British writers—owe a great part of their emotional and literary education to Somerset Maugham.

It has not been Mr. Maugham's task to give us social reform, to teach us ideas about marriage or politics; it has been his function to be the recorder of society as he saw it through all the years, to become a master craftsman in the English language, to know the men and women in the middle and upper classes in which he alone was interested, to have learned how to tell a story dramatically, poignantly, to have discovered where the sources of the drama of his countrymen and women lay.

Other writers have had their passions and have vanished with the turn of the political or social wheel, have fought for justice in one decade and have won their case and have been silenced, or have bled for a cause and have been vanquished, like Mr. Wells, whose prophecies have come true, except for our eventual war with the Martians, to which we may still happily look forward. One after the other, his contemporaries have been silenced, because, having reached the top of their ladders, they have fallen off, since they had nowhere else to go.

Somerset Maugham thus is a special case. He is the citizen of the world who knows everything. Always the recorder, he has studied society cynically and coldly. It would be impossible to startle him with any manifestation of human behavior, with any form of adultery, or murder by stiletto or pearl-handled revolver, provided that the assault, the drama, was among the middle or upper class and was not emotional or bloody mayhem among the proletariat.

Granted that the lower classes, social revolution, the brotherhood of man were none of his business, then one might ask what was his business? Plenty! Enough for a dozen writers.

In all of Maugham's works there is a story within a story—the essential mystery of Somerset Maugham himself. Even the most ardent among the critics who have admired him have been puzzled, and some have been profoundly irritated, by what they have felt was his lack of feeling, his cold and ruthless curiosity, or even his contempt of human beings. For fifty years he has been pouring out novels, short stories, and plays, and yet only one book, *Of Human Bondage,* has the hallmark of genius. Published when he was forty-one, it recorded the sufferings of his own cruel adolescence and youth. One of the greatest novels of its time, after so many catastrophic years and so many passionately sincere books of maltreated youth, it must be remembered by its readers. But after that Mr. Maugham's inner self became a closed book: from the recollection of his own boyhood he turned to the shrewd and apparently passionless observation of human follies that made him the old storyteller of his tribe. Neglecting the fact that he has limited his investigation for the most part to upper-class society, he has had the widest possible opportunity to study the world in which he functions. He knows European society like a well-thumbed book, has been around the world several times, has lived in China and Malaya, and is acquainted with the life of European and British colonials exiled in the Orient. There are no famous restaurants in his wide orbit he has not visited, few great houses, palaces, or salons in which he has not been a distinguished guest. He has surveyed with his shrewd eyes how many thousands of respectably and elegantly garbed people, watching for a covert glance of hatred or love that would give away a secret hidden from the world, or found the dreadful or tragicomic end of a story whose beginning he had listened to perhaps ten years before.

—*Horst Tappe (Pix).*

W. Somerset Maugham—a story within a story.

His hatred of the kind of people who make up the class in which he lives is apparent; and that is one reason why his grimness has not offended the millions of small folks who live in a few rooms and have never visited a mansion or seen a duke. Nothing can be more appealing to a man or woman in whom poverty and a mean way of life rankles than the discovery that a famous or a rich man has been a sinner; or that a beautiful woman with diamonds on her fingers has had an illegitimate baby or has brought a lover to his death. . . .

These phrases have been used by most critics of Mr. Maugham's work: "his bland contempt for humanity"; "his patronizingly, insultingly tolerant attitude; the milk of human kindness, half-soured"; and finally that he is "too intelligent for the rest of his equipment."

The final quoted phrase is grossly unfair, for no man can be too intelligent in a world surrounded by mediocre or moronic minds, and the rest of Mr. Maugham's equipment, aside from his abysmal knowledge of the world, is certainly the most polished and superb craftsmanship of any writer of his time.

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With Birds in His Beard

By ALISON WHITE

IN THE late 1830s when the young Victoria came to the throne, English ladies and gentlemen passed the social evenings by improvising comic verse. An early example is:

There was an old man of Tobago
Who lived on rice gruel and sago.
But at last to his bliss the physician
said this:
To a roast leg of mutton you may go.

After each absurdity the company would chorus: "Will you come up to Limerick?" And so the limerick was born.

In the 1840s a young artist whose name was Edward Lear found that children liked his original limericks, patterned upon the popular Old Man of Tobago. To illustrate these Lear sketched inane and preposterous people. Edward Lear was funny-looking himself, with thick spectacles, a really inordinate nose (it is hard to avoid the Lear idiom), and a beard that according to him resembled a wig. We have his self-portrait in the lines beginning "How pleasant to know Mr. Lear" in which Lear says of Lear:

His mind is concrete and fastidious,
His nose is remarkably big;
His visage is more or less hideous,
His beard it resembles a wig.

He has many friends, laymen and
clerical,
Old Foss is the name of his cat;
His body is perfectly spherical,
He weareth a runcible hat.

Though comic, this poem does not ignore the sad aspects of Edward Lear's life. It observes:

He weeps by the side of the ocean,
He weeps on the top of the hill.

Why should the creator of the "Jumblies" or the "Dong with the Luminous Nose" weep? To start with, his life began in a melodrama of misery as outlandish as any in Dickens. As a child Edward Lear saw his palatial home, complete with footmen, vanish like some fairy dream as his bankrupt father was borne off to King's Bench Prison. Edward's mother ,who seems to have been all wife, lightly abandoned her twenty-one (yes, twenty-one) children to carry daily, year after year, a six-course dinner to her husband in jail. Helpless in their attempts to make their own way, a number of her sons and daughters died soon, four of them within four months. Like figures in a limerick they expired, it seems, out of pure discouragement. Edward was mothered by his sister Ann, twenty-one years his senior. Apart from a deep attachment to Ann, he never attained to many of the usual personal happinesses. He lived the life of a lonely, self-exiled wanderer, prey to an astonishing number of ailments. As uncouth as Hans Andersen, he also suffered, like Andersen, the dimly comprehended pangs of unendurable friendships.

THIS agonized invalid, an epileptic and asthmatic, suffered almost everything that the pre-aspirin age could inflict. Forever seasick when at sea, on land, despite his ills, he roved the wilds of Corsica, Albania, Syria, painting landscapes that are still admired. His companion was his cat, Old Foss. The pair of them must have looked like one of Lear's own comic inventions. In his limericks the grotesque, ailing, exiled, lonely poet and painter took note of his deprivations, as we shall see. But his most musical poem "Calico Pie," though gently comical, has the true elegiac ring in its simplicities. It brings the wheel of poetry around and back to Sir Thomas Wyatt's Tudor lyric, "They flee from me that sometime did me seek,/With naked foot stalking in my chamber/. . . sometime they put themselves in danger,/To take bread at my hand." Three centuries later another poet, Lear, in "Calico Pie" is forsaken by birds, by fish, by mice, by insects. Creation recedes from him. The refrain

They never came back,
They never came back,
They never came back,
They never came back to me

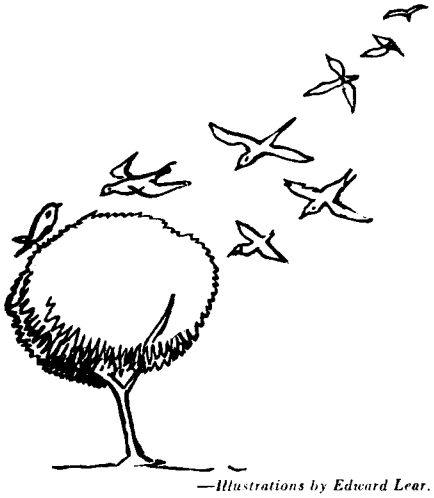
pierces through to Lear's solitary suffering with a note more convincing than that of the "idle tears" laments of his close friend Tennyson. Edward Lear knew himself to be a grotesque, like Hans Andersen, a kind of ineligible dunce. So Lear peopled the world of his imagination with figures even more stricken than he: sappy, goofy Simple Simons—aspects of himself, as of everyone else. That is the secret of their universality. Sometimes these ludicrous heroes are one-up on the complacent crowd that gawks at them. When defeated—smashed, baked, drowned, barbarously and amusingly demolished—they vanish, forever capering, to be forever unforgotten.

In the limericks Lear's creations make assets of their deformities and afflictions. Lear himself perambulated an outsized nose. And the very first figure in his *Book of Nonsense*

. . . was an Old Man with a nose,
Who said, "If you choose to suppose
That my nose is too long, you are
certainly wrong!"
That remarkable Man with a nose.

In the limericks Lear's drawings supplied the wit which his slack, repetitive last lines never attempted. As pictured, the serpentining nose of his first old man, looped and knotted, is not at all too long: it serves some children as a jump-rope. (If a nose is said to be too long, the question is, "Too long for what?) One of large-nosed Lear's old men used his proboscis to support a light when he fished at night. Another turned his into a trumpet. On the nose of a third "Most birds of the air could repose." And, as for chins, when a chin is called too sharp, is it not ideal for playing the harp? (As in the instance of a "Young Lady whose chin/Resembled the point of a pin.")

Lear's antic personages not only compensate for their deformities and afflictions, but they also defy the world by goings-on that the etiquette books could never have thought to proscribe. One of them runs up and down in his Grand-



—*Illustrations by Edward Lear.*

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mother's gown. A second gets smashed for bumping at a gong all the day long. A curtseying old lady twirls round and round till she sinks into the ground. In bygone days England had its share of eccentrics. As the Beatles age, we may see their like again. Eccentrics have grown scarce. If, as Bergson said, humor rises from the mechanization of life, it may be that automation has pre-empted eccentricity and transferred it to the mixmasters and univacs. Still, Lear, thou shouldst have been living at that hour of recent history when a certain Old Person from Moscow on a table did thump with his shoe, at one of mankind's most august assemblages.

Such monkey business as that is the theme of Lear's limericks, which, in the 1850s must have afforded a lurid commentary to Darwinism. In the limericks citizens comport themselves like apes and bears. Witness the

. . . Old Man of Peru
Who never knew what he should do;
So he tore off his hair, and behaved
like a bear . . .

or the

. . . Old Person of Chili
Whose conduct was painful and
silly;

the

. . . Old Person of Anerley,
Whose conduct was strange and
unmannerly;

the

. . . Old Person of Buda,
Whose conduct grew ruder and
ruder.

the

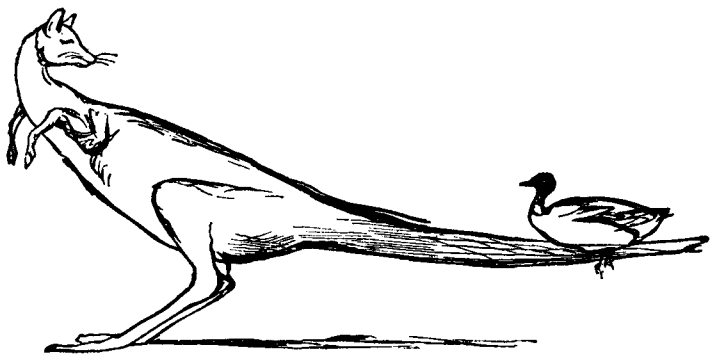
. . . Old Man on the Border,
Who lived in the utmost disorder.

Most disturbing in all this senescence is the "Old Person of Bromley,"

Whose ways were not cheerful or
comely;
He sat in the dust, eating spiders
and crust.

The agitated individuals of Lear's limerick world move from despair to death. On adjacent pages one finds a Young Lady of Clare. . . . "When she found she was tired, she abruptly expired." And opposite sits the "Old Man of Cape Horn."

Who wished he had never been
born;
So he sat on a chair till he died of
despair.



And we remember Edward Lear's brothers and sisters, cast out into the working world, whose lives were concluded before they had well begun.

Death is a leading topic of Lear's limericks. Death has long been seen as comical. The skull maintains its grin. Graveyards are for whistlers as well as sleepers. Gallows wit will long outlive the institution of capital punishment. And lovers of limericks must laugh until they weep. Like all wise mourners they must weep until they laugh—over the Old Man of Madras who was killed by the length of the ears of the cream-colored ass he rode upon; or, more understandably, over the old man killed by the conduct of his children. Here, too, are the baked people, the choked people, the smashed people. The comic violence is that of our frenetic film cartoons. Lear's limericks must have brought into Victorian parlors the welcome release of licensed rudeness. And the ultimate rudeness is violent death. Also, in his limericks Lear, like all of us, is trying to get used to death, to dull its sting. In a late limerick he became calm enough to write: "Which concluded that Person of Cromer."

I have looked into the limericks for Lear's inner world because, of all his poems, they are by far the most spontaneous. They must have emerged from his subconscious virtually unedited. Not nearly all of them are alarming or dire. Some convey the deep charm he must have had, according to children and others who flocked about him, and also according to the young Queen Victoria, who greatly enjoyed her art lessons with Mr. Lear. Is there not the Edward Lear hypnotic charm working through an old man who hoped to smile a "horrible Cow" into submission?

I will sit on this stile, and continue
to smile,
Which may soften the heart of
that Cow.

Elsewhere we see Lear with lap and beard full of nesting children. Characteristically he turns them into birds:

There was an old man with a beard
Who said, "It is just as I feared.
Two Owls and a Hen, four Larks
and a Wren,
Have all built their nests in my
beard."

So, with his beard full of birds, in a society whose bonnet was full of bees, we leave Lear among the limericks. I have explored these to the neglect of more subtle poems. One is the saga of the Jumblies, which, were it less delirious, could be a noble contribution to heroic literature. Edward Lear had genius. His creations have a strange dignity. It is perhaps only by the—for us—fortunate circumstance of the poet's despair and self-deprecation that his intense poetic phantasms should have emerged humbly as owls and pussycats, ducks and kangaroos. They form an indispensable part of English poetry, and because of them, the days of Lear's pilgrimage are unlikely to vanish. Anyway, as he himself remarked:

Ere the days of his pilgrimage
vanish,
How pleasant to know
Mr. Lear.

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The Key to Peace

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of the following guest editorial is a U.S. Senator from Pennsylvania.*

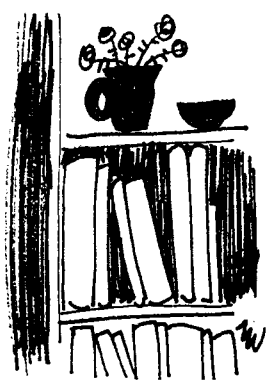
THE PRINCIPAL need of American foreign policy today is a new peace offensive. In his significant interview with James Reston of the *New York Times* in early December, Premier Kosygin of the Soviet Union said, in speaking of Vietnam, "That war overshadows relationships between our countries and people." It cannot be denied that the harsh language of the Cold War has begun to creep back into our dialogue with the Russians. But that is all the more reason for us to intensify, not to slacken, our efforts to create the conditions essential to the achievement and the maintenance of a just and stable worldwide peace.

This is not a goal we shall be able to attain if we are content to creep along inch by inch. We must proceed instead —to borrow a phrase used by John Gardner, the new Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare—by "barracuda bites." For on the road to peace there is no standing still; either we press forward briskly, or the treadmill of events will drag us backward into war.

It is not because the road is unmapped that we have failed to make progress. On the contrary, the United States program for general and complete disarmament in a peaceful world was first presented to the United Nations by the late President Kennedy in 1961. The key idea, the need for the rule of enforceable law in a disarmed world, was first enunciated by Secretary of State Herter in the closing years of the Eisenhower Administration. And both President Johnson and Secretary of State Rusk have reiterated that general and complete disarmament under strict international controls remains the fixed, overriding policy goal of the United States.

At the heart of the problem lies this proposition: Enforceable world law, which is essential to world peace, requires a limited but nonetheless significant yielding of national sovereignty to an international institution, consisting of an executive, a legislative, and a judiciary capable of keeping the peace in a disarmed world. And up until now the nations of the world—and particularly the great powers—have been unwilling to cede the degree of sovereignty needed to create effective international peacekeeping institutions.

This is a situation that we as Americans are uniquely qualified to understand. Faced with the knowledge that the institutions necessary for national survival could not be built on the rickety foundation of the Articles of Confederation, the Founding Fathers had the courage to overcome parochial jealousies and build a more perfect union. With mankind's survival as a species at stake, our task is to build international institutions strong enough to keep the peace in a disarmed world under the rule of law.



Although this ultimate goal deserves our greatest effort, we cannot afford to neglect the smaller steps that we can take to make the world a safer place now. These are the most urgent: 1) A treaty to halt the spread of nuclear weapons, which will involve the repudiation of the proposed NATO nuclear force, commonly known as "MLF," and any other devices that would bring the West German finger nearer the nuclear trigger; and 2) extension of the limited nuclear test ban treaty to underground tests, in order to make it comprehensive.

We shall be able to move decisively toward peace only if an enlightened world opinion can be brought to understand the need to give up the limited amounts of national sovereignty needed to achieve general and complete disarmament under strict international controls. This will not be easy; the Russians have so far been quite allergic to the kind of inspection that would be necessary to ensure compliance with a comprehensive disarmament treaty and do not readily accept the notion of impartial world law. And in this country the idea that security can be bought in an arms race has been a particularly persistent myth.

There is, however, a bright side of the picture. Starting with the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the United Nations in San Francisco last June, there have been a number of events that provide a basis for a guardedly optimistic prognosis for advancing the cause of peace. Two, in particular, may produce long-range benefits of great importance: the Washington Conference on World Peace Through Law in September, attended by 3,000 delegates (mainly jurists, presidents of bar associations, and lawyers) from 115 countries who met to discuss the extension of the rule of law in the international community; and the spirited and well attended White House Conference on International Cooperation held at the end of November, which I was privileged to participate in as a Congressional Delegate.

But these are, after all, merely skirmishes. They must be followed up with a vigorous and relentless full-scale peace offensive, so that Pope Paul's stirring statement during his historic visit to the United Nations can pass from prophecy to reality: "No more war, war never again."

—JOSEPH S. CLARK.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

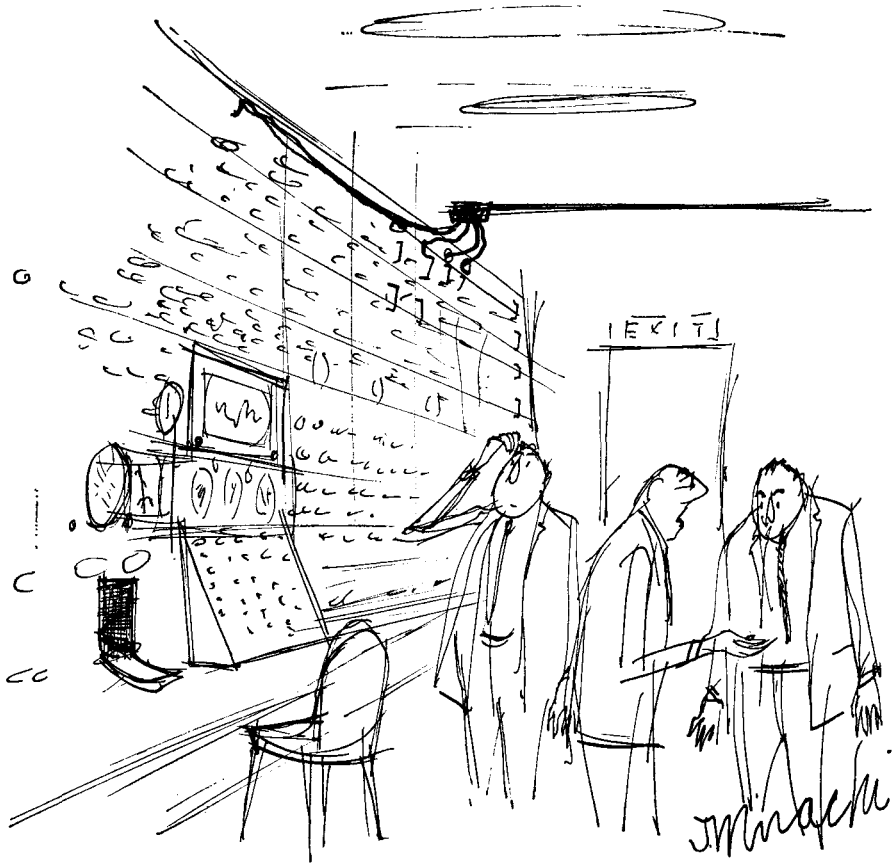
The Vietnam Debate

SANFORD GOTTLIEB and Henry Steele Commager, in the Vietnam debate of December 18, expressed with unusual precision aspects of the problem that very much need spokesmen of their caliber. The article by Leo Cherne left a different effect. Mr. Cherne uses a vocabulary and an emotional tone calculated to produce stereotyped responses, not to enlighten. He says, for instance, "We are in Vietnam, not to sustain a particular government or even a particular philosophy of government. We are, however, deeply involved in a military defense of Vietnam because there has been a military assault upon *any* non-Communist government in Vietnam. . . ."

The separation of military from political action assumed here is easier assumed than achieved. Also present is the confident American idea that categorical opposition to Communism—or any other enemy—does not constitute advocacy of a particular philosophy of government. It certainly is not neutrality.

Further he says: "More recently, one of the world's most unoffending nations, Tibet, lost its age-old independence and is now a vassal to Communist China." Tibet has been neither innocent nor traditionally independent; in fact it was under direct Chinese rule until the Chinese Revolution in 1912. An "age" in this context means forty-seven years.

ROBERT W. BAGLEY.
Cambridge, Mass.



"All that comes out is a ball of gum."

THE DEBATE on Vietnam was both timely and interesting. If Mr. Cherne's fulminations, however, represent the most that can be said in support of our continued presence in Vietnam, we should withdraw now.

Cherne's view of the world as a vast Communist conspiracy, against which we are the last remaining defense, may or may not have some relationship to reality, but is completely beside the point unless he can show that our presence in Vietnam is a disadvantage to Communism. So far the evidence seems to indicate that our eleven years of intervention in Vietnam have enormously increased both the power and prestige of Communism, and have created a situation which Communist China would like nothing better than to perpetuate.

WILLIAM PALMER TAYLOR.
Hamilton, O.

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER'S article "The Problem of Dissent" was a magnificent restatement of basic principle; it should be required reading throughout the land—with, of course, the option to dissent.

A. R. KRUCKEBERG.
Seattle, Wash.

AS A STUDENT at Manhattan College and an organizer of our "Rally in Support of the U.S. Policy in Vietnam," I would like to comment on Henry Steele Commager's remarks about Manhattan College. I am shocked that he says: " 'We're sick and tired of peaceniks,' shriek the students of the Catholic Manhattan College." In effect he simplistically ascribes to an undergraduate body of 3,600 a statement which, according to estimates in the New York press, not more than 1,000 could have made (namely, the ones present at the rally).

The statement was actually made by me (and was *not* shrieked). For the purpose of justice to myself and the students of the college, perhaps it would have been better had Mr. Commager quoted more fully what I said: "We're sick and tired of peaceniks, sick and tired of peace marches. We're sick and tired of hearing that this type of student represents college students."

Later Commager poses a rather demagogic and sadly pseudointellectual question: "Are they sick and tired of Pope Paul, who said, 'It is peace that must guide the destinies of mankind'?"

Everybody wants peace. To demonstrate in favor of the war in Vietnam does not mean that one is anti-peace. What seems to be overlooked here is that peace must be a *safe* peace. Of course we agree with Pope Paul that peace must guide the destinies of mankind.

PAUL J. NUCCIO.
Queens Village, N.Y.

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER'S article in the December 18 issue deserves much credit. Speaking as a citizen who supports our fight against Communism, I am aware that our being in Vietnam would have no purpose if we were to crush the right of dissent.

FRANK P. PINCHAK.
Clifton, N.J.

IT IS IMPORTANT to see a troublesome contemporary problem in historical perspective. Professor Commager in "The Problem of Dissent" gives us that perspective.

(The Rev.) HARRY B. GORDON,
Minister, Ridgeview Congregational Church.
White Plains, N.Y.

"IF THIS were the only article *SR* ever published, I feel I would have my money's worth." How many times I have said that! Henry Steele Commager's "The Problem of Dissent" deserves at least that statement. It should be required reading.

MRS. BRADLEY H. PETERS.
Akron, O.

In last week's special section, "Making American Cities More Livable," prepared in cooperation with the Committee for Economic Development, it should have been made clear that the article by Paul D. Spreiregen was not part of the material prepared by CED, nor should it have been cited in the introduction by Frazar B. Wilde, chairman of CED. It was arranged for solely by *SR*'s editors, who regret any confusion its publication as part of the annual business issue may have caused.

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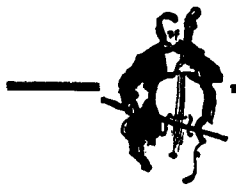

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Mehta at the Metropolitan—De Larrocha

ZUBIN MEHTA'S debut at the Metropolitan as conductor of Verdi's *Aïda* had the unconventional outcome inherent in the unconventional circumstances. Or is it an everyday, every-year occurrence for a conductor born not even thirty years ago in Bombay, who has spent most of his professional life before symphony orchestras, to take on as big a work as the opera repertory contains for a debut? The question contains its own answer: admiration for what he achieved by innate talent and a cool command of the situation; wonder that he had not prepared himself better for the routine of this highly complicated calling.

There is, of course, routine and "routine." The latter is the kind that both Mehta and the receptive listener abhor—the comfortable couch of conformity on which the indolent mind can settle back and relax. He has the quick intelligence, the volatile kind of temperament, the complete absorption with the task before him that define the rare and useful spirit. But there is also the kind of routine that comes from measured development and thorough indoctrination in the craft of the theater. This bears not so much on what to do as how to do it; and this is the respect in which the sum of Mehta's *Aïda* was less than the whole of its parts.

Too much of Mehta's effort, for example, was directed toward the orchestra, too little toward the stage. To be sure, there was a good deal of conspicuous gesturing and ostentatious flashing of cues, the while the principals paid more attention to the prompter. But the part of the performance that really needed his help (the dance episodes in Amneris's apartment and the ballet of the Triumphal Scene) was converted into an accompaniment to his orchestral exhibitionism. Some of it came out extremely well, with clarity and finesse where, at some times past, approximation has prevailed. Some of it was unduly noisy, as Mehta succumbed to the novice's temptation of confusing loudness with vigor and haste with excitement. Where Verdi did most with orchestral color and scene painting (in the "Nile Scene") Mehta did least, as if impatient with its quiet.

In his relations with the individual singers, Mehta seemed to be proceeding on the basis of an armistice, or armed truce, in which they would follow him at certain places where his choice of tempi was unconventional (mostly faster than usual), and he would accept their prerogatives in long-held top notes and dynamics generally. Thus he permitted Franco Corelli to blast away with the usual fortissimo B flat at the end of "Celeste Aïda" without respect for Verdi's marking not only of *p (piano)* but also *morendo* (dying away). And he made little effort to control the wild lurches of Rita Gorr, as Amneris, at any top note within reach, or to make something neater of the top C in *"O patria mia"* than the tone to which Gabriella Tucci as Aïda clung as long as its vibrations lasted (though Verdi does not even permit her the latitude of a *fermata).* This is not the kind of complaisance that goes with the formidable face of disciplinarian that Mehta turned toward the orchestra.

At many moments, Mehta's treatment was exciting to hear, but there were as many others in which he made Verdi's scoring sound explosive and crude—which is hardly in its character. More than a fair share of these came in those passages in which he drove ahead at tempi faster than usual. Some of these struck me as derived from the Toscanini recording, but they did not show Mehta's awareness of Toscanini's own oft-repeated view that such tempi were necessary in a broadcast or a concert performance, where stage action was lacking, but were not to be construed as what he considered appropriate for the theater.

Mehta clearly has the makings of a superior opera conductor, but there is no shortcut to mastery in this artistic arena, any more than there is in the concert hall. It is his bad as well as good fortune to attract a Nureyev-like following, which began to cheer before he had lifted a baton. Doubtless these are sweet sounds to his ears, but it would be unwise for him to consider them as more meaningful than they are.

It should not be overlooked, in the lion's share of the roar that accrued to Mehta, that there were two other debuts, both of more than casual quality. One was that of the tall, Bulgarian-born basso Nicola Ghiuselev, who has a fine resonant sound (a little short at the bottom for the music of Ramfis) to go with his admirable bearing; the other was that of the short, Bayonne-born Raymond Michalski, who provided a rich, deep sound for the King (an ancestor, clearly, of Vittorio Emmanuele III in this impersonation). Both should be heard often in the future.

Of the more familiar singers, the best effort was Anselmo Colzani's Amonasro, a fierce bristling figure of a tribal chieftain. He has expanded his command both of the action and the vocal line to the point where he is now the best the Metropolitan has to offer in this part. And when she was not overdoing the prima donna's prerogatives, Tucci's Aïda showed a marked growth in vocal breadth over what it has been in past seasons, and a larger share of assertiveness, too. On the whole, the Metropolitan's *Aïda,* with its imposing visual frame by Robert O'Hearn, is now better than it has been since Georg Solti put it together, but it has far to go to achieve the finesse it first possessed.

Serenity reigned supreme at the holiday exercises of the Philharmonic Orchestra, which were under the direction of their current guest William Steinberg. His sense of style and of orchestral order were artfully applied not only to the B-flat Symphony (No. 5) of Schubert, the Busoni *Tanzwalzer,* and the Rachmaninoff *Symphonic Dances*—a fairly intellectual way of dancing in the New Year—but even more to the orchestral score of the Mozart Piano Concerto in A (K. 488).

It is no common experience to hear the opening orchestral pages of this or any Mozart concerto so well phrased and artistically balanced that one almost regretted the entrance of as good a soloist as Alicia de Larrocha. But this was such a rarity, compounded out of an ensemble of about forty, with a carefully considered proportion of strings to winds. Heard at the back of the first terrace, for example, the sound was exactly as one imagines it.

This was, altogether, warmly reasonable, artistically enjoyable Mozart, with Mme. de Larrocha a well-adjusted element of the ensemble effort evolved by Steinberg. If anything, she inclined to understate the role in which Mozart cast the soloist (of which he was, in all probability, the very first), especially in the first movement. She could hardly take so reticent a position in the slow movement, which is for the most part a nocturnal reverie for the piano. Her best qualities as an ensemble player shone brightest in the finale, in an artistic blend of sparkle and finesse. Much of this was against the disadvantage (at the Thursday-night concert) of a piano that hardly lived up to its famous name. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Hearts, Flowers, and Machine Guns

IN 1917 George Herbert Clarke, a professor of English at the University of Tennessee, published a volume entitled *A Treasury of War Poetry*, which had a considerable success. The book contained two poems much admired at the time, Rupert Brooke's "The Soldier" and Alan Seeger's "I Have a Rendezvous with Death," but, inexplicably, not John McCrae's "In Flanders Fields," though this had appeared in 1915 and has been described as the most popular poem of World War I. What surprises me as I re-examine the anthology is the large proportion of civilian poets, some of them well known but most of them obscure then and doubly obscure now. With a few exceptions, the civilians were rich in patriotic sentiments of the most conventional and, today, most embarrassing sort.

In *Heroes' Twilight* (Coward-McCann, $5) Bernard Bergonzi, a young, up-to-date English critic, traces the decline of the romantic idea of war as seen in the work of British poets, autobiographers, and novelists. He begins, naturally, with Rupert Brooke, who was the first and most successful exponent of the romantic view and who died before he had learned better. With Brooke, Bergonzi classes Julian Grenfell and Charles Hamilton Sorley, though granting that their romanticism was not so pure as Brooke's.

Brooke, Grenfell, and Sorley all died in 1915. The poets who lasted longer and saw more of warfare, especially the trench warfare in France, struck a different note. Robert Graves, Edmund Blunden, Herbert Read, and a number of others were, as Bergonzi shows, realistic, sardonic, and, in varying degrees, bitter. Siegfried Sassoon was probably the bitterest of all, not only expressing his hatred of war in tough and memorable verse but also risking court martial to protest against the prolongation of the conflict.

Finally Bergonzi comes to the two men he regards as the best poets of the war, Isaac Rosenberg and Wilfred Owen, both of whom died in 1918. They, he argues, mastered their war experiences and made poetry of them as did none of their contemporaries. Bergonzi, quoting at length, comments discriminatingly on their work. He sums up Owen's poems: "In their totality, as I have suggested, they have done more than any other work in English to form a sensibility that can grasp the nature of technological war. If Brooke and Binyon seem irrecoverably anachronistic, then that is largely because of what we have learnt from Owen."

In his treatment of the war poets Bergonzi is sometimes handicapped by a narrow view of the nature of poetry. Discussing Brooke's sonnet, "The Soldier," he says that it is considered a great poem "by the numerous readers for whom the excellence of poetry lies in the acceptability of its sentiments rather than in the quality of its language." But certainly the generation that rejected Brooke did so in large part because it found his sentiments unacceptable, not merely because his language was banal. Furthermore, although Rosenberg's and Owen's language is distinguished in a way that Brooke's isn't, Bergonzi is really praising their sensibility rather than their language. They found a new way of seeing and feeling things, and developed a suitable —therefore new—way of expressing what they saw and felt.

Most of the important war poetry was written during the war, but much of the prose came later, as much as a decade later. "The years 1928-30," writes Bergonzi, "witnessed a remarkable return to public favor of books about the war, which coincided with the further stage of war literature represented by autobiographical works such as Blunden's *Undertones of War*, Sassoon's *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man* and *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer*, and Graves's *Goodbye to All That;* and by novels like Aldington's *Death of a Hero* and Manning's *Her Privates We*. Nor was this resurgence of interest confined to British writers: *A Farewell to Arms* in America, and *All Quiet on the Western Front* in Germany, showed its international nature." Bergonzi discusses the British works he has named, as well as reminiscences and fiction by Herbert Read, Wyndham Lewis, R. H. Mottram, Ford Madox Ford, and H. M. Tomlinson.

As he singles out Wilfred Owen as the best of the war poets, Bergonzi proclaims David Jones the best of the prose writers. Jones's *In Parenthesis* was begun in 1928 but not published until 1937. (An American edition, with an introductory note by T. S. Eliot, appeared in 1961.) Bergonzi's general thesis is that the romantic literature of the early part of the war was related to a series of myths about man and the universe that were already outworn. These myths were destroyed by the bitter, realistic poets and novelists with whom this study is largely concerned. Feeling the need for mythology, Jones consciously made use of older myths, as Joyce had done in *Ulysses* and Eliot in *The Waste Land*. Through mastery of

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his method, Bergonzi believes, Jones created "the nearest equivalent to an epic that the Great War produced in England."

In his concluding chapter, Bergonzi glances briefly at the literature of the Second World War. "The poets of 1939-45," he says, "knew more and expected less than their predecessors of 1914-18; indeed, the work of the earlier poets was an essential part of what they knew." *From Here to Eternity,* Wright Morris has written, "reminds us that young men are still fighting Hemingway's war. After all, it is the one they know best; it was made real and coherent by his imagination." If there was something new to be said about World War II, nobody seems to have found a way of saying it.

Bergonzi has a neat summary: "If we now regard war as, on occasion, still necessary, in the way that abattoirs and operating-theaters are necessary, we do not feel the need to adorn it with the tinsel of a factitious glory. This much we have learnt from the writers of the Great War, who absorbed its shock and employed their art to change a generation's modes of feeling." There is nothing particularly novel about this statement, but Bergonzi has thoroughly substantiated it, and he is a good enough critic to make his judgments count. Moreover, the point is worth making at a time when we are observing the semicentennial of what he always refers to as the "Great War." Next year will be the fiftieth anniversary of the entrance of the United States into that war—an occasion for us to guard against "the tinsel of a factitious glory."

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1171

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1171 will be found in the next issue.

NXCW BZ C NRRM? C YSCVW

NXEZR QBPWFRZ XCQR VEW

GRW HRRV MBZKEQRPRM.

RORPZEV

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1170

The greatest pleasure . . . to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident.

—Charles Lamb.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Miss Handl's Handle

Nicholas Samstag is offended by the intelligence that the author of *The Sioux,* Irene (pronounced eye-REE-nee) Handl, is known as "The Queen of the Chars." Not I! . . .

Some years ago, I was called in by BBC Television in London to write a pilot script for a proposed series featuring a "char" role for Miss Handl. It was fun writing dialogue and business with her in mind because, being a real professional, she can handle any performing problem a writer cares to invent.

As it happened, the owner of the show was even then secretly signing a contract with a competing network. The show was lost by BBC. But not all was lost for me. As it also happened, a few months later I appeared in one episode to do a comedy sequence with Irene Handl. It was one of my favorite experiences—mainly, I think, because of her intelligence. It impressed me that, in her career, she deliberately plays against her role in real life. And I am delighted to see that a hint of her larger talent is now made public.

Incidentally, if Mr. Samstag saw the Richard Attenborough-Bryan Forbes film, *I'm All Right, Jack!,* he will remember Irene Handl as the wife of the shop steward played by Peter Sellers.

D. C. Mason.

Toronto, Ont., Canada

Historical Value Sensationalized

In *SR* Nov. 20 an advertisement for *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* ran: "He rose from hoodlum, thief, dope peddler, pimp—to become the most dynamic leader of the Black Revolution."

I realize that neither Grove Press, which publishes the book, nor any other publishing house is in the business for its health; but must one lower its level to stay alive?

Emile Capouya, whose review of the work appears in the same issue, says it "has considerable importance as an historical document." Yet I imagine any historical document, no matter how compelling the theme or well written it may be, should not be read for its historical value unless it contains the necessary amount of sensationalism. . . .

Michael A. Fried.

Garden Grove, Calif.

Never Too Masculine

Will somebody explain, please, why a book by a "woman-writer" is so often described as ". . . too feminine for its own good" [see review of *A Night at Sea,* *SR,* Nov. 27], while books by regular writers are never described as too masculine for their own good—when God knows there's a hell's plenty of the latter glutting the market, if we may presume to put *masculine* in the same derogatory light with *feminine*? Also, why is "She writes like a man" the highest bit of praise that can be accorded . . . if the writer happens to be a woman?

Erin Evans.

Atlanta, Ga.

Judicious Jibes

I was immensely pleased with the manner with which John Hutchens burst the façade of "erudite pages" in his article "The Vaudeville Ritual" [*SR,* Nov. 27]. I wish that more so-called "scholarly writers" and established schools that pride themselves in the unnecessary dullness of doctoral writing would take heed of his well-placed jibes.

But, please, correct for your readers that Ethel Merman was a former stenographer from Astoria, Queens, *not* Brooklyn, as her biography and accent prove in print and whenever she sets air splendidly in motion.

Frank Glann.

Cape Girardeau, Mo.

How to Be a Realist?

I am one of those "more naïve college professors" referred to in Mr. John M. Allison's review of *Sarkhan,* by William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick [*SR,* Oct. 30], which he recommends I read. But he states that [in spite of much truth there are] "careless mistakes and unnecessary exaggeration." Since I am naïve by definition (and, I assume, idealistic), I wish Mr. Allison, or some other sophisticated realist, would instruct me in how to distinguish between truth and untruth, moderation and exaggeration in the book as I want desperately to be rid of my naïveté so my colleagues will stop pitying me.

E. F. Patterson.

Davidson, N.C.

Major Writer Omitted

I was astonished, on reading Larry McMurtry's honor roll of writers who have dealt with the mountain men (in his review of *Mountain Man,* *SR,* Nov. 6) to find no mention of Don Berry. In case he is unfamiliar with them, I direct Mr. McMurtry's attention to Berry's three novels, *Trask, Moontrap,* and *To Build a Ship,* and to *A Majority of Scoundrels,* a lively nonfiction history of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company.

Actually, classing Don Berry as a Western writer is like classing Herman Melville as a writer of sea stories. He creates people as real as one's skin in a world which the reader does not forget once he has entered it . . . Berry is a major writer who deserves major critical attention. . . .

Edith Rylander.

St. Cloud, Minn.

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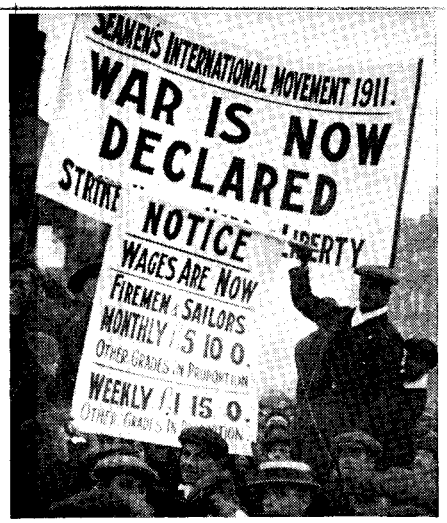
The Harbingers of Holocaust



Prophetic placards carried by striking British seamen in 1911.

The Proud Tower: A Portrait of the World Before the War, 1890-1914, *by Barbara W. Tuchman (Macmillan. 528 pp. $7.95), recreates the "golden age" that was abruptly terminated by the guns of August. J. H. Plumb, professor of Modern English History at Cambridge University, is editor of "The History of Human Society," of which the first two volumes have recently appeared.*

By J. H. PLUMB

WONDERFUL, that is the only word for it. *The Proud Tower* is easily the best piece of historical writing for the general reader since Garrett Mattingly's *Defeat of the Spanish Armada,* and it deserves, and I am sure will have, as great a success.

Few historians, if any, write as well as Barbara Tuchman, and by good writing I do not mean the elegance and wit of her style, for literary excellence goes deeper than prose. I mean an awareness of the architectural harmony of sentence, paragraph and chapter; sensitivity to the interplay of character and narrative, and, most difficult of all, the habit of truth so that each word convinces and never disturbs the reader; add to this richness of understanding of societies as well as men, irony and wit in abundance, and a sense of comedy and farce so dexterously exploited that I roared with laughter at several of Mrs. Tuchman's scenes. Hard to believe? Take this: Between 1907-09 accusations of homosexuality spread like shingles across the Court circles of Germany: judicial proceedings revealed a tangle of perversion, pimps, prostitutes, and blackmail. The innocent were accused along with the guilty, and poor Chancellor Bülow was victimized by a paranoic. At the height of the scandal the Austrian Emperor's brother was caught with a masseur. As if this were not enough, the Kaiser, reeling under the crushing blows that his private world was taking, made so fatuous a speech on foreign affairs that his sanity was questioned. Now Mrs. Tuchman:

> Hurt and indignant, the Kaiser retired to the estate of his friend Prince Furstenburg, where in the course of an evening's festivities, Count Hülsen-Haeseler, chief of the military cabinet, appeared in a pink ballet skirt and rose wreath and "danced beautifully," affording everybody much entertainment. On finishing he dropped dead of heart failure. *Rigor mortis* having set in before the doctors came, the general's body could only with the greatest difficulty be divested of its ballet costume and restored to the propriety of military uniform. It had not been a happy year for the Kaiser. . . .

Farcical, human, yet very much to the point in the vast Tuchman mosaic, for it helps to project vividly her image of the Kaiser's Germany with its coarse jocularity, its raving philosophy and extravagant music, its overblown ego personified by Wilhelm II. And the darker shadows are there too, its cruelty, its ruthlessness, its docility, and its efficiency.

Mrs. Tuchman's intention is to portray European—and American—society in the two decades before World War I. Her method is dexterous. She uses either a class, a person, or an event upon which to build her picture of Britain, America, France, Germany, and the general European scene. For Britain she has chosen the great patrician families, the secure, marmoreal, extravagant world of the Devonshires and Salisburys, multimillionaires and statesmen by birth, whose status seemed as eternal as the stars. To point the contrast Mrs. Tuchman follows this splendid panorama of luxury and authority with a vivid picture of the anarchist world with its bombs and its desperation, whose manic intensity brought terror to Europe although little amelioration to the grinding poverty of Europe's industrial workers.

At this point, there is a danger for Mrs. Tuchman. Is the book going to dissolve into a series of brilliant vignettes? She avoids it. The next chapter centers on one man. Not the obvious one, Theodore Roosevelt, but Speaker Thomas B. Reed, so much more symbolic of the struggles of the American conscience, rendered hypersensitive by the baying of the Yankees for Empire. But again, there is no hard core of narrative, little drama or tension which, at this point, the interest requires.

And, of course, Mrs. Tuchman provides it. We move to France, to Dreyfus, to a story that, no matter how often told, is alive with suspense. And then, as relaxation follows, the tragicomic horror story of Germany.

Thus the reader is brilliantly beguiled, lured on through this long book as easily as if he were reading a novel by Simenon. Beguiled yet instructed. This vanished world comes vividly alive, its emperors, czars, and kings, its working-class leaders, its desperate revolutionaries, its artists and its cocottes, all are there. Nor is the tidal sweep of history forgotten, the clash of economic and political forces, the hideous momentum of increasing armament, sweeping Europe to Armageddon.

Mrs. Tuchman's acute intelligence moves like a beam of limelight illuminating now a person, now a group or social class. The beam is dazzling white, never pink, never green; never beautifying, never putrefying her subjects. As a brilliant *tour de force* I do not think that this can be matched. Only at the very end does Mrs. Tuchman stumble. Her last section on the Socialist International is limp.

This is amateur history at its zenith. Yet it remains amateur history, and because it does, Garrett Mattingly's book still retains the palm. Time and time again in his book he showed unerringly his knowledge of the deeper, analytical side of history, answering with assurance the gnawing question "why," which must not be applied willy-nilly to all men and events but only when it will unlock deeper wisdom and understanding. In Mrs. Tuchman's book there are no explorations of the contradictions and complexities of industrial society, or of its imperatives, or of its weird race with itself against time. Its need for educated artisans created the leadership and material for revolution, and yet brought into being the prospect of that affluence which would kill revolution more totally than any repression. This was the true race against Time for the West, as it is now the world's race.

But why carp? Mrs. Tuchman did not set out to write a history but to portray an age, and this she has done superlatively. Certainly a professional historian might have done it differently, but I doubt if there is one living who could have done it half as well.

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Last Spring: Geoffrey Marcus has written a memoir of Britain between Christmas 1913 and the beginning of World War I in August 1914. In *Before the Lamps Went Out* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $7.50) we come to know the muffin man of a Sunday afternoon, the impressive naval review at Kiel, the dreadful lives of the Midlands mill workers, post-Edwardian social pomp, and the incredible follies of men in politics and out that preceded Sir Edward Grey's deathless statement as he watched the lights of St. James's Park extinguished: "The lamps are going out all over Europe; we shall not see them lit again in our lifetime."

This unevenly written book is profusely illustrated with contemporary cartoons and photographs of suffragette demonstrations, Sussex shepherds, newspaper vendors with their prophetic posters, the sleepy innocence of the last prewar spring. The nostalgic characters are all there, from the glamorous Gaiety Girls to the midnight toilers in the Admiralty. Woven through this wealth of warm detail is the step-by-step stumbling into war and, if ever one year could be said to mark such an event, the end of an era.

—RICHARD L. TOBIN.

High Seas and Trenches: World War I books continue to pour in as the semicentennial rolls on, the latest two being Charles Carrington's *Soldier from the Wars Returning* (McKay, $3.95) and *The War Years: To the Eve of Jutland* (Oxford University Press, $14), Arthur J. Marder's second volume in the Royal Navy series "From the Dreadnought to Scapa Flow."

Marder's first volume took us up to the outbreak of the sea war, explained the German-British naval race as a chief cause of the war, and told of Admiral John Fisher's tremendous part in Britain's naval building program. The present book brings us through the disaster of the Dardanelles, with a play-by-play account of the political intrigue in high Admiralty places, and shows Winston Churchill at his historic worst. For those fascinated by the minutiae of naval history this volume is, like the first, a must. For the general reader it may be downright boring, since most general book buyers have never heard of Admiral Fisher and couldn't care less.

The Carrington book, on the other hand, is very personal, a view from the British trenches by one who was there, and adding not one jot or tittle to the true history buff's detailed knowledge of the Great War. Sometimes readable, often trivial, it is a splendid example of why editing to suit an anniversary may end in an inconsequential and, face it, dull book.

—R.L.T.

From Czars to Commissars

Russia, by Harrison E. Salisbury (Atheneum. 144 pages. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.65), summarizes the present-day Soviet scene. Sidney Heitman, associate professor of history at Colorado State University, edited the forthcoming "Collected Works of Nikolai Bukharin."

By SIDNEY HEITMAN

IT IS symptomatic of the *New York Times* that it not only keeps among its regular staffers a stable of recognized authors but has recently launched its own five-foot shelf of "New York Times Byline Books," to which Harrison Salisbury, with seven other books to his credit, has contributed a study of Russia.

This thin volume by the Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter, old Russia hand, and *Times* assistant managing editor is not quite what its book jacket claims—"an introduction to Russia from czars to commissars, with emphasis on the factors that suggest the future." Nor could it be, within the scope of 144 undersize pages of text in oversize type. It is, rather, a collection of short essays containing some sweeping historical generalizations, a few random recollections from the author's travels in Russia, and a lot of acute political analysis.

Mr. Salisbury's occasional excursions into the more remote Russian past are something less than felicitous. To explain the "paradox" of Russia today with a flat assertion that "the answer lies in a tragedy which befell Russia nearly 700 years ago," namely "the invasion and subjugation of Russia by the Mongol hordes of the fabulous Genghis Khan," is a gross and highly debatable exaggeration. And it was not Peter the Great but Catherine the Great who "sequestered the wealth of the Russian Orthodox Church," while 100 years earlier Ivan the Terrible, again rather than Peter, "turned the nobility into a 'service' class and put the peasants on the path to serfdom—all in the cause of erecting a mightier Russia."

When he deals with the Russia he knows best from years of personal observation and study, Mr. Salisbury's brief sketches are enlightening and provocative. His succinct analyses of present-day social conditions, political developments since Stalin's death, persistent economic problems, and the revolt of the new intelligentsia bring order, clarity, and logic to what is inherently a complex series of phenomena. Similarly, an excellent little chapter on "The Many Gospels of Communism" is one of the best summaries to be found anywhere of the causes and repercussions of the disintegration of the Stalinist empire after 1953 and of the Sino-Soviet rift.

Projecting recent Soviet developments into the future, Mr. Salisbury sounds a cautiously optimistic note. He sees the mounting internal pressures for a better life, greater security, and more intellectual freedom for the masses as nigh irrepressible, while the objective logic of the Soviet Union's international position *vis-à-vis* the West, Red China, and the underdeveloped nations points to the likelihood that "she will stand with those countries which seek a measure of order and security in the world," rather "than with those which put their hopes in elemental change and cosmic chaos."

What this small volume lacks in depth is balanced by its informativeness, clarity, and eminent readability—commendable qualities in these crowded and fast-moving days.

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Report from Peking

***China**, by Harry Schwartz (Atheneum. 153 pp. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.65), discusses the historical background, current problems, and probable future of the People's Republic. Howard L. Boorman, who observed the Chinese Communist entry into Peking in 1949-50, is editing "A Biographical Dictionary of Republican China."*

By HOWARD L. BOORMAN

HARRY SCHWARTZ makes his début as an author on China with this volume in the New York Times Byline Book series. Professional analyst of the Soviet economy, member of the *Times* editorial board, pundit on international Communist affairs, Mr. Schwartz possesses energy, facility, and a sense of mission. His mission here is to compress contemporary China into ten brief chapters to provide guidance for the intelligent American layman and/or his intelligent teen-age sons and daughters. The first half of *China* provides background: atmospherics, land and people, traditional civilization, China's modernization, and Mao Tse-tung's conquest of the mainland. The second appraises China under Communist rule, the Sino-Soviet conflict, Taiwan, and the future of the People's Republic of China.

Given its objective and its potential audience, *China* appears at first to be a persuasive synthesis, guiding the reader along the razor edge that often divides summary from precision, leading him to the cozy conclusion that in the long run, once we are past current crises, the world should be a sufficiently large and flexible place to contain both the aspirations of modern Chinese Communism and the impulses of modern welfare capitalism. However, before the first manned spaceship blasts off for Alpha Centauri with an American co-pilot and a Chinese navigator aboard, both this book and the level of American understanding of Chinese Communism may give more cause for short-run pessimism than for long-term optimism.

One key problem confronting the student of contemporary China is the task of distinguishing between what the Chinese Communists say and what they do. In some cases, labels and realities correspond; in others, they do not. Since Mr. Schwartz surveys the Chinese situation from a distance through glasses designed and developed for assessing the Soviet scene, he not unnaturally has some difficulties with the mixture of traditional Chinese miming and contemporary revolutionary idealism spread before him. Obviously fascinated but occasionally bemused, he tends to take refuge either in hyperbole or in cliché: measuring complex situations in simplistic superlatives; projecting the Chinese people as guinea pigs, as automatons, as bees in a hive—but almost never as human beings.

In appraising the agricultural sector of the Great Leap Forward effort, for example, Mr. Schwartz views the so-called people's commune system primarily as a new stage in Peking's mass enslavement of the Chinese populace. Actually, in economic terms, the commune consisted of a number of cooperative farms amalgamated and assigned collective responsibility for new programs of agricultural improvement and local industry, based on the expanded pool of labor and savings provided by that amalgamation. The commune was designed as a planning unit large enough to be viable yet compact enough to be responsive to local conditions. In 1958 the top command at Peking doubtless saw the system as a realistic approach to some of China's most urgent problems for which no alternative solutions or palliatives were available. The program was, in short, based on rational economic planning calculations, not on terror and coercion as tools of social control.

Again, Mr. Schwartz views the deliberate use of racism by the Chinese Communists as perhaps "the most ominous element" in Peking's current arsenal of international political weapons. Actually, in terms of human geography, the areas where the Chinese Communists have the best prospects for undermining Soviet and United States influence are those that are largely non-white in population. To put Mr. Schwartz's observation into perspective, it would be important to record the fact that racist—as distinct from pan-Asian—ideas have historically been absent from the Chinese outlook; no responsible Chinese leader has ever exhibited genuine emotional commitment to the "colored races" of the world.

Despite intermittent analytic inadequacies, *China* is a useful introductory capsule for the American space-age audience. The problem for the critic is not that Mr. Schwartz has produced a foolish tract but that the lay reader in our affluent society does not have easy access to more mature syntheses on contemporary China.

Aside from the emotionalism with which discussion of both Communist China and Taiwan has become muddled by the wars in Korea and Vietnam, the responsible citizen who wishes to improve his understanding of the China problem still confronts major roadblocks: the lack of trend reporting on China in the American press and news media (there is now no experienced China counterpart of Mr. Schwartz on the editorial board of the *New York Times*) and the inadequate supply of public communicators in the universities. A third problem has been created by the creeping imperialism of experts on Soviet affairs, who have gradually added China to their analytic domain despite the fact that their consciousness of Chinese civilization began only when that country became Communist, or, more likely, only when the Moscow-Peking marriage of convenience cooled a decade later. Contemporary China still awaits adequate and sophisticated synthesis.

"All of a sudden, there's nothing left to debunk."

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Chronic Crisis Area: Trying to make the Middle East easily understandable to the layman can be as difficult as seeking to pick up a ball of quicksilver between finger and thumb. But Jay Walz manages it. He has cleverly organized what he has to say. He does not crowd in too much detail. And the human sympathy and understanding which he brings to his subject prevent his writing from being dry or boring. In a word, *The Middle East* (Atheneum, hardbound, $3.95, paperback $1.65) is as good a little handbook as anybody is likely to find.

When such a masterly job has been done, it may seem carping to mention one or two slips or to disagree with the

author on one or two particular points within the whole. King Faisal of Saudi Arabia is not the nephew but the son of Ibn Saud. The British White Paper of 1939 did not recommend the partition of Palestine. Lester Pearson of Canada, though he played a major role in working out the post-Suez peacekeeping formula, never visited Cairo while doing so. And Mr. Walz's description of the Sudan as a "predominantly Negro country" is misleading in its oversimplification.

His broad outline of President Nasser's veering away from the West and buying of Soviet arms is accurate. But should not the author have given greater importance within the outline to all that attended the closing down of the British base in the Suez Canal Zone and to the Israeli raid on Gaza on February 28, 1955? And perhaps he should have mentioned also Mr. Nasser's discovery of the Afro-Asian world at Bandung later that year.

The forecast with which the author concludes his book is encouraging and soundly based. This reviewer, however, would be hesitant to go along with Mr. Walz's speculation on the possibility of the Soviet Union's giving all-out support to the Arabs in their dispute with Israel. The Soviets have too much to gain from keeping the dispute going to be a party to trying to end it in the Arabs' favor—which, in any case, would almost certainly lead to Western intervention.

But when it comes to United States relations with the Arabs, how right Mr. Walz is in his plea that, given the American commitment to Israel, these should be based on honesty and straight dealing! —GEOFFREY GODSELL.

At Home with the Caudillo

***Spain: The Gentle Anarchy,** by Benjamin Welles (Praeger. 386 pp. $7.95), takes a mellow view of the Iberian peninsula and her quarter-century-old dictatorship. Jeffry Kaplow teaches history at Columbia University and is author of the recently published "New Perspectives on the French Revolution."*

By JEFFRY KAPLOW

FOR THE life of me, I can see little that is gentle and still less that is anarchic about the Spain Benjamin Welles describes. Perhaps fewer people stop at red lights than do in other countries, but on that evidence, and on the assumption that the author is really trying to justify his title, the verdict must be, at the very least, "not proven."

But what is Mr. Welles up to? He is a good journalist, though hardly in the great and diverse tradition of Herbert Matthews, Howard K. Smith, William Shirer, or Alexander Werth, to name only a few. He knows his subject, and it is a vital and fascinating one. His writing is clear, fluent, and free from the common affliction of Timestyle. Above all, he is an honest man who makes no secret either of his love for Spain's land and people or his dislike of dictatorship. Nevertheless, there are two major and a number of minor reasons that make me both uncomfortable and dissatisfied with his book.

The Civil War ended twenty-five years ago and, possession being nine parts of the law, Franco seems to have established some kind of squatter's rights in Spain. Still, I do not like to be told that a "lingering doctrinaire dislike of the ogre Franco seems jejune after nearly thirty years." Nor is it pleasant to read that Europeans' lack of sympathy for Franco is "illogical" and "chiefly emotional." The heart has its reasons, but in this case reason can be said to ratify the decision of the heart. Have we any right when dealing with Franco to ignore the brutal illegitimacy of his rise to power? Is it not permissible to feel somewhat less than sympathetic toward a régime whose Vice President, Muñoz-Grandes, led the Blue Division that fought with the Nazis on the Eastern Front, and whose Foreign Minister, Castiella, was decorated by Hitler in the Ukraine? It is a régime capable of executing two young anarchists by the "medieval practice of garroting." Are we to forgive or forget all this? I, for one, cannot do so. And so, when I am told that the Hispano-American Alliance of 1963 can be justified on grounds of strategic considerations and that the United States showed "common sense" in granting Franco's desire for prestige and acceptance, I can only enter a vigorous dissent. Some think that memories are too long. They are the same people who say that politics make strange bedfellows. In this case, it is a question as to who is the whore and who the whoremaster.

Like so many Americans, Mr. Welles seems to be easily impressed by economic achievement for its own sake. His view of the Spanish economy is a highly positive one, and he surrounds his judgment with few, if any, political and moral considerations. Now, it is true that there have been great advances since 1959, when Spain stood on the edge of bankruptcy. The questions remain: at what price and for whose benefit? The workers who strike periodically in the mines of Asturias seem unaware of their happy lot. In fact, the much-vaunted progress in labor relations does not appear to involve much more than the fixing of the minimum wage (for males of eighteen or more) at sixty pesetas or one dollar a day, a change which benefited none but "the worst paid 15 per cent of the farm workers and ducked real Sindical reform." And this in a country where, as of 1962, at least 49 per cent of the families had annual incomes of $1,000 or less and an additional 27 per cent had incomes of $1,000 to $1,660. No wonder that so many Spanish workers and domestics continue to seek employment abroad.

Neither am I receptive to the picture of Franco as a doting grandfather. This, coupled with the suggestion that the Caudillo is mellowing (as do all dictators provided they remain in power long enough), makes me think of nothing so much as those photographs of Himmler playing with his dogs and patting little children on the head.

Welles tells us that if free elections were held tomorrow Franco would have 65 per cent of the vote. The Caudillo has wiped out all but the clandestine opposition, and he continues to play upon the Spanish people's desire to avoid a repetition of the bloody Civil

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War. Were the 65-per-cent figure correct, it would stand as an indictment of one of the worst aspects of the régime: Franco's success in creating a generation of apolitical dullards. But it seems that a substantial number of Spanish workers and students remain unaccounted for in this estimate. Certainly, there is little or nothing in Mr. Welles's report that would have led us to expect or enabled us to comprehend the demonstrations of student discontent last spring.

There is a point where descriptive journalism comes to an end, where the reporter, by force of adjectives, begins to confer normative values on his cast of characters. This is a legitimate procedure, and I do not question Mr. Welles's right to use it, though our values are not the same. But some of his other procedures are more controversial. There is, for instance, the use of the sweeping generalization. I doubt that it serves anyone (or the truth) to declare that the Spanish are the "best-mannered people in Europe" or that the Spaniard "senses his own need for discipline." The praise the author gives Spain for maintaining a high standard of morality seems to be identified in his own mind with the continuing influence of the family and the Church. Let me say only that there are other, perhaps healthier, standards of morality.

This is a benign book, and perhaps that is the trouble. It contains a certain amount of reliable information, along with much that is open to doubt. Little of it is new. When I finished it, I was not sure that I had learned very much. There is a lack of atmosphere, as though the book had been written out of an archive rather than as a result of day to day contact with the Spanish people. What is lacking is passion, a sense of concern. And that is what we have to expect from a book about Spain today.

Generalissimo Francisco Franco — "mellowed"?

Definition of a Nation

The Promise of America: An Historical Inquiry, *by John Morton Blum (Houghton Mifflin. 206 pp. $4), makes an affirmation of faith in the United States. Milton R. Konvitz, Cornell University professor, is author of the forthcoming "Expanding Liberty: Freedom's Gains in Post-War America."*

By MILTON R. KONVITZ

AS THOREAU turned his face to the woods at Walden Pond, he determined "to go into business at once, and not wait to acquire the usual capital." He went to Walden, he said, to "transact some private business." He had always thought that Walden Pond would be "a good place for business." Thus Thoreau, seeking sanity and wisdom in a world preoccupied with luxuries and comforts, could not escape from the language and symbols of the huckster life he left behind in town—paradoxically, he could best describe his ideals and private life in terms of commerce, in terms of trade "with the Celestial Empire."

As I read *The Promise of America: An Historical Inquiry,* by Professor John Morton Blum of Yale University, I could not help but recall these passages from the famous chapter on "Economy" in Thoreau's *Walden*; for Blum, seeking to uncover American ideals and aspirations, seems also forced to use the language of trade and commerce. The name that appears most often in his book is Emerson; yet the phrase that most frequently recurs is "middle class." Joseph Wood Krutch has said that "to unite without incongruity things ordinarily thought of as incongruous *is* the phenomenon called Thoreau." Perhaps such a combination is also the phenomenon called America.

It is no simple task to express or to explain this phenomenon, but Professor Blum found himself attempting to do so as he addressed audiences at Aspen and at American and European colleges and universities, including classes at Cambridge University where he was Pitt Professor of American History and Institutions. Putting together as a book six reworked lectures, Blum the historian saw that they reflected what Blum the American believed, and so the book became "a personal testament, a declaration of faith in the United States." Blum the historian uncovers the "national aspirations," America's "goals and tasks," her "promises," "the nobility and the power, the mission and the magnificence of the United States," which he takes to be "the historical meaning of the United States." But the "historical inquiry" became translated into "an expression of identification . . . with the amorphous American middle class." The result is hardly to exalt every valley, but to make low every mountain and hill.

Emerson and Thoreau saw and used incongruities as dialectical means to spiritual and personal syntheses. They saw and used paradox as stepping stones toward a deeper understanding of complex events or feelings. But I fear that this fails to happen in *The Promise of America.* The book does not show how the ideals and values of American culture comport with one another, and how the middle-class mind fulfilled, compromised, degraded, or negated these ideals and values. The American "goals of freedom, opportunity, and shared abundance" pose a high theme and set a task to illumine what is dark. They call for great argument, such as would tend to justify the ways of Americans to all men. Professor Blum's argument is not high enough; it seldom rises above middlebrow respectability.

Perhaps I am a bit harsh; but then, the promise of a book on the promise of America raises high expectations. The first chapter invokes Franklin, Hamilton, Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson, and Emerson, but the invocation is ritualistic rather than critical. The remaining chapters, which purport to be "not a history of the United States, but a special reading of that history," offer little interpretation of the facts of that history. The book is pervaded by a mood of detachment, as if the chapters were summaries written for an encyclopedia. It lacks deep bites; there are in it few fresh assessments of events, men, or motives. Facts are stated soberly, and judgments, when they are made, are made decorously and impartially. The result is that the book suffers from its virtues.

Perhaps the fact that Professor Blum was addressing mainly non-American audiences conditioned the content and style of his book. But, by being overly careful to be judicious, the author denied himself his birthright as a thinker to be original, daring, and interesting even at the risk of being occasionally wrong.

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The Making of a President, 1789

George Washington: The Forge of Experience, 1732-1775, *by James Thomas Flexner (Little, Brown. 390 pp. $7.95), tells how the "succession of disasters" that formed Washington's early career contributed to his development as a leader. Esmond Wright, professor of modern history at the University of Glasgow, is chairman of the British Association for American Studies and author of "Washington and the American Revolution" and "Fabric of Freedom."*

By ESMOND WRIGHT

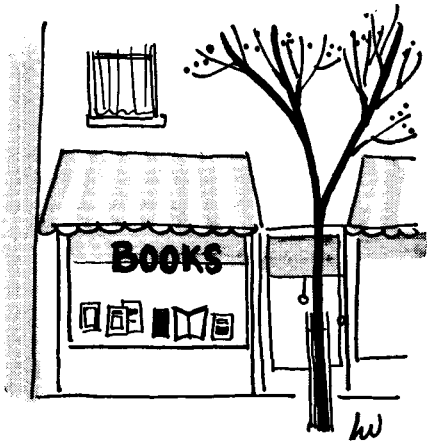
THAT at frequent intervals the story of Washington's life has to be retold is in part because of its epic character and in part because every nation's history is sustained by the retelling of its myths. But it is also one of the highest tests of a biographer's skill.

In all revolutions, of course, from the days of Augustus to Nasser's Egypt, the role of leader is always in search of a hero, however much the victim may protest his own unworthiness. Yet in some situations modesty itself is part of the charisma, and the biographer has to work on marble and hard pine. Washington was so made that he defied heroics: he vehemently proclaimed his unworthiness when called to command in 1775, as he was to do again in 1789; he rejected the overtures to kingship when Colonel Nicola made them in 1782; in 1758, in 1783, and in 1789 he truly preferred his own vine and fig tree. This modesty was not shyness or timidity; it was the product of experience and self-control. Perhaps very early—if his own keeping of some public records and his own careful destruction of some private ones is evidence—he was aware that there was a role that he might be called upon to play; and, in all his own modest disclaimers, that role and his worthiness to fill it cannot be denied.

But the role and the legends (or lack of them) pose problems to the writer. If Washington is a splendid subject, whose biography is completely entangled with the history of his own times, the frequency with which the story has been told is all the more a challenge to any new biographer. A host of authors have written one-volume studies; Rupert Hughes attempted (and failed to complete) a three-volume debunking job; Douglas Southall Freeman and his collaborators produced a seven-volume chronicle that is almost a diary of Washington's day-by-day activities. James Flexner, who has already to his credit admirable studies of Benedict Arnold (*The Traitor and the Spy*) and of Sir William Johnson (*Mohawk Baronet*), proposes to tell the story in three volumes, of which this is the first. He roots it in impeccable scholarship—his notes on sources run to seventeen pages—and when he guesses he bases his guesswork on thoroughly marshalled evidence. He claims to have written the book by drawing exclusively on the source material, and there is a freshness in his treatment that suggests it is a true claim. If he is clearly and properly an admirer, he is at the same time frank, critical, and without illusion.

The strength of the early Washington lay less in his character than in his physique, his endurance, and the extent of his frontier experience. He was, in essence, self-educated; he owed most to his half-brother Lawrence and the genteel world of the Fairfaxes at Belvoir (and he was prompt to learn its ways) and least to his quarrelsome, selfish, and petulant mother. Mr. Flexner is very frank (much franker than Freeman) in his treatment of Mary Ball Washington.

His early experience was valuable precisely because it was a succession of disasters: defeated and humiliated at the hands of the French at Fort Necessity; repeatedly rebuked by Governor Dinwiddie, and scorned as a colonial by British regulars; unsuccessful in his first essay in politics; unsuccessful, it seemed, even in his love affairs. One is impressed, says Flexner, by his greenness and his cockiness: "there is no hint that at any moment he felt he had come up against anything he could not understand and could not handle." He failed in his early years to handle Indians, French, and English; he was arrogant and obstinate, ambitious for advancement, for rank, and for honor, terms that were often interchangeable; he was hasty, and he seemed devoid of a strategic sense. He never quite understood that Duquesne fell in 1758 not to his or Forbes's efforts but to the shaping of plans in Whitehall, and their efficient carrying out by Bradstreet on distant Lake Ontario. But this was a young man, called to command in a wilderness war when he was only twenty-two, and learning, almost audibly and visibly, in each successive crisis. At the end he had gained the presence and the reputation of a natural leader. His great strength was now matched by self-control. Mr. Flexner is at his best in tracing this gradual process of development.



He gives a clear account of Washington as planter and squire, and of his heavy dependence, like that of all the planters, on the factors and London agents. He allows one theme, however, that of Sally Fairfax, to bulk prominently. But he tells this part of the story with skill, discretion, and delicacy; if he is probably right in his surmise that there was no affair between them, it is in the end the restraint of both that is impressive.

A MORE serious matter is Mr. Flexner's minimizing of Washington's role as burgess and as politician. He tells us a little of the election victories, at a time when elections were won mainly, it seems, by rum-punch and mint-flip; and how Washington was in 1769 the bearer of George Mason's resolves to the House of Burgesses. But if Washington was no intellectual and his concern was mainly with county issues, one of the most fascinating aspects of the saga is his slow and reluctant conversion to acceptance of Revolution. He appears here as one who was moved merely by the tide of events. Even in one to whom words never came easily, there is more than this to be told of the key years from 1773 to 1775.

Mr. Flexner gives us a human and a balanced story. If there is no assessment here quite as thorough as Freeman's final chapter in his second volume of the *Life*, the young Washington lives as a person at Flexner's hands. His style is admirably restrained and he rarely allows himself a purple passage, though an occasional word jars, as when he speaks of Lawrence's "not too aggressive stick-to-itiveness." This is a well-written and moving first volume that augurs well for the more challenging second and third that lie ahead.

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A Frog's-Eye View at Walden Pond

The Days of Henry Thoreau: A Biography, *by Walter Harding (Knopf. 472 pp. $7.95), offers a neighborly portrait of the nature philosopher. Sterling North's books include "Rascal, a Memoir of a Better Era," and "Thoreau of Walden Pond."*

By STERLING NORTH

HENRY THOREAU once voluntarily spent an entire day submerged in a marsh up to his neck, to get a frog's-eye view of nature. Most of his biographers have found themselves in a similar bog.

Walter Harding, who has written and edited eighteen previous books on Thoreau, has endeavored diligently to extricate himself with an underpinning of thousands of footnotes. He has performed an important service in guiding through the presses Thoreau's complete works. Having waded through much of the same treacherous swamp, I cannot blame him for sounding a little weary.

This is by far the most detailed report on the complete life of Thoreau from birth to death, and has not missed, as far as I can see, a single fact, important or otherwise, about the man who himself wrote so many millions of words. It is the very plethora of detail concerning his boyhood, his Harvard days, his years of note-taking, his every friendship, and his every conversation that makes this "definitive" biography a trifle tedious. Thoreau examined his world with a microscope, and Water Harding examines Thoreau with the same instrument. Thoreau devotees will welcome every iota of this information; newcomers will feel that it is a superabundance. Intended as a study of Thoreau the writer and Thoreau the neighbor, it does not quite bring alive the active nature philosopher of Walden Pond.

Dr. Harding would disagree, I am sure, with my contention that not more than 100 pages of extracts from Thoreau's voluminous writings will stand the more rigid tests of time. He does agree that almost all of Thoreau's poetry is incredibly bad, and that the early journals comprise a mass of quotations, platitudes, and pale reflections of Emerson. But this tolerant specialist considers the later journals "masterpieces." It seems to me they are almost without exception self-conscious, tedious, repetitious, and only occasionally as brilliant as the passage of a comet. Oddly enough, Dr. Harding often avoids quoting Thoreau at his inspiring and scintillating best. Perhaps he realizes that Thoreau's candle, when lighted, would shine like a good deed in a naughty world upon the pages of this rather pedestrian biography.

What I find difficult to understand is why so many authors with little knowledge of nature have chosen to write at length on a naturalist who spent most of his life trying with some success to identify the flora and the fauna of the Concord region. Almost the only focal point that remains is the essay "Civil Disobedience." Many contemporary eccentrics who can't tell a wren from an eagle (but are well acquainted with Picasso's dove) have confined their reading of Thoreau to this essay alone. It need scarcely be explained that civil disobedience, carried to its logical extreme, is anarchy.

Walter Harding is aware, like all well-rounded Thoreauvians, that Thoreau despised reformers (with a few eleventh-hour exceptions such as John Brown), and said that what they needed to do was to reform themselves. He lectured in favor of Abolition but never joined an Abolitionist society. With rare exceptions he considered preachers hypocrites or fools. He would have been ironically amused to discover that the present biography is dedicated first to Martin Luther King, Jr., and second to Edwin Way Teale, instead of the other way around. In short, Dr. Harding seems to defy some of his own evidence.

Thoreau had a practical turn of mind when needful. Emerson's Harvard-trained handyman could graft an apple-tree, manure and plant a good garden, and build a house, a cabin, or a boat. He invented and refined processes for making the best pencils in America. And he could out-walk, out-skate, out-botanize, and out-teach anyone in Concord. No wonder he despised Communism (or Fourierism, as it was then called). He not only declined an invitation to join the Brook Farm experiment, but wrote in his journal that he would rather keep "bachelor's hall in hell." He never so much as visited this commune or Fruitlands, and considered it idiocy to attempt to do what cannot be done.

Those who have tried to make Thoreau a martyr or a saint for spending one night in a prison cell slightly larger than his cabin at Walden Pond seem to forget that a still-unidentified person paid his poll-tax within hours, and that his family paid it in advance from that year on, depriving Henry of any further opportunity to make so much political capital out of such a small incident. Thoreau was not crucified; he was not forced to drink the hemlock; and to make him the messiah of the civil disobedience movement is slightly ludicrous.

We are indebted to Walter Harding for a neighborly portrait of Thoreau, but not for any brilliant literary or philosophical interpretation of this complex human being.

"Just between you and me, there's a curse that comes with it."

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Down to His Last Illusion

The Magus, *by John Fowles (Little, Brown. 582 pp. $7.95), concerns an aged, fantastic millionaire on a Greek island. Nicholas Samstag's novel "Come and See My Shining Palace" will be published early this year.*

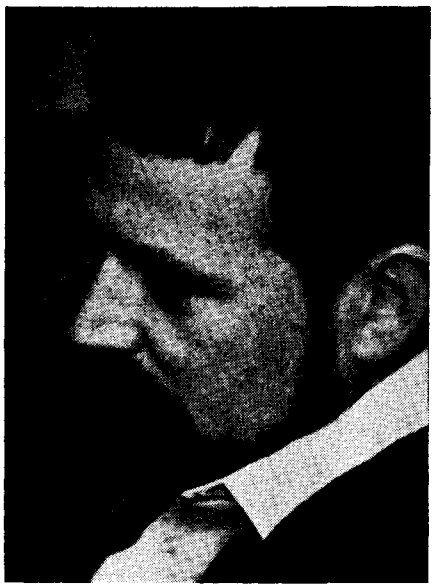
By NICHOLAS SAMSTAG

A NOT very likeable young man with a tropism for sex approaching monomania undergoes a series of extremely unlikely experiences in this baroque novel by John Fowles. At the end of each happening he finds that it was all fictitious and staged, more often than not, with the aid of hired actors. This device permits all sorts of inventive and melodramatic flip-flopping, but eventually it poses the question of how many cul-de-sacs a reader can be led into before he breaks away muttering.

In the case of *The Magus* the answer is "A hell of a lot," although not, perhaps, as many as the author thinks. Unlike his first novel *The Collector,* this one is almost 600 pages long, and the reviewer's patience was somewhat shorter than that. Almost incredibly, however, I did read about 500 pages of the following gallimaufry with an interest ranging from simple curiosity to fascination spiced with wonder, a towering tribute to Mr. Fowles's skill as both a wordsmith and something of a magus himself.

A young Oxonian becomes a teacher of English at an exclusive boys' club on the Greek island of Phraxos. Despite a mysterious warning, he accepts the week-end invitation of a fantastic old millionaire named Conchis, the magus of the title and the chief figure of a complex masque into which the teacher is skilfully drawn. The masque involves a large number of people and a great deal of money, and it is an organic thing, written and rewritten continuously to adapt to the changes worked upon it by outsiders like Nicholas Urfe. It is therefore unpredictable even to its chief perpetrators.

Deceptions are staged with incredible elaborateness to persuade the skeptical but never wholly rebellious protagonist that he is facing crisis after crisis. All are crises of lust, and the magus's trump card is a lovely female *fata morgana* named Lily, one of a set of twins. With the help of her sister, Lily is presented first as a ghost, then as a seductive schizophrene. When the infatuated Nicholas



John Fowles: "Why must you always know where you are?"

presses too hotly, Lily claims a sexual frigidity caused by a childhood incident, and when, challenged by that knowledge, Nicko resolves to show her what sex can be, she calls for help and he is forced to watch her perform—first in a blue movie, and then in the very white flesh clasped by an ebony Negro: ". . . two people . . . in love making love; as one might watch two boxers in a gymnasium . . ."

There are re-enactments of episodes from the Second World War, reproductions of the smells and sounds of the First, and other illusions arranged to addle Nicholas, who, when things reach their nadir, finally persuades himself that he has really been in love with someone else all the time—an Australian sleep-around named Alison.

The book is ingenious throughout and often beautifully written. There is a scene on Parnassus that is a prose poem to Eros, another in Norway, filled with the pity and terror of a blind fanatic, that will be hard to forget. And although Fowles reaches for his effects (he loves words like almans, plumbago, accipitral, swaling), his reach only sometimes exceeds his grasp.

"Every truth at Bourani was a sort of lie; and every lie there, a sort of truth," says Nicholas of the magus's villa on Phraxos. And when Lily loses her temper, she asks (as if of the reader), "Why must you always know where you are? Why have you no imagination, no humor, no patience?"

The answer, I suppose, is that up to now art for most of us has been an imitation of life, and we have considered life to be a continuous and sequential, if episodic, affair. Perhaps, as the Existentialists keep reminding us, we have been wrong about this and we must alter our ideas about both life and art. But if this endless peeling off of illusion after illusion like the skins of an onion is the kind of revelation we must eventually accept, we will have to get used to the idea gradually. *The Magus* hurls us splash into the middle of it and it was, for me, a bit much a bit too soon. But maybe it is later than I think.

School for Robots: There was every reason to look forward to Michael Frayn's first novel with the mouth already formed for laughter and wry smiles. After all, chuckling, sardonic satisfaction is what Mr. Frayn has been giving us every week—or nearly every week—in his column in the London *Observer.* Mr. Frayn at his best is to my mind as penetrating as but perhaps gentler than Art Buchwald at revealing the sweet idiocies of our society.

And in his first novel, *The Tin Men* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4.95), Mr. Frayn has hit upon a marvelous, if obvious, idea for a witty and devastating fable. His setting is a new school for automation research, his characters humorless men who see no reason why all things should not be automated, from football to the novel, from newspapers to prayer. Machines can substitute for every human activity, with the possible exception of the strictly animal functions. Mr. Frayn makes the case in detail, at times in completely deadpan and utterly hilarious fashion.

Yet there were far too many moments in this book when I found my smile, but not my attention, becoming fixed. The reason is simple: *The Tin Men* is repetitive. The two-dimensional characters do not change; they come on, go off, come on and perform exactly the same act all over again. And, unfortunately, too many of them are the old hacks of glib satire we saw a decade ago in the Ealing comedies. In fact, I'll swear that the part of Nunn, deputy director of the establishment, was modeled on and perhaps written for Terry-Thomas.

Despite flashes of Frayn verve, the thing is old hat, leaky old hat at that. It's too bad, and damn sad, to say that of Michael Frayn. Was it perhaps too easy? You'll smile all right at *The Tin Men,* but it'll be the smile you give to a good joke you've heard before, instead of the quick stab of laughter, or surprised assent, at the sharp truth mockingly presented, fresh and original. Meat and potatoes to the general, but from Frayn we expect caviar to the knowing ones. —JULIAN GLOAG.

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Nowhere to Go and No One to Know

Criers and Kibitzers, Kibitzers and Criers, *by Stanley Elkin (Random House. 272 pp. $4.95), contains nine offbeat short stories about lonely, bereaved isolates in the urban jungle. Samuel I. Bellman of California State Polytechnic College at Pomona is the editor of a forthcoming science anthology, "Survey and Forecast," and writes frequently on contemporary fiction.*

By SAMUEL I. BELLMAN

AFTER finishing this zany, experimental short story collection, one will probably be able later to recall a few ticklishly funny lines, like the following. Bertie ("The Guest"), a dope-fiend bum despoiling the apartment of vacationing young marrieds, has a habit of thinking in apocalyptic terms: "A homely act, such as tying his shoelaces, if it had occurred with unusual ease, would be remembered forever." Morty Perlmutter ("Perlmutter at the East Pole"), after spending decades among witch doctors and medicine men of unrecorded primitive tribes, takes himself and his thaumaturgic expertise to New York, where he falls madly in love with a fiftyish Hadassah lady he sees on a subway; "I'm dying to kiss you," he tells her. "Where does your boy intern?" When she resists him and threatens to call a guard if he persists, he retaliates: "Listen to Perlmutter's curse . . . May your neighborhood change!" But can one really build on such modest gems of thought? And why didn't the author give them more elegant settings?

If Elkin has the good grace to avoid ritual dramas stressing the "need for love" and the "essential brotherhood of all mankind," he compensates for it by playing back to the reader another unconscionably overworked literary theme and such institutionalized ideas as the downtrodden shopkeeper in his waning little store (the title story), tragedy at a New York mountain resort ("Among the Witnesses"), a teenage gang of mediocre misfits in the Bronx ("Cousin Poor Lesley and the Lousy People"), a petit bourgeois trying to cope with a terminal illness ("In the Alley"). Elkin, the dust jacket avers, is "a deadly serious satirist." Often, indeed, he actually seems ready to belittle the cant phrases and stances of our climby, commerce-ridden society, as only a Bruce Jay Friedman at his best is capable of doing. Then, like a driver's license candidate using someone else's car in heavy traffic, he loses control, and there's rather a nasty mess.

The Elkin protagonist is lonely and isolated because he is bereaved or abandoned and has nowhere to turn. Greenspahn, the desolate merchant in the title story, mourns his recently-dead son Harold, who had not yet even married or settled down; after a period of unappeasable grief for his beloved son, he discovers that Harold had stolen from the store's cash register. Ed Wolfe, a cruel, self-centered orphan ("I Look Out for Ed Wolfe"), withdraws entirely from society, hoarding all his money; one night he meets a Negro at a bar, forces him to be sociable, and winds up with him at a Negro key club, where he insults a girl and offends everyone else, finally throwing his remaining money away at the audience. The dying Mr. Feldman ("In the Alley"), who didn't know how to spend his last days, ends up annoying two women at a bar. In the weirdest, least successful story, "On a Field, Rampant," a fairy-tale prince of obscure origin tries vainly to establish his identity in the great world outside; finally even his talismanic medallion can't help him and the mob closes in for the kill.

Perhaps the most disappointing features of Elkin's tales are the monotony of his "inability to communicate" theme and his straining for effect by means of unreal, unsuitable settings and plots. Often the perverse protagonist winds up addressing an assembly so alien to him that his message is ludicrous and pointless. Thus a sadistic bully ("A Poetics for Bullies") repudiates the children he has persecuted, and their new-found hero: "*I will have something.* I will have terror. I will have drought." Morty Perlmutter, soapboxing in Union Square, gives the populace the benefit of his lifelong quest for knowledge: "People must serve." Ed Wolfe tries to auction off his dancing partner, but nobody makes him an offer: "Say, what's the matter with you darkies? Come on, what am I bid?"

SO pitifully ill is the ego of the Elkin protagonist that he must do or say some hideous thing just to compel the proper kind of attention from his ignorers. Bertie ("The Guest") discovers how to make his victimized hosts fear him at last: he will steal the wife's costume jewelry and flee, the law will track him down, and then what a confrontation there will be! In "Among the Witnesses" several people, driven by guilt and hate under the worst circumstances, antagonize each other for not showing the right emotional response. To Elkin himself, one wants to shout: "Be more natural and stop speaking your own private language. What's the matter with you? The writer must serve!"

"Too bad they don't have a beer and pretzels generation."

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Art

THE ART OF THE ROMANS. By J. M. C. Toynbee. Praeger. $7.50.

POP ART AND AFTER. By Mario Amaya. Viking. $8.50.

Business, Economics

AMERICAN RAILROADS AND THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE ANTEBELLUM ECONOMY. By Albert Fishlow. Harvard Univ. Press. $10.

THE GUARANTEED INCOME: Next Step in Economic Revolution? Edited by Robert Theobald. Doubleday. $4.95.

MODERN CAPITALISM: The Changing Balance of Public and Private Power. By Andrew Shonfield. Oxford Univ. Press. $10.50.

THE WORLD ECONOMY AT THE CROSSROADS: A Survey of Current Problems of Money, Trade and Economic Development. By Harry G. Johnson. Oxford Univ. Press. $5.50.

Crime, Suspense

BLACK MONEY. By Ross Macdonald. Knopf. $3.95.

THE CONSPIRACY OF DEATH. By George Redston and Kendall Crossen. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

DEATH THE SURE PHYSICIAN. By John Wakefield. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

DUSTY DEATH. By Lee Thayer. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

HIDE HER FROM EVERY EYE. By Hugh Pentecost. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

THE RESURRECTION MAN. By Thomas Walsh. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

LET SLEEPING GIRLS LIE. By James Mayo. Morrow. $3.95.

TODDLER ON THE RUN. By Shena Mackay. Simon & Schuster. $2.95.

Essays

MAN AS AN END: A Defense of Humanism. By Alberto Moravia. Farrar, Straus. $5.50.

THE POWER OF PERCEPTION. By Marcus Bach. Doubleday. $4.50.

SPEAKING OF BOOKS AND LIFE. By J. Donald Adams. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $6.

Fiction

THE ALBUM. By Victor Jones. Lyle Stuart. $4.

BILLION DOLLAR BRAIN. By Len Deighton. Putnam. $4.95.

THE FIREBUGS. By Peter Faecke. Knopf. $4.95.

FROOMB! By John Lymington. Doubleday. $3.95.

LONELY FOR THE FUTURE. By James T. Farrell. Doubleday. $4.50.

MORNING'S AT SEVEN. By Eric Malpass. Viking. $3.95.

NIGHT OF THE PIG-KILLING. By Magda Szabo. Knopf. $4.95.

THE RAGGED EDGE. By John Christopher. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

TONY. By Patrick Dennis. Dutton. $4.95.

TORQUEMADA. By Howard Fast. Doubleday. $3.95.

TWICE TWENTY-TWO. By Ray Bradbury. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE VELOCIPEDE HANDICAP. By Louise W. King. Doubleday. $4.50.

History

ALL THINGS COMMON: The Hutterian Way of Life. By Victor Peters. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $5.75.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION: Two Centuries of Interpretation. Edited by Edmund S. Morgan. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA. By Noel Barber. Houghton Mifflin. $3.95.

A CONCISE HISTORY OF AUSTRALIA. By Clive Turnbull. Viking. $8.50.

HISTORICAL SURVEYS AND PORTRAITS. By G. P. Gooch. Barnes & Noble. $10.

MERCHANTS AND SCHOLARS: Essays in the History of Exploration and Trade. Edited by John Parker. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $7.50.

TEUTON AND SLAVE. By Hermann Schreiber. Knopf. $8.95.

THREE FACES OF FASCISM: Action Française, Italian Fascism, National Socialism. By Ernst Nolte. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $7.95.

Miscellany

ACROSS THE WESTERN OCEAN. By William Snaith. Harcourt, Brace & World. $6.95.

BAR MITZVAH WITH EASE. By Hattie Eisenberg. Doubleday. $2.95.

THE DC-3. By Carroll V. Glines and Wendell F. Moseley. Lippincott. $5.50.

THE FABULOUS PHONOGRAPH. By Roland Gelatt. Revised edition. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $6.95.

FASCINATION OF DIAMONDS. By Victor Argenzio. McKay. $3.95.

INDIAN CRAFTS OF GUATEMALA AND EL SALVADOR. By Lilly de Jongh Osborne. Univ. of Oklahoma Press. $7.50.

INTERIOR DECORATION A TO Z. By Betty Pepis. Doubleday. $7.50.

WHAT'S RIGHT WITH OUR YOUNG PEOPLE. By Grace Nies Fletcher. Morrow. $4.50.

Personal History

A BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN BUCHAN. By Janet Adam Smith. Little, Brown. $7.50.

THE LIDDELL HART MEMOIRS: 1895-1938. By B. H. Liddell Hart. Putnam. $7.50.

MOUNTAIN YEAR. By Michael J. Murphy. Dufour. $3.50.

THE RAINBOW YEARS. By Mabel Barbee Lee. Doubleday. $3.95.

SHORTHAND WITH CHAMPAGNE: Memoirs of a Public Stenographer in a Hollywood Hotel. By Edna R. Ruby. World. $4.95.

Poetry

BEFORE DARK. By Horace Hamilton. Rutgers Univ. Press. $3.75.

IRISH ELEGIES. By Padraic Colum. Third edition. Dufour. $2.

THE YEATS COUNTRY. Compiled by Sheelah Kirby. Dufour. $2.

Religion, Philosophy

THE BIBLE IN MODERN SCHOLARSHIP. By Werner G. Kuemmel. Abingdon. $7.50.

THE CHURCH AND THE RACIALLY CHANGING COMMUNITY. By Robert L. Wilson and James H. Davis. Abingdon. Paperback, $1.25.

HE DIED AS HE LIVED. By James T. Cleland. Abingdon. $2.

LETTERS TO KAREN. By Charlie W. Shedd. Abingdon. $3.

THE MIND OF CHRIST. By Harold A. Bosley. Abingdon. $2.75.

MY GOD, WHY? By Wallace T. Viets. Abingdon. $2.25.

WHO'S WHO IN THE HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY. By Thomas Kiernan. Philosophical Library. $6.

Sociology

COMMUNITY ORGANIZATION: Conflict and Reconciliation. By Lyle E. Schaller. Abingdon. Paperback, $1.95.

THE DISAPPEARING SEXES. By Robert P. Odenwald, M.D. Random House. $4.95.

Theater

THE COMPOSITE ART OF ACTING. By Jerry Blunt. Macmillan. $7.95.

CREATING HISTORICAL DRAMA: A Guide for the Community and the Interested Individual. By George McCalmon and Christian Moe. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $12.50.

Travel

ENGLAND. By Nikos Kazantzakis. Simon & Schuster. $5.

FODOR'S GUIDE TO SOUTH AMERICA, 1965-66. Edited by Eugene Fodor. McKay. $6.95.

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Lean Pickings

THE MUCH-TOUTED, long-awaited production of *Dr. Zhivago* can only be a bitter disappointment to admirers of Boris Pasternak's novel and of David Lean's directorial talents, not to mention Robert Bolt's abilities as play and screen writer. No one really expects that a movie—not even a three-hour-and-seventeen-minute movie—will encompass all the characters and details of a 500-page book; what one does expect, and considering the people involved has every reason to expect, is some approximation of the power and penetration of the original, and a fidelity to Pasternak's intent. Pasternak was critical of the rising Communist tide and its callousness to human values at the time of the Revolution, but he was hardly anti-Soviet. The film, on the other hand, patently modeled as a Russian-based *Gone with the Wind*, is filled with nostalgia for a vanished past and an utter distaste for the new order. "Oh, they shouldn't have done *that*," quavers Uncle Vanya-like Ralph Richardson on learning that the Bolsheviks have wiped out the czar and all his family.

What effectively prevents *Dr. Zhivago* from turning into another *GWTW*, however, is the nature of Zhivago himself. Rhett and Scarlet, Margaret Mitchell's memorable protagonists, were strong, self-willed activists; they made things happen. Poor Zhivago, although he dominates the film, is the sort of fellow that things happen to. Not part of the Revolution, he is repeatedly engulfed by it—summarily drafted for service by various Red Army detachments, driven into trans-Ural exile when Communists commandeer his Moscow mansion, ever the passive observer of man's inhumanity to man. Even his loves, unlike Rhett's and Scarlet's tempestuous affair, remain on the mild side. Married to the long-suffering Tonya, he is drawn irresistibly to Lara, who crosses his path at convenient intervals and provides inspiration for his occasional flights into poetry. Tonya is unaccountably deported to Paris while Zhivago is off doctoring for Red partisans, and he ultimately parts from Lara, one gathers, because he can't stand the boorish, opportunistic Komarovsky, who keeps crossing his path at inconvenient intervals.

Actually, one of the primary difficulties in translating any long and incident-filled novel into a satisfactory screenplay is the need to transform such accidental encounters into inevitable happenings. The novelist can explain; the screenwriter can do little more than present. In the course of *Dr. Zhivago*, Bolt brashly heaps one coincidence upon another and constantly reassembles his characters with such alarming ease that vast, war-torn Russia comes to seem almost like a cozy neighborhood in which everybody knows everybody else. At one point, for example, Zhivago takes a short stroll through the wintry Urals to stretch his legs after days of confinement in the jam-packed train carrying him and his family east to Varykino. Suddenly he is seized by sentries and carried to the commandant of an armored train parked on another siding. And who is this commandant? Pasha Antipov, who is married to Lara, whom Zhivago had fallen in love with when she worked as his nurse in the war. Only a few reels earlier we thought we had seen Pasha killed at the front (symbolic eyeglasses dropping on the snow), but here he is again, now the feared General Strelnikov, informing Zhivago that Lara has settled in at Yuriatin, only a few *versts* from Varykino, and that he no longer has any interest in the girl. End of interview. It's that kind of picture.

Under the circumstances, in which characters grasshopper instead of grow, the large and impressive cast comes off remarkably well. Julie Christie has the inestimable advantage of playing Lara, the one truly dynamic role in the entire film, and she makes it glow with her own womanly warmth. Tom Courtenay, with considerably less footage, creates a compelling and intense Pasha, the youthful idealist turned fanatic. Rod Steiger, as the boorish Komarovsky, stamps his own definition upon a singularly ill-motivated character. The rest—Geraldine Chaplin (who startlingly resembles her father), Alec Guinness, Siobhan McKenna, Ralph Richardson, Rita Tushingham—at least lend substance to their truncated roles. Unfortunately, Zhivago himself, as portrayed by Omar Sharif, provides a soft and colorless core for a film that requires a strong centrifugal force to bind together its disparate elements. As if to overcome this deficiency, director Lean has mustered every technical device at his formidable command—lavish sets and costumes to recreate the face of Old Russia; vast, panoramic battle scenes that recapture some of the sweep of his *Lawrence of Arabia*; a terse editing style that manages, for the most part, to keep the unwieldly narrative rolling rather than bumping along. But ultimately even this proves inadequate. *Dr. Zhivago* has an abundance of incidents, a plethora of characters, but just not enough story to sustain its own weight. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

SR's BEST OF 1965 (selected by Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert):

The Knack
Cat Ballou
The Ipcress File
Italiano Brava Gente
Kwaidan
Repulsion
Nothing But a Man
Life at the Top
Darling
The Moment of Truth
and two documentaries:
The Eleanor Roosevelt Story
Tokyo Olympiad (original Japanese version)

Fashions in Suspense

BOND IS BACK and he has grown sleeker with success. In *Thunderball* he hardly bothers to disguise the fact that he is the world's best-known secret agent, and introduces himself casually to sundry villains, both male and female, working for that dastardly organization, SPECTRE, by his rightful name. It seems almost surprising that he doesn't give his number, too. He is, if anything, more daring in the new film, the fourth in the series and the most lavishly produced. He flies through the air with the greatest of ease, using a newly developed jet-powered contraption for the purpose, and is equally at home underwater, where he thwarts an atomic attack on a major American city. He's masterful in bed, too, and flipper than ever with his double-entendres. When he contrives it so that a pretty dancing partner, a SPECTRE employee, is shot in the back, he deposits her at a table and explains his leaving her there with the remark: "She's just dead."

But it may be that Bond is going too far out. *Thunderball* pursues its relentlessly exciting course for two hours and ten minutes, or slightly beyond the point of satiety. He survives attacks by killer sharks, is trapped in an underwater grotto, takes on a battalion of deadly frogmen, and rides a fin of a hydrofoil at sixty miles an hour. Incidentally he is nearly stretched apart on an exercise machine at a sanatarium, but recuperates by seducing the pretty but undutiful attendant in a steam room. And there are so many gadgets in the picture that Bond gets little chance to use his specially equipped Aston Martin. SPECTRE, meanwhile, has been developing

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some equipment of its own—for instance a rocket-firing motorcycle.

Director Terence Young is back, after an absence during which *Goldfinger* was made, and has guided it all in pop art or comic-strip style—take your choice—with emphasis on the visuals. A NATO bomber loaded with two atomic bombs is hijacked ingeniously, and SPECTRE is then in a position to ransom the bombs for a cool £100,000,000. Lucky for us, Bond is there, effervescently ready to throttle, knife, shoot, and suffocate anyone who menaces the integrity of the Secret Service. The imitations are being turned out by the dozen, but *Thunderball,* after all, is the *real* imitation.

A far, far different order of suspense is available in *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold,* directed and produced by Martin Ritt with evident respect for the qualities of the famous novel. He has made the film in the cold, gray, bitter manner of the book, and though it might seem disrespectful to John Le Carré to complain about this, complain I must. For although I much admire Mr. Le Carré writing abilities and his cool, economical control of his material, the cinematic approximation of his style simply doesn't work as well. Ritt's handling of the adaptation by Paul Dehn and Guy Trosper is subtle and intelligent, and is certainly helped by some excellent acting on the parts of Richard Burton, Claire Bloom, and Oskar Werner. What is not there is some essence that would allow for a strong involvement by the viewer.

Burton is seen as the aging spy who, without knowing it, is employed in a doublecross of himself by his own superiors. He is asked to impersonate a man dismissed by the British Intelligence and to take a seedy downward trail to a point where he will become useful, presumably, to the opposite side—this to trap an East German agent who has been unmasking agents for "our" side. But the villain is not the agent, as the movie (following the novel) makes clear; it is the total lack of conscience and feeling that trap friend and enemy alike.

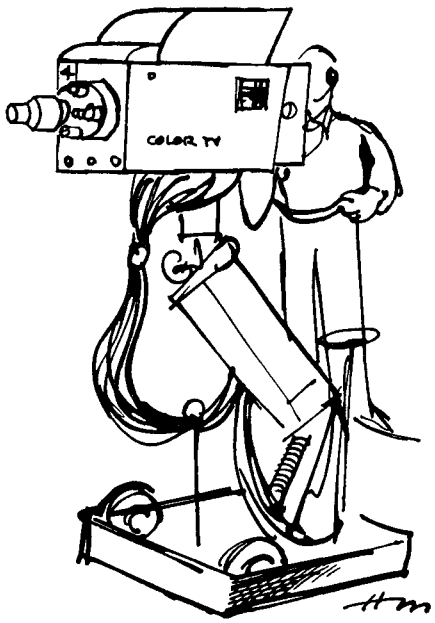
Not a bit of compromise with the story material all along the line, and yet it doesn't satisfy, in spite of the seeming authenticity of background, the clever use of detail. What may have been needed was a fleshing out of the relationships. The affair between the idealistically Communist girl (Claire Bloom) and the spy is a limp excuse for love and attachment. When the spy meets his counterpart spy in East Germany, the dialogue between them is abstract and intellectual. We watch the tricky chess game in which the people are pawns, and wish for some reason to care. What we have here is an intellectual thriller that doesn't thrill very much.

—Hollis Alpert.

Choose Your Jungle

A FIVE-TIMES-A-WEEK daytime discussion program called *The Young Set,* designed to give housewives intellectual stimulation, was recently canceled by ABC Television. The show was mourned by many viewers—myself among them—who had enjoyed watching its lively guests as they ranged over significant subjects with Phyllis Kirk as moderator. And it was especially mourned when the network announced that two shows with the unlikely titles of *Supermarket Sweep* and *The Dating Game* would fill the sixty minutes of the canceled program.

After watching the new programs, however, I've changed my mind. A retreat from intellectual values? Nonsense! Take, for example, *Supermarket Sweep,* produced by David Susskind's Talent Associates. It has extraordinary educational potential. The setting is a real supermarket cleared of regular shoppers (for the first week it was a Food Fair store in Paramus, New Jersey). Men, wearing sweaters bearing the show's insignia, dash wildly up and down aisles, filling shopping carts with as much as they can gather up in the allotted time while onlookers cheer them lustily on. Finally, at the cash registers, the hauls of the competitors are added up between commercials. The top accumulator not only keeps his redundant hams, turkeys, and other foodstuffs, but also wins the right to another round against a fresh challenger. Meanwhile, between runs, ladies guess the price of live lobsters, chunks of cheese, and assorted goodies; the winner is the one whose guess comes closest to the actual price.



Watching humans happily drowning in a sea of greed has a certain interest, I suppose, but I found myself missing an even deeper educational opportunity. Fortunately, however, my eyes were opened not long afterward when I saw *Miss Goodall and the Wild Chimpanzees,* a CBS color special presented by the National Geographic Society and David L. Wolper. This was a film documentary of Jane Goodall's five-year study of chimpanzees in an East African forest. The young English scientist lived among the chimps on a game preserve. There she introduced them to bananas, upon which they eagerly gorged themselves. One animal, after a feast of fifty bananas, filled his long arms with the fruit and tried to climb a tree—a sequence that provided viewers with some very funny footage. But for the housewife who can't go to Africa and study wild chimpanzees in their natural habitat, there's always the possibility of conducting some exciting studies of her own by watching *Supermarket Sweep.* How different, after all, are the banana-gorging chimps in Tanzania from the rampaging, grinning shelf-looters in the Paramus, New Jersey, Food Fair? The viewer could take copious notes, shoot photographs of the TV screen, and tape-record the grunts and screams of the spectators. ABC could even join forces with anthropology departments of universities. Extension courses could be given, dissertations written, doctorates granted. The possibilities are almost without limit, and every last one of them is as educational as anyone could ask.

Chimps are tool-makers, Miss Goodall says. They roll up leaves and stick them into holes in trees to dig out tasty termites. And man, of course, is also a toolmaker who invented television to discover what he really is. From termites to TV is a long, long road, but *Supermarket Sweep* clearly shows the road's direction. Mr. Susskind, to further his educational project, might arrange to have male chimpanzees competing with men along the aisles, and female chimpanzees competing with ladies at the cash registers. The prospect is so intellectually compelling that it might woo back the viewers who left ABC when *The Young Set* died. The producer could just change the title of his show to *The Chimpanzee Set.*

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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The Weiss/Brook

WHAT A MAGNIFICENT theater event is the Royal Shakespeare Company's production of *The Persecution and Assassination of Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the direction of the Marquis de Sade*! As this rolling snowball of a title suggests, Peter Weiss's epic drama deals with the enormity of a world so grotesquely organized as to permit smugly condescending audiences comfortably to view a performance by wretched lunatics. Furthermore, in order to preserve their own sanity, they must pretend to regard the "play's" action as past history.

The enormity is immediately presented to us by the white brick walls of the 1808 French asylum's shower room. As in any concentration room that must contain institutionalized violence, its bare benches and its rolled-up hoses disturb us not by their malevolence but by their impersonality. Gradually the inmates enter, one absorbed with a dead kitten, another raising her arm in perpetual admonishment, a third drooling with a private fantasy. Indeed, each of the thirty-odd patients appears absorbed in his own unique psychosis. In contrast M. Coulmier, the elegantly dressed asylum manager, arrives with his family from the audience, making it clear that we are to represent the bourgeois French curiosity seekers who used to amuse themselves by visiting mental institutions.

Then the play-within-a-play begins. We meet the paranoiac who will play Marat, the melancholiac who will portray his murderess, Charlotte Corday, and the erotogenic, washed-out aristocrat who will impersonate Corday's suitor. Singing and acting out commentary will be four patients in weird facial make-ups. Under Peter Brook's inspired and inventive direction, these and the other inmates superbly demonstrate such events as the guillotining of the common people, with each stepping voluntarily into a forestage pit, jerking his head down, and crowding forward to participate in a Daumier-like montage of grotesque severed heads. To add a touch of macabre humor, Mr. Brook has inserted in the play the device of following this with the emptying out of a bucket of red blood, and a moment later following the destruction in effigy of the aristocracy with another bucket, this time blue. With so much theatrical device, the words of the play take second place. However, a Brechtian line like Marat's "What are a few looted mansions compared with their looted lives?" stands out, and the dialogue between Sade and Marat has fascinating content. This is particularly true of Sade's long explanation of his hatred of passionless nature, of hypocritical compassion, and of anything but extreme action for its own sake. Marat's extremism is exercised differently. He intervenes to improve what has resulted from nature's indifference.

Yet the play has been mainly conceived as a procession of highly theatrical digressions. There is Marat's liturgy spoken in front of inmates holding onto a connecting circle of rope to symbolize the people's voluntary religious satisfactions. As Marat speaks he punctuates his liturgy with a bell into which he projects his growing fury against the church, until he eventually must throw it from him as if it had become contaminated. This provokes one patient to speak a blasphemous prayer to Satan ("on earth as it is in hell," etc.). Another rushes forward, attacks Coulmier, denounces man as a mad animal, and promises to escape in order to enjoy the exercise of his own madness. And Marat is prompted to state his determination to continue a revolution that has retreated to restoring the sanctity of private property so that men will be free to fight "in happy mutual robbery." The people reply with a stirring song in which they ask why, after revolutions, society always returns to a system where the power, wealth, and jobs are handed out from the top down.

Then erupts the play's most violent tirade. A crazed patient in a straitjacket, playing the role of the fanatical pacifist Jacques Roux, angrily demands an obliteration of the idea of glorious victories won by glorious armies, and the expenditure of human lives to rob people under the pretence of bringing them freedom. The opening-night audiences, thinking no doubt of Vietnam and forgetting its role as the bourgeoisie, burst into applause.

But Mr. Brook is more artist than polemicist, as he beautifully attests in a scene where Sade asks the girl who plays Corday to whip him so that he can shriek out his awful discovery that the revolution is leading to "the withering away of individual man in a state that has no contact with individuals but is impregnable." Instead of using a whip as called for by the script, Mr. Brook has staged it poetically by having Corday rhythmically lash Sade's bare

(*Continued on page* 56)

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Sweet and Hot

IT IS WRITTEN in august journals that the settlement in lower Louisiana known as Iberia is the oiliest, saltiest, sweetest, and pepperiest parish in the state. The salt, the pepper, and the oil derive from Avery Island, an oval three miles long and two and a half miles wide surrounded by salt-water bayous not far from the open Gulf. On its 5,000 acres there is high ground, grassy marsh, cypress swamps, uncounted scarlet peppers, great tunnels of salt, magnificent gardens of azaleas and camellias, the factory that makes Tabasco sauce, and occasionally, in retreat, a world-famous personality or two. Sir Ormsby and Lady Ormsby Gore were here last year and Adlai Stevenson spent what was to be his last Easter on the island amid the brilliance of the spring's flowers.

Avery Island is owned by the McIlhenny Company and is intricately caught up in two families, the McIlhennys and the Averys. A cornpone version of the Capulets and the Montagues, except for its happy ending, is still being whispered along the bayous. The romanticized tale insists that Edmund McIlhenny was a carpetbagger who arrived with the Union Army of occupation and fell in love with the beautiful daughter of Judge Daniel Dudly Avery. Alas, she was forbidden to see the dashing devil, an agent of the late enemy, and so she took to her bed and languished until she was near death. At last the judge relented, Miz Avery recovered, and although Mr. McIlhenny was not to be allowed in the main house, they were married and raised many McIlhennys. They also raised a lot of peppers, for Mr. McIlhenny was a horticulturist and had received from a friend some seeds of a particular pepper plant from Mexico. From these little seeds the great Tabasco business grew and everybody lived rich ever after.

The official version of the union between the Averys and the McIlhennys, as dispensed by the McIlhenny Company, traces the origins of Tabasco to the end of the Mexican War when some American troops, who enjoyed the sunny life south of the border, elected to stay in Mexico. A soldier named Gleason was such a veteran. He roamed south from Mexico City, stayed five years in the country, and then worked his way back to New Orleans. While there he chanced to meet a banker named Edmund McIlhenny, to whom he gave some seeds which, he averred, would produce prime pepper plants. McIlhenny gave some of the seeds to his father-in-law, Judge Avery, and they raised them in the kitchen garden, hoping to produce sharp peppers. Both Avery and McIlhenny enjoyed highly spiced fare. McIlhenny began to experiment with sauces made from the peppers and gave samples to his family and his friends. When the Civil War broke out McIlhenny and Avery were strong supporters of the Southern cause. Avery Island, not yet famous for peppers but renowned for its deposits of salt, supplied the Confederate Army with salt to preserve the meats that were to feed the Confederate soldiers. The Federal Army moved to cut off the salt supply, sending a gunboat up the Bayou Petit Anse in 1862. It ran aground, but the following year General Banks headed a large force that took New Iberia, and troops were dispatched to Avery Island, then called Petit Anse Island, to blow up the salt mines.

Both Averys and McIlhennys were banished from Louisiana. They boarded wagon trains and took refuge in Texas until the war was over. When they returned, the plantation was a wreck and so were the salt works. With little else to do, McIlhenny began to fiddle with his peppers and his seasonings. A few bottles were given to General Hazard, the federal administrator, whose educated palate responded. As luck, aha, would have it, General Hazard's brother in New York was the largest wholesale grocery dealer in the country. Hazard *frère* soon had McIlhenny shipping boxes of the sauce by boat from New Orleans. The McIlhennys quickly realized they had bred a new kind of pepper that, nurtured by the salty, oily soil of Avery Island, could produce an unusually flavorful sauce. They dubbed the pepper and the sauce Tabasco and registered the title. Four years after the factory was founded in 1868, Tabasco was as far afield as Europe.

Today there are some 500 acres of peppers being cultivated on Avery Island, and the picking goes on from August 15 right up to the frost. Hundreds of pickers, in an average harvest, fill about 1,500 barrels with scarlet peppers, which are brought into the old vine-covered factory to be mashed and aged in an oak cask for three or four years. Small holes bored into the tops of the casks are sealed with salt to prevent air from entering but allow gases to escape. After aging, the hulls, seeds, and all foreign matter are removed and the mass is blended with vinegar and churned for five or six weeks. Nobody will say exactly how many bottles of Tabasco march out of the plant, but 8,000,000 a year is considered a conservative estimate. There are some competitors to Tabasco and many infringements of its copyright, specimens of which are kept on view at Avery Island like culprits on public exhibition.

REAL Tabasco is produced like fine wine, the peppers selected in the manner of Burgundy grapes, then, like grapes, mashed and aged. The properties of the soil, like the elements in the Côte d'Or, in Champagne, and around Bordeaux, are supposed to impart a special flavor to Tabasco's special peppers, the same way grapes take on certain distinguishable characteristics from the chemical mixture of the lands in which they grow.

In the cajun country of the Louisiana bayous, Tabasco sauce is sprayed on comestibles with the abandon of hair oil in the hands of a prom-trotting high school senior with a cowlick and a heavy date. It goes on eggs, stews, steaks, and gumbos and has come to be known, in these latitudes anyway, as cajun catsup. The McIlhenny Company, of course, does nothing to dissuade the habit, and indeed even fosters the whole idea by hiring cooks to invent new ways of using this pepper distillate. It can be put in beer to make a Mulligan, dropped on a yoke for *huevos rancheros,* sprinkled on an oyster, doused in Bloody Marys, used in marinades for meats and fish, dribbled into avocado dips for authority, put into such local dishes as creole shrimp gumbo and into such foreign ones as kottbullar (Swedish meatballs) and Bojúpaprikás (veal paprika).

Edward Avery McIlhenny, son of Edmund, the pepper fancier, inherited his father's interest in horticulture and added a few interests of his own. While

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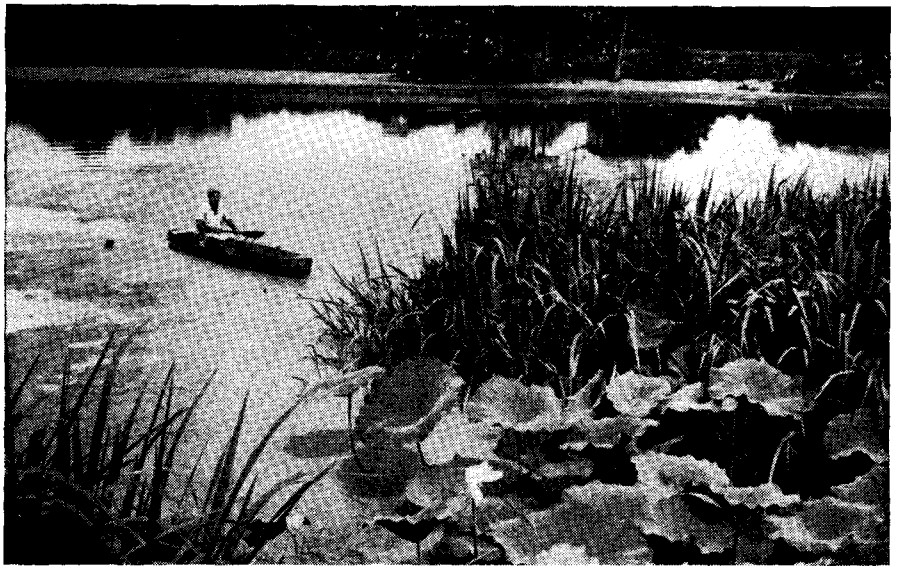
publicizing Tabasco, he also wrote books on egrets and on alligators, bred hundreds of varieties of plants, established a sanctuary where the snowy egrets would be safe from the volleys of the plume hunters. He is supposed to have taught football to the Eskimos on Point Barrow, hunted big game in Africa. M'sieu Ned, as he was known in his lifetime, also created a garden of enduring interest on Avery Island that can be visited by anyone.

Besides its salt, the oil rights which it leases, and the pepper fields which it carefully nurtures, Avery Island includes Bird City, where 100,000 egrets take up summer residence. Returning from a trip to the Arctic in 1893, M'sieu Ned found the egrets almost extinct, all of them shot by hunters to become feathers for ladies' hats. He rummaged through the swamps, found eight baby birds, nursed them to full size in big cages, and then released them. Those that came back the following spring were the original settlers of the gigantic colony that now returns each year to Avery Island, building their nests in bamboo apartment houses laid out over Willow Pond, a small lake alongside the garden. The egrets are not exclusive and they share the city with Louisiana herons, gallinules, ducks, geese, ibis, bluejays, mockingbirds, tanagers, and snake birds. Alligators, befriended and chronicled by M'sieu Ned, still cruise in the small ponds, and the marshes are lively with mink and nutria raccoon and opossum.

In his travels around the world McIlhenny also collected plants—giant wisteria from Japan, daisies from the Mountain of the Moon in Africa, iris from Siberia, Chinese timber bamboo (one of sixty-four kinds of bamboo growing in the gardens). Hybrid grapefruits imported from Cochin and an odd evergreen found alive in Tibet, an exact replica of fossilized trees found in beds uncovered from the coal age, all grow in the gardens. Finger bananas brought from China, lotus and papyrus from the upper Nile, soap tree and crepe myrtle from India, and one lone Wasi orange tree, a gift from the emperor of Japan, flourish in this remote garden, above the crystalline caverns of the salt deposits, and the underground pools of oil. While the camellias erupt into Technicolor each winter, the azaleas catch fire with the spring, and the Spanish moss drifts lazily with the winds, far underground, 500 feet below the surface, men mine salt. And all along the rim of Bayou Petit Anse, on the west end of the island, Humble's hundred wells pump oil, 47,000,000 barrels in twenty years of pumping.

Up on the surface, on the opposite side, the pepper plants are carefully cultured for tomorrow's hot sauce. Under an oak in the gardens, inside a glass pagoda that overlooks a pond, sits the quiet image of Buddha, a figure that was originally carved for the Shonta Temple northeast of Peking by the order of Emperor Hui-Tsung. The good emperor had not counted on a rebel general who looted the Buddha and sold it to a dealer in New York. Found in storage in New York, it was sent to M'sieu Ned as a gift. It was thought that he might ask to be buried here, and perhaps he did, but they laid him to rest in the family plot instead. He wrote a poem about the statue, and it has been remembered and is posted for the pleasure of all those who come to the Jungle Gardens. "Peacefully I rest upon this lagoon's bank," it says, "as pale green bamboos sway above my throne." Occasionally there is the contemplative visitor, and of course there are always the turtles on the log and the swans gliding by among the lily pads.

—Horace Sutton.



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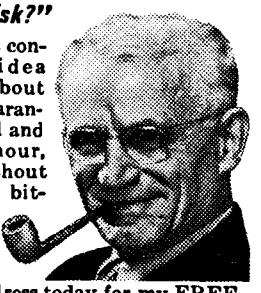

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Reading, Dronings, Etc.

By JOHN CIARDI

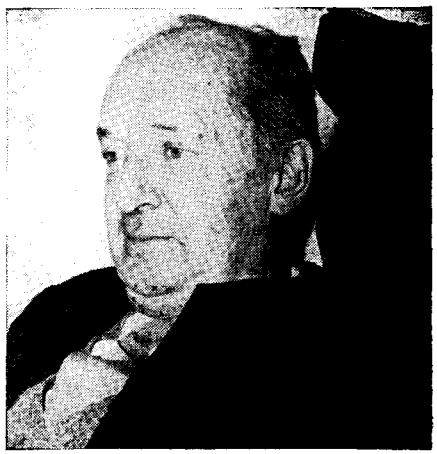
IT SEEMS to have been Christmas at the record factory. Twenty-six new releases arrived in the pre-Christmas mails, and like Christmas itself they have left me with as much confusion as pleasure.

Fourteen of the new releases are from Spoken Arts (all on two sides, all $5.95) and they range far. I was especially pleased to receive a copy of my own latest reading for children (*You Know Who and Other Poems,* SA 914). For whatever the fact may signify of merit or lack of merit, this is by far my best reading to date and I want to record my thanks to Arthur Luce Klein of Spoken Arts for his direction of it. For reasons I shall come to later, I have not been entirely pleased with any of my previous recordings. This one, I feel, finally loosened up and let go, thanks to Klein, and I am left mildly elated by the hope of learning to do for "adult" poems what Klein helped me do for children's poems. But let me leave this point to return to it below when I discuss twelve new readings by modern poets.

I was especially moved by *The Death of Patroclus,* a reading adapted from Book XVI of the *Iliad* by Christopher Logue and read by him and four other voices, as directed by Douglas Ckeverdon. Logue has not hesitated to reach for anachronisms that will capture his mood—for such un-Homeric renderings as "Our Father who art in Heaven" and "like a sardine from a tin." Purists may huff and puff about this sort of thing, but it seems a small price to pay for immediacy of understanding. The reading was not prepared for scholars but as an introduction to Homer at what I guess to be the high school level, and these devices, along with an excellently paced delivery, are nicely calculated to convey the excitement of Homer.

Nabokov fans will welcome his reading of *Lolita, and Poems* (SA 902). "The Ballad of Longwood Glen" is an unforgettable poem, and the reading from *Lolita*—Part 2, Chapter 35, the murder scene—is so lucidly demented, and the voice so keyed to its material, that it will certainly do as a small miracle of oral delivery.

Lillian Smith fans will welcome her monologues in *Our Faces, Our Words* (SA 916), but though she has my vote in her espousal of racial equality and my admiration for her devotion to it, I must



Nabokov—"lucidly demented."

confess I do not find her child-voiced homilies a compelling—or even an interesting—listening experience. There is about them the pietistic tone of a temperance tract, even to the point at which the dark and obvious truths she has to tell are smothered by the ingenuousness of her presentation.

And fans of Edith Hamilton will welcome her *Echoes of Greece* (SA 928), recorded live at the Institute of Contemporary Arts in Washington, with a painfully labored introduction by Robert Richman. Miss Hamilton was a spry ninety at the time of the recording and the honors that had accrued to a great career were rich upon her. Yet to listen in a dispassionate professional way is to be dismayed by her eagerness to ham it up—she knew just how cutesy-bright an old lady she was and she played it straight to the pit for belly laughs. And it is to be dismayed again to reflect how completely a mind greatly trained to one age of mankind may miss the point of another. Her comments on Joyce, Picasso, cubism, and Dylan Thomas ("after great effort I have succeeded in getting one line and only one line of his poetry into my head") are almost insistently insensitive. It would have been a better hour had she limited her remarks to Greece and tuned them to a loftier lyre.

Of the other Spoken Arts releases I am happily taken by Hilton Edwards's gusty reading of *Gargantua and Pantagruel* (SA 878), indifferent to an adequately but indifferently performed *Songs of the Irish Revolution sung by Paeder Bourke and Vera Duffy* (SA 899), and cold to four others: *Treasury of Lewis Carroll* (SA 897) and *Sounds and Sweet Airs from Shakespeare* (SA 900), both sung and read by Christopher Casson, and *A Child's Garden of Verses, Volumes I and II* (SA 904, SA 905), both read by Nancy Wickwire and Basil Langton. All four of these are obviously presented with children in mind, but what children? Not since Lord Fauntleroy, I must believe, has there lived a child who would not be bored by Casson's pixyishness. And though Nancy Wickwire and Basil Langton are both fine readers, I am forced to think that their Britishness in presenting the Britishness of Stevenson will turn out to be a foreign-language experience to any child reared in the American language.

As satisfying foreign-language experiences, on the other hand, let me record my pleasure in Georges Riquier's readings of *Fables de La Fontaine* (SA 895) and *Contes Choisis de Guy de Maupassant* (SA 922). My pleasure does not include any claim to expertise, but it is good to hear French delivered in the high tradition of the French theater, and good again to hear *André Maurois Read from André Maurois* (SA 911) as an experience of a man who obviously relishes the flavor of his own language. For one semester before the war I shared a castle with André Maurois (in Kansas City, of all places) and I confess to a nostalgic pleasure in hearing his voice again. I am promising myself that, once free of deadlines, I shall dig up the French texts (I do wish they had been included) and try to retune my ear by listening as I read. Certainly our French departments will do well to make their students listen to these three.

The other twelve releases are all of poets reading their own works. Eleven of them are from the Yale Series of Recorded Poets, now released on the Decca label; all of them consist of two sides, are accompanied by excellent jacket notes, and sell for $4.98. *Love Respelt by Robert Graves* is a Columbia release (OL 6400, 2 sides, $4.79) but entirely of a piece with the others and may reasonably be treated as if it were in the same series. The series was begun at least six or seven years ago. I have myself made a tape for it, but I must confess I shall probably think as little of it, if it is released, as I do of most of the present series.

With the exception of the one by Robert Frost, whose readings hardly need present comment, all of these releases suffer from the drabness with which our poets voice their own lines. Let me say I am not discussing the merit of the poems as poems, and let me add that I have not myself been entirely innocent of the sins with which I charge others and which I am eager to renounce. There is a more or less standard way of reading in our time. That style may fairly be called "reticent," or "mod-

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est," or "hushed," or "choked back," or even—perhaps most accurately—"English department." Its premise seems to be that it is bad form to allow any voice coloration into the reading for fear that one may appear guilty of trying to persuade the reader to like the poem. It seems to be good form, on the other hand, to stand aloof from the poem, giving it the least possible *saying* at the same time that one's voice emerges in a reverent hush of dry precision. Such reading is more or less singsong, it tends to leave line-ends hanging in achingly understated suspension, it ticks along at an undeviating dead pace, and it is exactly calculated to make monotony the entire human condition. It is also, I shall believe, a dispirited and dull way of reading.

A few of these poets do attempt a primitive acknowledgement of the resources of the human voice. R. P. Blackmur does make a minimum attempt to roll with his own rhythms. Lowell does vary from full-voiced seriousness to a few lines of whispered seriousness. And Louis MacNeice actually lets his voice betray an inflection from time to time.

And still the total experience is of dulness, evidence of a lack of gusto in our serious poets. Must all of them read as if they were either choking back a wracking emotion they dare not confess, or, conversely, as if they were reciting last year's lecture on the ablative absolute?

The reticence of such readings may pass as honorable if one is ready to subscribe to the ideal of Puritan restraint, but let me argue that it is time to call down a damnation upon all such self-rapt primness. Gusto, too, is an honorable creed of life, and these voices leave me thinking that our poets have withdrawn from gusto into a high seriousness whose most honorable name is dulness. For myself, I mean to renounce these sterile pulpits even if I must learn to read while I am rolling on the floor (and I did knock over a bottle of brandy with a sweeping gesture as I was reading for Arthur Luce Klein—whatever hope there may be in that).

And whatever hope there may be in them, the present readers are Robert Frost (DL 9127), Conrad Aiken (DL 9128), Robert Lowell (DL 9129), Allen Tate (DL 9130), Stanley Kunitz (DL 9131), Louise Bogan (DL 9132), R. P. Blackmur (DL 9134), Marianne Moore (DL 9135), Yvor Winters (DL 9136), Louise MacNeice (DL 9141), John Hollander (DL 9143), and, as noted, Robert Graves on Columbia. Of them all, I can recommend only Robert Frost, a reading with commentary, taped "live" before an unidentified audience, the performance sweetly twinkly with his private blend of ham and pure platform genius.

Béjart at the Paris Festival

PARIS.

A VIRTUAL Ithaca with only a handful of hecklers to vanquish, that was Paris as Maurice Béjart, with his Ballet of the Twentieth Century, came back to dance at the festival for the first time since *Orphée* in 1962. Béjart can also be a truculent type. I have watched him rehearsing in the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels, demanding and inflexible, but ultimately successful in building a rigorously disciplined ensemble of forty dancers with a sense of vocation unmatched anywhere today in its correspondence to his intensely modern concept of ballet. Béjart is the sole contemporary choreographer in Europe who has something to say in the language of our own time, who acknowledges among his tutors Boulez, Fellini, and Sarraute. He shocked (some *arrière-gardists* went so far as to say "scandalized") Paris balletomanes, still not accustomed or receptive to innovations in technique that are old hat in New York and London. Béjart's success here was not only a personal triumph in the winning of the coveted "Oscar" for the festival's best choreographer, but also portends a breakthrough of modern dance that has never taken root in Paris despite visits by Merce Cunningham, Paul Taylor, and Alvin Ailey these past two years, and the presence of three fine teachers, the American Laura Scheleen, the German Karin Waehner, and the Uruguayan Teresa Trujillo.

Béjart—"demanding and inflexible."

The first of Béjart's two programs grouped four experimental ballets under the title "Prospective," a term to denote a new attitude toward modern scientific thought based on liberation from the past, lately coined by the French philosopher Gaston Berger, now much in literary vogue but still not to be found in *Larousse*. *L'Art de la Barre*, composed of the classic daily exercises of a dancer, is accompanied by the simple ticktock of a metronome, as if to emphasize Béjart's idea that lyrical grace can spring from rhythm as much as from melody. Having made this point, he reverses his field in *Erotica*, a long *pas de deux* to harmonic music by the young Polish composer Tadeusz Baird, which has a formal geometry of line and curve that gives the Brazilian Laura Proença the opportunity to interpret to perfection a Béjartian hallmark: the expression of profound emotion through a deceptively austere surface.

A POEM by Tagore is the inspiration for *Cygne*. To classical Hindu music, three phantom-like swan figures and a little girl devise a stylized, original ballet drawing on the vocabulary of a sacred Oriental dance; it is a consummate liquefaction of two dance traditions that reflects Béjart's rich range of cultural references, creating what he calls "the ritual climate" at the primordial heart of dance.

Variations pour une porte et un soupir can almost be dubbed a "happening": it exemplifies Béjart's philosophy, "A dancer is not a mechanic who knits steps together." The improvised movements of the seven dancers, one of whom is Béjart himself, are dictated by chance; each one chooses a number from the black tableau representing sixteen different "chants" with themes like "the fever" and "the death-rattle," so that the ballet is never danced twice in exactly the same manner. Pierre Henry's accompanying concrete-electronic score consists essentially of the creaking of doors and a variety of human sighs, stereophonically kneaded and amplified.

"Women are the music of life," said Wagner, who forged the three nouns of that sentence into an epic that is the touchstone for "Wagner ou l'Amour fou" (a phrase from André Breton). An entire evening of dancing Wagner or Beethoven through a series of choreographic images is an undertaking that requires

(*Continued on page* 52)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Jaki Byard: *Out Front!* Byard, piano and (on one track) alto saxophone; Richard Williams, trumpet; Booker Ervin, tenor saxophone; Bob Cranshaw or Ron Carter, bass; Walter Perkins or Roy Haynes, drums. Prestige 7397, mono and stereo, $4.79.	Byard, a well-grounded pianist, has worked with Maynard Ferguson and Charles Mingus, but is now rather belatedly gaining recognition as a versatile soloist. The three trio tracks with Cranshaw and Perkins are very successful: "Out Front" moves well over Perkins's energetic back beat, "Two Different Worlds" reveals Byard's sensitive ear for the emotional element in music, and "Lush Life" is an uncomplicated compliment to its composer, Billy Strayhorn. A slow blues, "Searchlight," shows a lyrical right hand that would have made the pianist a good accompanist for Billie Holiday, and also introduces Ervin and Williams, whose individual contributions enhance the mood established by the leader.
Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis: *The Midnight Show.* Davis, Johnny Griffin, tenor saxophones; Junior Mance, piano; Larry Gales, bass; Ben Riley, drums. Prestige 7330. *The Late Show.* Same personnel. Prestige 7357, mono and stereo, $4.79.	Prestige got a lot of mileage out of its visit to Minton's in Harlem during 1961, when these two albums (and *The First Set,* 7309) were recorded. The idea of two competitive tenor saxophonists in a quintet had obvious possibilities from the club owners' viewpoint, although it inevitably led to frantic tempos and not a little empty virtuosity. Griffin, strangely enough, never seemed to learn much from Davis, who knew how to build an impressive solo from a relaxed beginning, whereas the beginning was often the climax in the former's case. The best performance here is of "Billie's Bounce" (7357), on which a good medium tempo relaxes everyone, clarifies the thinking, and gets the whole group swinging. Davis, in any event, always sounds better with the kind of unbusy rhythm section that Count Basie currently provides for him.
Ella Fitzgerald: *Ella in Hamburg.* Ella Fitzgerald, vocal; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Keeter Betts, bass; Gus Johnson, drums. Verve V6-4069, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Recorded live in the Musikhalle, Hamburg, this set cannot be compared with Miss Fitzgerald's previous *At Juan-les-Pins* (V6-4065), although the audience response is even more enthusiastic. The program appears to have been designed for listeners less versed in jazz, for it includes "The Boy from Ipanema," a couple of teen-ager favorites and, as a final throwaway, "Old McDonald Had a Farm." The feeling of emotional commitment that lifted the French-made album above the singer's high average is absent, as is the splendid, complementary sound of Roy Eldridge's trumpet.
Michael Garrick: *Poetry and Jazz in Concert.* Garrick, piano; Shake Keane, trumpet and flugelhorn; Joe Harriott, alto saxophone; John Taylor, bass; Colin Barnes, drums; Jeremy Robson, Laurie Lee, Adrian Mitchell, Dannie Abse, poetry readers. London Argo 26 and 27, mono and stereo, $5.79.	These peculiar records offer poetry read "straight," poetry read over jazz backgrounds, and poetry with jazz interludes. The somewhat predictable results seem to have had considerable success in London, and one of the poets involved explains the crowds at the recitals as having been attracted "because of the curious mixture, for the entertainment of contrasts, not for any single item." Best of the single items are the recitatives by Laurie Lee, whose country voice contrasts agreeably with the brittle city accents of Robson and Mitchell—as does Abse's with its melodious Welsh contours. The jazz is neat, professional, and enjoyable enough except in combination with earnestly humorous or satirical verse.
Benny Goodman: *B.G., the Small Groups.* Goodman, clarinet; Teddy Wilson, piano; Lionel Hampton, vibraphone, vocal, and drums; John Kirby, bass; Gene Krupa, Dave Tough or Buddy Schutz, drums. RCA Victor LPV 521, mono only, $4.79.	Because jazz in subsequent decades has been dominated by small groups of all kinds, it is hard now to appreciate the impact of the Goodman trios and quartets in the Thirties. The precise, well-matched artistry of the clarinetist and Teddy Wilson, and the more impetuous rhythmic values introduced by Lionel Hampton, still make pleasant listening in a set that includes ten titles not issued on LP before. Of the drummers, Dave Tough impresses most on the up-tempo "Dizzy Spells."
Rufus Harley: *Bagpipe Blues.* Harley, bagpipes, flute, and soprano and tenor saxophones; Oliver Collins, piano; James Glenn, bass; Billy Abner, drums. Atlantic 3001, $4.79; stereo, $5.79.	A superficial acquaintance with Indian music seems to have accounted for a great deal of recent "droning" on the part of jazz saxophonists. Now, logically, we have jazz on the bagpipes, an instrument members of the avant-garde have been approximating for some time. No doubt it makes a good gimmick by the decade's standards (the liner shows Harley resplendent in full Highland gear—kilt, sporran, and tartan), but it is a mercy that the pipes are heard on only three of the seven numbers.
Coleman Hawkins: *Coleman Hawkins and the Trumpet Kings.* Hawkins, tenor saxophone, in quintets with Roy Eldridge, Buck Clayton, Charlie Shavers, trumpets; Teddy Wilson, piano; Billy Taylor or Slam Stewart, bass; Cozy Cole or Denzil Best, drums. EmArcy 26011, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	This is another excellent collection in EmArcy's new reissue series of material recorded in the Forties by Harry Lim. It includes three complete sessions from 1944, on all of which Teddy Wilson plays with an authority matching that of Hawkins, then at one of the several peaks in his great career. Two previously unissued titles ("I'm Yours" and "Embraceable You") add to the record's interest, but the inclusion of a truncated version of "Thru for the Night," made under Cozy Cole's name, was unwarranted, for this properly belongs with the three other titles from that classic session.
Ahmad Jamal: *Extensions.* Jamal, piano; Jamil S. Nasser, bass; Vernel Fournier, drums. Argo 758, mono and stereo, $4.98.	The return of Vernel Fournier will be welcomed by all Jamal enthusiasts. This superb drummer is heard to advantage in each of the four extended interpretations that compose the album, his sensitivity and smooth execution making a formidable contribution to what is, on this showing, one of the best integrated piano trios extant. He consistently makes the difficult sound easy and provides, particularly on "This Terrible Planet," a great range of percussionistic color. Jamal's glittering runs and lavish embellishment are admirable not only technically but essentially, because musicality is never sacrificed.
Mama Yancey and Art Hodes: *Blues.* Mama Yancey, vocal; Hodes, piano. Verve Folkways FV 9015, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Like Bessie Smith's, Mama Yancey's style is a kind of forthright declaration that has gone out of fashion, although it is as valid as it is authentic. That its day is past is partly due to the harsh resonance of a trumpet-like approach that renders a mike superfluous. The lyrics are oft-told tales, true tales, which she sings with conviction and an assurance—remarkable at her age—that obviated second takes and editing. Hodes is good all through, especially on "Every Day in the Week," where he sounds something like the singer's husband, the late and revered Jimmy Yancey. —STANLEY DANCE.

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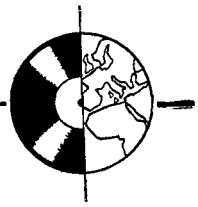
THE OTHER SIDE



Perlemuter, Pianist—"Homage to T.S."

LONDON.

OF ALL the concerts that have taken place during recent weeks, a comparatively sparsely attended Chopin recital at the Royal Festival Hall left the most abiding impression upon this listener. It was given by Vlado Perlemuter, an elderly French pianist of Polish origin (not a bad background for a Chopin interpreter), and consisted of the F-major Ballade, a group of Mazurkas, the B-minor Sonata, and the Op. 25 Etudes. With his short white hair and wholly undemonstrative keyboard manner, M. Perlemuter is far removed from the popular image of the romantic virtuoso, yet what I heard—after a slightly disappointing account of the opening Ballade—was Chopin playing of the most exalted kind, combining exquisite refinement with passionate grandeur. From a technical point of view these performances, though not wholly flawless, were remarkable enough from a man who must be nearing seventy, but what really mattered was the extraordinary range of beautiful piano tone, the subtle feeling for true rubato, and a sense of linear and harmonic structure that is given to only the greatest of interpreters.

Fortunately the Concert Hall Record Club has lately issued three Chopin LPs by Perlemuter—a mixed recital (which was recently awarded a Grand Prix du Disque in France), the Preludes, and the complete Waltzes—and these fully confirm the impressions gained at his concert. The Waltzes, in particular, sound altogether new-minted; gone are accumulated layers of surface brilliance and sentimentality to reveal a subtle and potent distillation of a dance form both gay and tender, ebullient and melancholy.

Two other Concert Hall discs that have recently come my way also deserve special mention, a pair of Mozart Piano Concertos in which the soloist is Friedrich Gulda, and a magnificently vital account of Handel's *Water Music* in which the Hague Philharmonic is conducted by Pierre Boulez. While Concert Hall's current refusal to issue stereo versions is to be deplored, the Handel—performed in its original scoring, arranged into three suites—is far too good to be ignored; the orchestra may not be among Europe's finest, but the playing under Boulez's perceptive direction is tinglingly alive and marvelously stylish. As for the Gulda disc, it represents a fascinating attempt to fill in the details of the solo parts where, as is widely acknowledged nowadays, Mozart noted down a basic framework to which the performer, be it the composer himself or one of his pupils, would add extemporized embellishments. The concertos in question are K.467 in C and the last of the series, K.595 in B flat, and Gulda is seconded in this interesting adventure by the Vienna State Opera Orchestra under Hans Swarowsky.

Other performers, from the late Wanda Landowska onward, have been known to add a few flourishes or to decorate the odd repetition, but Gulda really takes the bull by the horns right from the start. Not only does he embellish the solo parts far more extensively than any pianist in my experience, but he also adds the piano's voice to many orchestral tutti in the manner of a very positive continuo player. No doubt many people hearing these performances will throw up their hands in horror at such spoliation of Mozart's "divine simplicity," and it might well be that, here and there, Gulda is overstating his case deliberately in order to provoke some healthy argument. Yet while I liked some of his ideas less than others and would argue with certain aspects of his readings that have nothing to do with the question of embellishments (thus the K.595 Larghetto sounds rather trite at Gulda's pace), I found the disc as a whole immensely stimulating and thoroughly worthwhile—a sign of the times, one hopes, like the Sadler's Wells production of *Figaro* about which I wrote last spring and which is to be revived after Christmas.

As usual, this is a comparatively lean and patchy month as far as the main record companies are concerned, bringing us all manner of odds and ends but little of real substance. Nonetheless, each of our main groups has produced one album that is outstanding by any standard: Decca offers Bartòk's *Concerto for Orchestra* and *Dance Suite*, while HMV releases an important addition to its popular series of Elgar recordings under the baton of Sir John Barbirolli. The Bartòk coupling is notable for the brilliant, highly charged playing which Solti obtains from the London Symphony, as well as the predictably stunning quality of the sound. On HMV's Elgar disc, the same orchestra responds with great sensitivity to Barbirolli's direction and the recording is admirable, but the main interest lies in the contribution of the two soloists: Jacqueline du Pré, in the Cello Concerto, and Janet Baker, in the *Sea Pictures*.

For some years now the youthful Miss du Pré, possibly the most gifted string player this country has produced for a generation, has been performing this fine concerto to mounting acclaim from critics and public on both sides of the Atlantic, and her inevitable recording of the work has been eagerly awaited. The result will certainly not disappoint her many admirers. Supported with unusually sympathetic skill by Sir John—himself a highly talented young cellist before conducting claimed most of his time—she performs this beautiful but by no means obvious work with a relaxed mastery and inborn musicality such as one rarely encounters in a person barely out of her teens. Janet Baker's exceptional talents have been recognized for some time, but her performance suggests that Britain's finest young contralto is approaching her vocal peak.

Among EMI records that defy normal classification—all of them, incidentally, limited to mono editions—I note especially *Homage to T. S. Eliot*, a performance that took place at the Globe Theatre one Sunday last June and featured poetry readings by, among others, Sir Laurence Olivier, Paul Scofield, and Groucho Marx, as well as a stage version of "Sweeney Agonistes"; a recital of Celtic Songs featuring the Irish soprano Veronica Dunne; and *City Gulls and Country Swains*, a miscellany of music, verse, and prose, described as "an Elizabethan panorama in sound," whose purpose seems educational rather than entertaining in the conventional sense.

MUCH more interesting, despite marked didactic overtones, is an Argo anthology entitled *Medieval English Lyrics* and covering a period of almost 300 years—from "Sumer is icumen in" (*ca.* 1240) to a song by Henry VIII. Under the supervision of two distinguished scholars, Frank L. Harrison and Eric J. Dobson, a talented group of singers and players here performs a fascinating collection of songs with great skill and zest, and the disc is excellently annotated. Other Decca group arrivals include a "highlights" disc from *Götterdämmerung*; a further Brahms record from Julius Katchen, devoted to the Hungarian Dances in their original piano-duet form (Katchen is here assisted by Jean-Pierre Marty), and a thoroughly unexpected coupling by the Vienna Octet. Hitherto this ensemble has never ventured beyond the most obvious Austro-German repertoire, from Mozart to Brahms, but the latest record brings us early Britten (the Sinfonietta, Op. 1) and late Hindemith (the Octet of 1957-58).

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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Continued from page 49

audacity and imagination. But for Béjart "all music is danceable," and he does just that; it is an achievement of a rare order, a *total* ballet you experience in dimensions beyond the audio-visual. When I first saw its three panels together in January in Brussels, I was most struck by the choreographic inventiveness and the breathtaking decors, which retain their erotic-mystic force of evocation, but this time I also perceived in the decelerated orchestration of Wagner a musical knowledge and sensitivity Béjart brought as well to the Ninth Symphony last year. The opening *Venusberg* episode with the original choreography Béjart overhauled for *Tannhäuser* in 1961, just a century after its famous premiere at the Paris Opéra, is a space-age bacchanal with little resemblance to the coquettish Second Empire era. The curtain rises on an immense cobweb of ship's rope on which the dancers, clad in leotards of different colors, are poised. They climb, descend, clamber, and then thirty or forty feet above the ground they join, arms crossed, and, borne earthward, form a massive block around the principal soloists. Jaleh Kerendi seductively dances the strange woman whose beauty leads a fascinated youth (Vittorio Biagi) into a surrealist marine grotto and eternal enchantment. The angular, sculptured moving patterns enacted remind one of nothing so much as Giacometti in the majestic calm at the center of anatomical power.

The *Siegfried Idyll* celebrates the birth of Wagner's son and his love for Cosima. Choreographer Paolo Bortoluzzi assimilates the gymnastic forte of his master, but not his genius of transmutation and vision; but it is a splendid vehicle to display Duska Sifnios's talent.

With *Mathilde* we enter the exquisite universe of Tristan and Isolde and the Wesendonck Lieder, permeated by mystification: ominous heavy hangings, bizarre busts of weeping women on huge vertically rising pedestals panoplied with spears, a giant peacock. Both in conception and technique, this ballet is the closest to *le nouveau roman*, suspended in an area between anecdote and abstraction. Who is the solitary voyager in this winter garden of Nordic lust, what is the meaning of the mysterious rococo villa (or theater?) he has penetrated, why do the three personages (past, present, future?) meet, how is the music that eerily arises related to the recurring inferences of memories? These enigmas are kinetically expressed through half-sketched yet precise movement that algebraically distances itself from any semblance of semantic content.

—Morton Seif.

Denby on Dance

AMONG AMERICAN WRITERS on dance, Edwin Denby has a special place reserved for those whose reactions are not immediately felt, but may have the greater impact for being delayed. Though he has, in his long career of writing about dance, spent only a relatively small time on a newspaper (the New York *Herald Tribune*, during the war years), this lack of immediate exposure has not restricted his audience or reduced his influence. It has, indeed, contributed to the kind of continuing effect that asserts itself even when read much later in such a book as the new collection of writings from the Horizon Press titled *Dancers, Buildings, and People in the Streets* ($5.95).

As might be expected from a book with so inclusive a title, the subject matter is far-ranging. It takes in not only many varied forms of dancing, but observations also on music, films (dance-oriented, mostly), and painting. But, as is the case almost invariably in one with a gift for the essay and a developed technique in its writing, the subject is very often the writer himself.

He has, for example, the ability to make you enjoy what he doesn't wholly admire—which is, as writing goes, far from easy. Most of the time a writer describing what he doesn't wholly admire tends to make it a subject either of a diatribe or a burlesque. When, in writing about a certain celebrated dancer (who shall be nameless here) Denby says, "She was at her worst: careless feet, limp and wormy arms, brutally deformed phrasings; in allegro she was a hoyden, in adagio it was a bore waiting for her to get off that stubby toe; she waddled complacently, she beat time, she put on a tragically wronged stare (Second Avenue style—Lower Second Avenue), she took absurdly graceless and completely unconvincing bows. It upset me while I was in the theater; but the next day it seemed only ridiculous, I'd half forgotten it, and it had no connection with moments I couldn't help remembering the grandeur of," he is indulging neither in hyperbole nor satire, but in the cruelly accurate kind of description that makes the reader a *participant* in the thing he has experienced, seeing it through his eyes, experiencing it through his mind. It even prepares one for the next observation: "At those moments she had so much vitality she made everyone else look as if they merely crept or scuttled about her while she danced . . .," which suggests that, underneath it all he has respect if not admiration for the thing he is describing, a kind of key value in itself.

Denby is not alone, among writers on the dance, in being able to describe what

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he is talking about in its own terms, but he has an easy command of the phraseology that makes it comprehensible even to the reader much less versed in the subject than he is. As, for example, his evocation of Alexander Grant as the Harlequin-Jester in Frederick Ashton's version of Prokofiev's *Cinderella*: "Like a jet of force he darts forward in deep plié, in renversé, bent sideways, bent double, leaping down a flight of stairs, springing into the meager dances of the Guests with a smiling threat. In the Jester's leaps Ashton has timed the rhythm to the leap's arrival (instead of to its departure from the ground) and because your ear anticipates the rhythm, the crouching dancer's downward course through the air keeps the beautiful suspense of an animal pounce. . . ."

In the nature of things, a good part of Denby's text relates to works of George Balanchine, for he has been an observer of the choreographer's work for much of the time he has been working in America, and frequently one of its most acute observers. Among the works of Balanchine described, or one might better say recreated, by Denby are: *Agon, Midsummer Night's Dream, Symphony in C, Western Symphony, Opus 34,* and *Ivesiana.* Also included is the work called *Variant,* to a score of Gunther Schuller, which he describes in the process of creation. Last and in some ways most interesting of all is his discussion of *Don Quixote,* which he summarizes as "rich and strange, bitter, delicate and tragic.

DENBY'S vocabulary is rich in the terminology that dancers and the dancewise recognize as the *lingua franca* of their enthusiasm, but his frame of reference includes much else, and always with pertinence. Those, for example, who think that some current expressions were only born yesterday may be surprised to come upon the statement, written about a work new to him in 1949, that it was composed "easily, correctly, clearly, without oddity, camp or other subterfuge."

That brings one, almost inevitably, to the piece that provides the title for the book. It is, ostensibly, about dancing and dance criticism, but it is basically concerned with the difference between seeing and observing. Seeing, as I understand Denby's meaning, is what happens when you are about your everyday business on the street ". . . a familiar street at a familiar time of day while one is using the street to get somewhere. So much is happening inside one, one's private excitements and responsibilities, one can't find the energy to watch the strangers passing by, or the architecture, or the weather around. . . ." But observing is quite a different matter.

"Did you really see anything?" Denby challenges. "Did you see any more than you saw in the morning on the street? Was it a real excitement you felt? What is left over of the wonderful moment you had, or didn't you really have any wonderful moment at all . . . ?" The dancegoer who can answer such questions the next day is, obviously, in closer touch with what he has seen than the one who can't.

These are among the considerations that make *Dancers, Buildings, and People in the Streets* better than merely good reading. It makes the reader a privileged confidant of a mind capable of turning movement into meaning and meaning into words.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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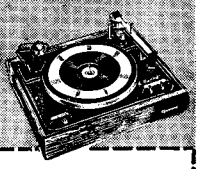

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Perhaps Solti's greatness is the fusion of these musical and human virtues. Certainly his stature among contemporary conductors is universally recognized, so much so in fact that he is **the most honored conductor in the history of recorded music.** He has again been given the most sought after award in the record world—the French Academy du Disque *Prix de la Plus Grande Realisation Phonographique Mondiale.* It would be historic to have twice received this award for the world's finest phonographic accomplishment, but Solti has now received it no less than five times.

in 1959—
Wagner: Das Rheingold, with Kirsten Flagstad, George London and Set Svanholm
in 1962—
Wagner: Tristan und Isolde, with Birgit Nilsson, Fritz Uhl, Regina Resnik and Tom Krause
in 1963—
Strauss: Salome, with Birgit Nilsson, Gerhard Stolze, Eberhard Wächter and Grace Hoffman
in 1964—
Wagner: Siegfried, with Wolfgang Windgassen, Hans Hotter and Birgit Nilsson
and now:
Wagner: Götterdämmerung with Birgit Nilsson, Wolfgang Windgassen, Gottlob Frick, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Christa Ludwig

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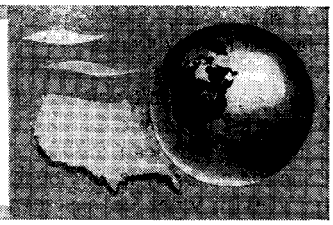


LONDON:

Policies and Puzzlements

THE BEST THAT can be said about U.S. foreign policy this year is that it does not exist. It is almost too painful to believe that the excursions and adventures of the last twelve months are logical elements of a recognizable policy. That is not to say that American policies have ever been well defined. But from time to time it has been possible to see the contours: "containment" in Europe after the Second World War, "democratic social reform" in the underdeveloped world in the Kennedy years. There were plenty of contradictions, of course, but there was a shape to policy.

The present Administration, as far as one can tell, has roughed in none of the details and has drawn little of the outline of a foreign policy. Mr. Johnson does not appear to be traveling a definable course, however devious (as Kennedy was), or even quietly adrift (as General Eisenhower was). Rather he is on a Quest, impelled by mysterious forces toward some unknown but holy goal. The metaphor may be imperfect, but hardly any other can explain the dreadful crusade in Vietnam, the terrible swift sword in Santo Domingo, the haughty damnation of both Indian and Pakistani houses, and with it the sincere reiteration of the rhetoric of freedom and self-determination and *alianza*.

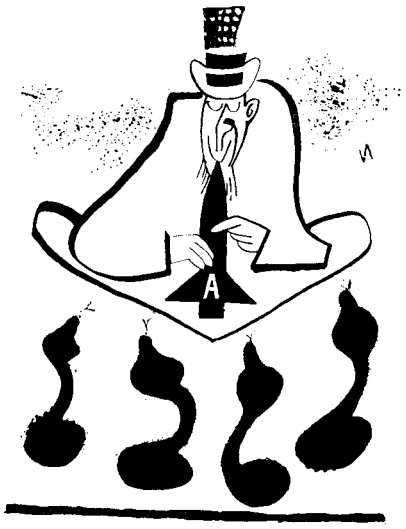
Americans love epic adventures, and the President is the perfect epic hero: tall, powerful, pragmatic, philistine, sentimental, unrepentant, single-minded. He goes from crisis to crisis, gut-reacting and shooting from the hip (to recall an unhappy phrase). Unfortunately, Mr. Johnson's reactions—and those of some of his advisers—are not always the wisest. A regular White House correspondent, who has been covering the President since he took office, suggests that in the case of the Dominican rebellion Mr. Johnson swung half-circle the pistol he had been aiming at Vietnam and fired, without blinking, at the Caribbean. Now Lyndon Johnson may be the fastest gun in the West, but in that case he had more firepower than he needed. He hit the good guys and the bad. . . .

The U.S. is the major shareholder in the world. It is the biggest producer, the biggest consumer, and its capacity to enforce its will (and its willingness to do so) is unsurpassed. The crisis in American foreign policy involves the way in which power will be used.

In Asia, for the time being, there is little hope that it will be used sparingly. The predictions of further increases in troop strength and firepower are coming true too rapidly. White House aides are quite frank to admit that the Administration sees no end to the Vietnamese conflict in sight: the war is neither winnable nor losable, nor, it seems, negotiable. . . .

Russia remains the most intriguing area for American diplomacy, and the most baffling. For a long time the Administration was counting on the Soviet Union to end the war in Vietnam for the United States. That hope seems to be fading. Still, U.S. and Soviet interests seem to be parallel in most international endeavors. That consists largely in keeping everyone else down, but it is nevertheless a mutuality of concern on which to build an alliance of sorts. But with things going as they are in the Far East, the tentative relationship will erode, and we all may be back where we started fifteen years ago.

Perhaps the Cold War is the only proper setting for Mr. Johnson's Quest. More than anything, it has deadened the conduct of American affairs over the last decades with what Stanley Hoffmann, the political theorist, calls "the curse of continuity." How to break the desperate cycle ought to be the first concern of any American President or Secretary of State. But the present incumbents have hardly tried, and there is no reason to believe that the New Year will bring a fresh start. —*Andrew Kopkind in the New Statesman.*



—*Krokodil, Moscow.*
"Dancing to his tune."

MELBOURNE:

Long Road to Victory

THE VIETCONG'S grim outlook seems to be that they can outsuffer their opponents. They hope that if the war can be sufficiently prolonged public opinion in the United States may cease to support the Johnson Administration's tough line. In this war, the winning of ground can hasten victory only if it allows a reconstruction that wins the confidence of the people. Inducing the Vietnamese leaders to accept this policy will be a big element on the way to victory.

—*Melbourne Herald.*

MANCHESTER:

Double Decline

THERE WAS A TIME when the mediation of Britain seemed an essential component in any rapprochement between Russia and the United States. Today it is hardly essential; there are other nations equally capable of acting as brokers and indeed, as Senator Mansfield's visit to Moscow has recently shown, the Americans can dispense with go-betweens and maintain a dialogue with the Soviet Union by themselves.

The decline of British influence over the East-West conflict parallels a decline in the importance of the conflict itself. The threat to the world posed by the Russo-American cold war is comparatively unimportant, compared with the new cold war building up between China and America, or the threat of nuclear proliferation, or the explosion of race hatred.

—*Manchester Guardian Weekly.*

BELGRADE:

Assessing the Blame

THE THEORIES according to which either Communism or U.S. imperialism must be blamed for all the world's misfortunes should be abandoned. Never could one nation, irrespective of its grandeur and strength, or one philosophic and political doctrine be an inviolable judge over all others. Every such attempt has been a failure in the end.

Nevertheless, a theory according to which Communists and their ideology are blamed for all misfortunes is widespread in the U.S., and it seems that lately it has been becoming an official theory. . . . On the other side, on Asian soil there is a theory according to which

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U.S. imperialism is the exclusive culprit in all misfortunes of mankind.

It is high time that such theories were abandoned, and replaced with a sober and objective appraisal of reality. . . .

—Radio Belgrade.

FRANKFURT:

Charting a Course?

PRESIDENTIAL FOREIGN POLICY advisor McGeorge Bundy was offered and then accepted the post of president of the Ford Foundation. Mr. Bundy's ultimate aspiration was to become Secretary of State. But the president of the Ford Foundation plays a rather influential political role. An energetic occupant of that office would represent a factor that would have to be reckoned with inside or outside the United States. Later, a leap back into a high policy-making government position could easily be accomplished from the seat of the president of the Ford Foundation.

—Frankfurter Rundschau.

VANCOUVER:

Recognizing China

U.S. DEFENSE SECRETARY MCNAMARA'S warning to the NATO foreign and defense ministers that China will have intercontinental nuclear missiles in ten years or less is designed to strike a tremor of fear in the West. And it does.

It underlines the rapid buildup of Chinese military power. As Mr. McNamara says, China already has the world's largest conventional army. It could threaten large areas of Asia with conquest while using its nuclear threat against Russia and the West.

The Americans seem to want action from the North Atlantic Treaty Organization to curb this threat.

The proper arena in which to meet it is the United Nations.

It is positive now that no meaningful talks about disarmament can be held without Peking. Washington, which has reluctantly acceded to studies exploring the possibility of a disarmament conference with China present, had better digest this fact.

The long fight to exclude China from the United Nations must now, of course, be abandoned.

Ignoring Peking won't make it go away. If change is to be wrought in China's uncompromising and trouble-making attitude, it must be brought about either by war or by reasonable negotiation. And war is unthinkable.

China, it is true, shows small disposition to accept an invitation to join the U.N. Its announced conditions for coming in are so preposterous—they would make China the world's supreme arbiter—that they indicate the most cynical disinterest.

Once in, what sort of an actor would China be? It can be expected that peace would depart from the U.N.'s halls, for a start.

But these implied difficulties have to be faced. There is no other way of overcoming them.

It may be argued that China's possession of a small stockpile of bombs still leaves it small potatoes alongside the nuclear giants, Russia and the U.S.

Danger lies in the potential for blackmail as much as anything else. There is also the fact that China's growing strength in nuclear weaponry will drive India and others to seek membership in the nuclear club.

This possibility demands that the U.N. and the great powers bend all efforts to seek agreement against the proliferation of such weapons. Obviously China cannot be left out of such talks and such a treaty.

—The Sun.

HAMBURG:

American Anachronism

YOU HAVE MET HIM every day for years, everywhere, in coffee shops, supermarkets, drugstores—the average American. He is always friendly, progressive, thinks in a practical manner, likes to simplify and standardize.

Consistently he utilizes the potential of modern technology in his private sphere. He is completely familiar with the technical aspects of all the facilities offered to him by the prosperous society in which he lives. But he lives, thinks, and counts by yardsticks of a past colonial age. He has not yet broken the sound barrier of the metric system.

Ninety per cent of the world's population uses the simple metric system in daily life. Meter and kilogram are the bases of all measures and weights. The United States, however, a modern country, still uses an outdated system of weights and measures often derived from nature and thus varying in dimensions. Feet, ounces, inches, gallons, or miles of different length are the tools of the average American, a stranger in the metric atmosphere.

America's evolution in the metric system is, however, taking place in many fields. In medical science, blood transfusions are measured in cubic centimeters, blood pressure is taken in millimeters. The size of wounds and kidney stones is measured in centimeters. In space travel, the Gemini Control Center announces the distances between satellites in kilometers. . . .

Yet the metric atmosphere cannot enter into the fully automated kitchens and the air-conditioned supermarkets when it has not yet reached the elementary schools. Thus the average American continues to live in his sparkling world of prosperity, measuring by yardsticks on which the dust of centuries has settled.

—Die Welt.

Travels Among the Americans

By DAVID WIDGERY

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This article, by the editor of England's national student magazine, "U," appears here through special arrangement with the American student magazine "Moderator," which is publishing a longer version in its current issue.*

ENTRY TO the U.S. rather sets the tone: you have to be fast, unscrupulous, and all the time pretend to be hugely bored. One man took a tangerine out of my pocket while the other consulted J. Edgar's *Dictionary of the Bad Guys*. The immigration officer smiled unconvincingly and, with all the conviction of a palsied carrot, hoped I would enjoy my stay. Well briefed in the smiling ways of American supermarkets, I asked him if my fare was refunded should he forget to welcome me. This led into some playful banter about how if he had his way I'd be deported straight away with a haircut like that.

In Boston tragedy struck. I was casually handing out nickels and dimes, nonchalantly jaywalking the crossings, and having my stab at the American way of life. Then I was got down an alley by some Negro kids, beaten, and had my wallet stolen. I'd like to say I missed the sentimental items most, a few petals from York, newsclippings of my cat's funeral, and my Institute of British Journalists card, but in fact I missed the money. The passport was more serious, though. You don't own a British Passport; you are only the bearer and you hire it from the Foreign Office at thirty shillings for five years. I eventually found it in a delicatessen.

Meanwhile, however, our luckless hero battled on, buying a 99-day/$99 Greyhound ticket which gave him unlimited bus travel for three months. When I told Americans about this, they looked ironic and rolled their eyes. I traveled about 16,000 miles on Greyhound without substantial discomfort.

I became such an expert on seat position and deployment in Greyhound that I was almost unbeatable. No one swung their case with more dexterity, or feigned

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sleep with such timing. I usually kept the seat free by scowling and spitting or reading the beginning of a huge book as if I would stay reading all night. The lesser-known techniques were to chew garlic or to continually look around you as if expecting the arrival of the young film star you are eloping with. You just lie back contemplative. The pleasures of each new state tell you how good/beautiful/friendly it is and the new vocabulary of halt signs and speed limits comes without the need to peer into guidebooks and divide deutchmarks into N. Frs.

I really became afraid of talking to people on buses and embarrassed by American ruthless honesty. Blue-rinse divorcees aggressively tell you their career of sexual and social failures and dare you to sympathize. It seems to be a natural Greyhound fantasy that if you tell your problems to people everything will dilute down to be O.K. I think I prefer apologetic English conversations about timetables.

The only thing Americans fear more than Communism is hair in the wrong places. My hair, which curls wistfully round the ear lobes in standard English fashion, was the source of continual adventure and comments. My accent—what do I mean accent?—my English voice also caused gaiety. I was asked so often, "Does it hurt to speak like that," I prepared a whole battery of wit to coruscate at my fingertips. The most frequent reply was, "No, ma'am, only when I say words like Vietnam." What's worst is little girls who squat down at your knees and say, "Just ignore me. Just go on talking. I just love your accent." Then you go dead for five minutes with the familiar mental block associated with testing tape recorders and trying new pens.

As I finally returned to the East I tried to make waitresses smile in the morning. "Spread a little sunshine," I chortled, "eat plenty of roughage and wear open shoes to let your feet breathe." But they remained hideously unhappy, walking on their insteps with browned plastic aprons. At least now I know a monster hot pastrami from a single duty baconburger de luxe.

I really went to Maine because of the cigarette commercials of men in waders battling with king salmon while drawing at the weed that tastes like mountain streams. I watch cigarette commercials with nostalgia; in England they are only allowed after 11 P.M., with the weather forecast, epilogue, and national anthem.

MAINE is full of bank managers in plaid jackets shooting at each other. Not only is there wholesale slaughter of bank managers but also of cows, pigs, Greyhound buses, and road signs. A farmer told me he once painted "Cow" on one side of each of his herd, also of a Chinese coolie who erected false horns on a log at the beginning of the season and harvested two and a half pounds of lead at the end.

New York seemed a lot more elegant and unapproachable. In the streets were young executives, dynamic, handsome, and pay-by-credit, their minds as clear as an aspirin diagram. The Museum of Modern Art was full of its most chic members discussing the treatment of the pelvis as if it was an operation. Effortlessly drifting from one bandwagon to the next, simply synchro-meshing into the next private peek-preview.

I don't want to make an economy judgment on a nation, so maybe I can indulge the luxury of sentiment about my friends in America. As Dickens wrote at the end of his *American Notes:* "I have made no reference to my friendships . . . but had I written . . . I should have offered but sorry acknowledgement compared with that I bear in my breast towards my friends . . . across the Water."

Opposition in Britain: We are disturbed at reports of the further escalation of the United States military commitments in Vietnam, and indications that bombardment of the Hanoi-Haiphong complex is under consideration. We read with dismay that Secretary of State Dean Rusk has just said that he sees virtually no room for compromise in South Vietnam. We fear that the government of the United States of America may now be determined upon a solely military solution in Vietnam.

The State Department has disclosed that offers to initiate discussions were received from the Democratic Republic of Vietnam between December 1964 and May 1965; that the May initiative immediately followed the five-day suspension of raids on North Vietnam; and that all initiatives were refused because the prior conditions were unacceptable:

We trust that reports of a lack of cooperation on the part of the United States government in the recent Italian initiative will prove unfounded; for it is our belief that for the United States to seek to achieve a solution in Vietnam on solely military terms and the expense of continued suffering both to Vietnamese and to Americans, will vitiate whatever victory might be achieved and incur a generation of bitterness and distrust.

—Advertisement in the London Times (signed by thirty-eight prominent citizens, including Nobel Laureate Lord Boyd Orr).

Broadway Postscript

Continued from page 45

back with her let-down hair. Poetic, too, is the spectacle of the stark-naked Marat crawling back into his tub after suffering a nightmare in which pantomimed figures conjure up all his self-doubts to leave him crushed. And a little later a touching moment is provided by Sade's putting his arm around Marat when these doubts have brought him to the same point of defeat as Sade. For both—the extreme social revolutionary and the extreme individualist—share the necessity of pulling themselves up from the depths of nothingness. For Sade, the prospect is only "within a criminal society to dig the criminal out of myself so I could understand him and so understand the times we live in." And he tells Marat that as long as these cells of the inner self remain locked, "all your revolution remains only a prison mutiny to be put down by corrupted fellow prisoners." Does the playwright believe that though Marat's revolution was doomed, post-Freudian society has a chance? We cannot tell. And Mr. Brook seems willing to settle for an ambiguous but intensely theatrical ending.

In it, the composed, aristocratic Sade politely discusses the success of his little play with Coulmier and his family. As they chat, the inmates are coming to a boil with their marching song, sung with wonderfully grotesque yet intensely contagious fervor. At a strategic point, Sade signals to an inmate to attack Coulmier's daughter, and laughs gleefully as chaos erupts, until the stage manager must come out and halt the worked-up actors.

Then, at the curtain call, the actors reject our applause and with a rhythmic clapping of their own shut us up, dismissing us scornfully as representatives of a public that has evaded its responsibility to recognize the horrendous atrocity of life within us and around us.

One can argue that Mr. Brook's artistry may not always serve the best interest of the text, and indeed one suspects that this version tends to bear out Sade's point of view more and Marat's less than Mr. Weiss may have intended. Nevertheless, what we do see is undeniably superb. Clifford Rose's Coulmier catches the vulnerability of middle-class liberality. Patrick Magee's Sade remains ruthlessly omniscient but never insensitive. Glenda Jackson's melancholiac Corday manages to be woebegone and innocently erotic at the same time. And Ian Richardson's paranoiac Marat is moody and harassed. But this is an ensemble effort in which all of the involved performers, artists, and composers must share the credit equally. It is the sort of full achievement that is the ultimate in theater art. —HENRY HEWES.

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

Education Editor: PAUL WOODRING
Associate Education Editor: JAMES CASS

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This monthly supplement is sponsored by the Charles F. Kettering Foundation. The editors of SR retain responsibility for its contents.

Correspondence for the Education Supplement should be addressed to: Education Editor, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

Leadership for Education

AT YEAR'S END President Johnson appointed a new U.S. Commissioner of Education to administer the burgeoning Office of Education within the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. He is Harold ("Doc") Howe II, a man of engaging personality who brings to his new position a wide variety of talents and experience. Since 1964 Howe has been director of the Learning Institute of North Carolina, a state-wide research agency that is seeking new means for improving policy and practice in the schools, with special emphasis on the educational problems of the disadvantaged. From 1960 to 1964 he was superintendent of schools in Scarsdale, New York, and for three years before that he was principal of the Newton (Massachusetts) High School. Previously he had been a teacher and administrator at a number of the nation's leading public and private high schools. A graduate of Yale, with an M.A. from Columbia, he is a trustee of Yale University and of Vassar College.

Long an exponent of a pragmatic approach to the problems of education, the new commissioner has never feared to advocate change when events indicated that it was necessary. In the pages of the first issue of *SR*'s Education Supplement (Sept. 17, 1960) he warned that such serious inadequacies were then plaguing the schools that they "give rise to the prediction that, unless radical changes occur, our boys and girls will receive poorer education in 1970 than they do today." He is one of the new breed of educators who have begun to reshape the nation's educational enterprise in an effort to make sure that the dire prediction of 1960 does not come true.

As commissioner, Howe will assume the complex responsibilities relinquished by Francis Keppel as he moves up to the newly created position of Assistant Secretary for Education in the Department of HEW. In his three years as commissioner, Keppel brought to the Office of Education a combination of intellectual sophistication, political savvy, and personal style that Washington has not seen in that position for many years. The former dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Education, Keppel has had a major hand in shaping the many new education programs of recent years, and has appeared as their most effective advocate before Congress.

Before the President appointed John Gardner to be Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare last summer (see *SR*, Aug. 21), it was widely believed that education would soon be elevated to cabinet rank and that Keppel would become the nation's first Secretary of Education. The significance, therefore, of his step up to assistant secretary of HEW is not entirely clear. Assistant secretaryships usually carry considerable prestige, but little real authority except when it is delegated specifically by the secretary. Keppel's years in Washington have been demanding. Crucial decisions have been made on many fronts, and he has discharged his responsibilities with great distinction, though not with unmitigated success. We hope that his new position will offer him more responsibility, and greater opportunity for service within HEW, and not merely a convenient step up—on the way out.

What does appear clear is that Secretary Gardner did not go to Washing-

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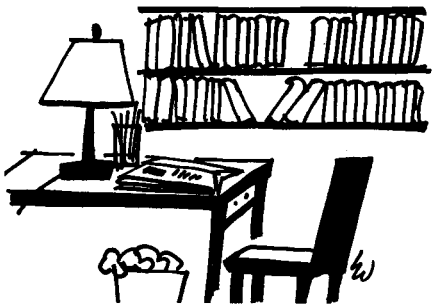
ton to preside over the dismemberment of the sprawling department he heads. Health, education, and welfare, he believes, are so closely allied in their human objectives that the administration of their separate programs must also be closely coordinated.

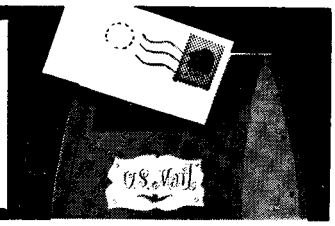
It also seems clear that Gardner is attempting to organize and to staff his department to meet the vast changes that are appearing just over the educational horizon. Within the government, the quantities of educational legislation approved by the last Congress, with the massive federal funds made available to the schools at every level, would by themselves insure a revolution in the structure and the economics of education. Add to these the Civil Rights Act and the legislation initiating the War on Poverty, and the dimensions of change can be partially seen. Certainly, careful planning and administration are required to exploit this legislation so that all of its potential benefits can be realized.



But this is only part of the picture. Education has suddenly become the nation's "major growth industry," offering a commercial market that is expanding with astonishing speed as new funds, in large amounts, become available. American industry is eyeing this new market with interest, and many corporations with no previous experience in the field —IBM, Xerox, Litton Industries, and Raytheon, among others—are buying "pieces of the action." They bring to the field some of the nation's most highly qualified scientific and technical manpower, as well as other new resources, special skills, and, perhaps most important, innovative attitudes. Their interests range from new approaches to instructional materials and teacher training to radical innovations in school design. Their impact will be felt in almost every area of the education world—and in many it promises to be revolutionary.

Manifestly, if changes of this magnitude are to be understood and channeled effectively, national leadership of a high order will be required. Fortunately, Gardner, Keppel, and Howe have already displayed their capacities for bold and incisive leadership. We wish them well. —J.C.

Letters to the Editor



Sex Education

A STANDING OVATION is in order for your editorial "What Is Sex Education?" [*SR*, Dec. 18].

CORLISS HARDING.
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

YOUR EDITORIAL "What Is Sex Education?" was logically sound, practically without significance. Why single out sex education? Why not preparation for adulthood? Or preparation for marriage?

It is ironical that 90 per cent of the boys and girls in our high schools will marry and few receive any guidance on meaningful dating, matched traits, emotional maturing, money matters, petting, sex in a frame of everyday good relationships, contraceptives, ideal family number, how to quarrel and still love and stay married. Sex is one small piece in the whole problem. Let's fight for intelligent courses in school that prepare youth for the adventure of a happy marriage.

H. RICHARD RASMUSSON,
Director,
University Presbyterian
Church (All-Student).
West Lafayette, Ind.

THANK YOU for raising the question about sex education. All institutions and agencies that are concerned with young people need to be working in this area.

(The Rev.) ARTHUR W. SHAW,
Pastor,
First Congregational Church.
Greenfield, Mass.

IN YOUR editorial "What Is Sex Education?" you raised the question of which teachers are qualified to teach sexual attitudes. In it you managed to give remarkably short shrift to literature's claim to have anything meaningful to say to young people. "It is doubtful," you write, "that a study of the lives and loves of Romeo and Juliet or of Antony and Cleopatra is of much direct help to a student in solving his own problems."

The problem is one of an *attitude* toward sex, an attempt to see it in its fulness—its ecstasy, its beauty, its shoddiness, its humor. It is as many things as men and women are.

May I remind you that literature encompasses not only Shakespeare, but also D. H. Lawrence, Henry James, Dostoevsky, and Salinger, all of whom have things to say about sex? Literature deals with complex people and real passions, among other things. Yes, I think *Madame Bovary*, Lawrence's *The Rainbow, and even that remote* old warhorse *Antony and Cleopatra* provide fairly adequate beginnings for a sexual education.

CAROL NIEMAN.
Berkeley, Calif.

JUST FINISHED reading your recent editorial on sex education. It was a very good statement of the issues involved in this area of concern. Your editorial policy in this regard seems very sound.

As a religious educator—an experimental job for a layman—for the Catholic Church I am also concerned about this problem. Some efforts are made within the Catholic school system to handle this area of concern, but many need to be rethought and others dropped.

The direct concern of the CCD is the Catholic student in the public school. Well over half of the Catholic students in this country attend public schools. Their sex education from the school viewpoint is, of course, one in which we are quite interested. Generally speaking, as you have so well put it, teachers are not qualified for the moral and religious or perhaps even psychological aspects of sex education. They can repeat what they have learned from their experience and training, both of which might be very limited in nature.

JOSEPH NEIMAN,
Executive Secretary,
Confraternity of Christian Doctrine.
Reed City, Mich.

MANY THANKS for your editorial on sex education. This is an important and necessary opening for debate.

In it you come close to throwing up your hands concerning the role of the schools in sex education. This is somewhat disappointing—not so much that you do not have ready answers, but that the public education milieu does not yet have the confidence to permit bold and solid effort.

You will be interested to know that the National Council of Churches convened a consultation among member denominations as long ago as 1959 to take initiative in this area. Subsequently several denominations, including the Methodist Church, have begun programs and published supporting materials for them.

FRANK E. WIER,
Board of Education,
The Methodist Church.
Nashville, Tenn.

Grappling with Real Problems

HOW EXCELLENT to read the practical words of someone coming to grips with the real and world-opening problems of the high school English student in "Janus in the Classroom," by Mary Frances Claggett [*SR*, Dec. 18].

As an English teacher still required to assign *Silas Marner*, I share the anguish of those who know too well the impact of books like *Lord of the Flies*, or *The Fire Next Time*, or Sartre (only experienced as "outside reading")—an impact largely lost because it is impossible to discuss fully the ideas and questions raised by such books.

(*Continued on page* 77)

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HISTORY IS A DANGEROUS SUBJECT

The British burn Washington in 1812—"Not a single junior high school textbook tells of the American burning of the Canadian city of York that led to England's retaliation."

—*Bettmann Archive.*

For the past three years a team of British and American historians—two British and three Americans—have engaged in a study of national bias in the secondary school history textbooks of the two nations. All five of the investigators read a total of thirty-six books—fourteen of them published in the United States and twenty-two in England or Wales—focusing on three episodes that seemed most likely to engender nationalistic passions: the American Revolution, the War of 1812, and World War I. A report of the study is being published in the U.S. this month by Hobbs, Dorman Company under the title "The Historians' Contribution to Anglo-American Misunderstanding." The study was sponsored by historical associations in Britain and the U.S. and was financed by the Ford Foundation and the Nuffield Trust. The author of this article, which summarizes the findings of the study, has long been one of America's foremost historians. He served as chairman of the British-American investigating team, and is Senior Research Associate at the Huntington Library, San Marino, California.

By RAY ALLEN BILLINGTON

SOME OF HIS FRIENDS say Franklin Delano Roosevelt inclined toward an anti-British attitude near the end of World War II because as a schoolboy he had read the wrong history textbooks. That youthful experience had permanently prejudiced his attitudes toward England and the English, for he could never completely erase the belief that George III was an insane tyrant bent on crushing liberty in the colonies, that hired mercenaries won the Revolution for Britain, and that the War of 1812 allowed English armies to burn the city of Washington in an unprovoked riot of senseless carnage. Patriotic bias born of such distortions dies slowly.

Fortunately the fiery nationalism that marred American history textbooks a half-century ago has largely disappeared, but enough remains to alter the viewpoint of future statesmen and hinder the international cooperation essential to peace in a contracting world. This is the conclusion of a team of British and American historians who have just completed a survey of the secondary school textbooks most widely used in the history courses of the two nations today.

Nationalistic bias, they find, exists as it did in the nineteenth century, but in a less blatant form. Gone is the day, happily, when an author could write that "it is impossible for the imagination to conceive of characters more selfish, profligate, and vile, than the line of English kings." Gone is the era when English schoolboys were taught that George Washington was a black-hearted villain who engineered an unjustified revolution for personal aggrandizement. Modern youths on both sides of the Atlantic are too sophisticated to accept such patently one-sided untruths.

Yet nationalistic bias persists, and in somewhat more dangerous form than the monstrous distortions of a past generation. Today's bias is more subtle, more persuasive, and far less easy to detect, partly because it often mirrors subconscious prejudices of which the textbook author himself is unaware. Today's textbooks plant in the minds of their readers a belief in the overall superiority of their own countries, not simply an exaggerated image of the virtues of past leaders. The misconceptions accepted unquestioningly by the students of this generation may warp their judgment no less seriously than the misstatements forced on Franklin D. Roosevelt at an earlier time.

The team of five British and American historians reached the conclusion that proper care and training can produce objective judgments suitable to the taste of both nations. But they also found that remarkably few textbook authors in either the United States or Great Britain have achieved that degree of objectivity. Every single volume surveyed contains some indications of national bias; only seven of the twenty-two English books and only two or three of the fourteen American could be graded as even relatively free from prejudice. If these discouraging results can be drawn from the reading of texts used in two countries that have been traditionally friendly and usually allied in world conflict, what would be revealed by a study of German and American textbooks, or of those used in the United States and Russia? Clearly national bias is a besetting sin of today's authors, and equally clearly it should be eliminated in the interest of world harmony.

MANY are guilty of what might be called "bias by inertia." They have shown a regrettable disinclination to keep abreast of the findings of modern historical scholarship, relying instead on discredited legends and outworn viewpoints that more often than not perpetuate the nationalistic prejudices of a bygone day. Thus current research students picture George III as a sincere and moderately competent ruler bent on achieving administrative reforms amidst an impossible political situation. Yet a disgracefully large number of authors (some in England) still paint him as a power-hungry monarch, buying votes and manipulating ministers to achieve absolutism. Historians know that most of the acts for which he is blamed by textbook writers were the common practice of his day, on both sides of the Atlantic;

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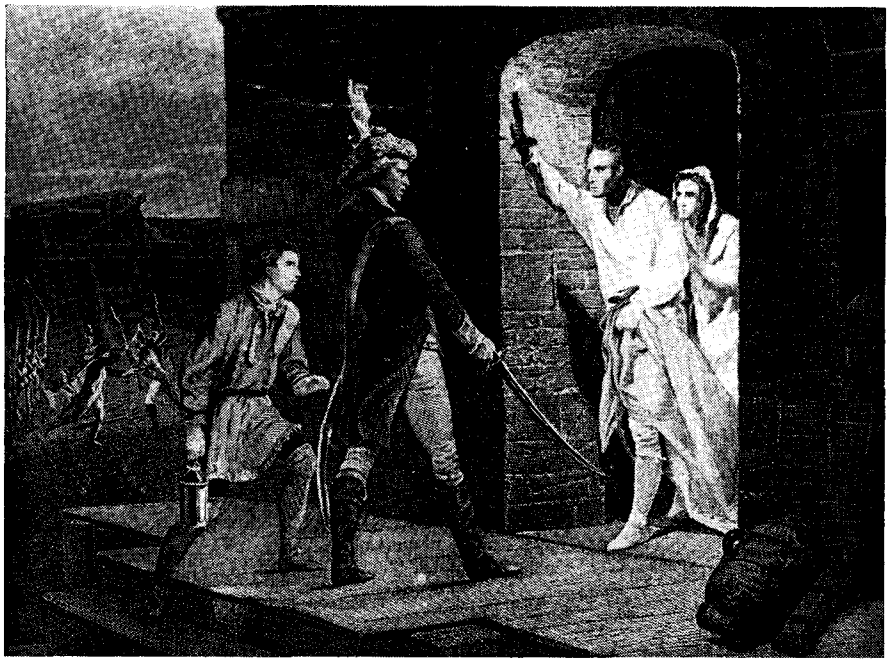


—Bettman Archive.

Ethan Allen and volunteers raid Fort Ticonderoga—"Scholars have long since proven that the heroic remarks ascribed to Ethan Allen were invented by nineteenth-century writers."

"bribery" is a word that must be defined within the context of its times to become meaningful. Yet the findings of recent scholarship have seeped down to only a few authors of secondary schoolbooks.

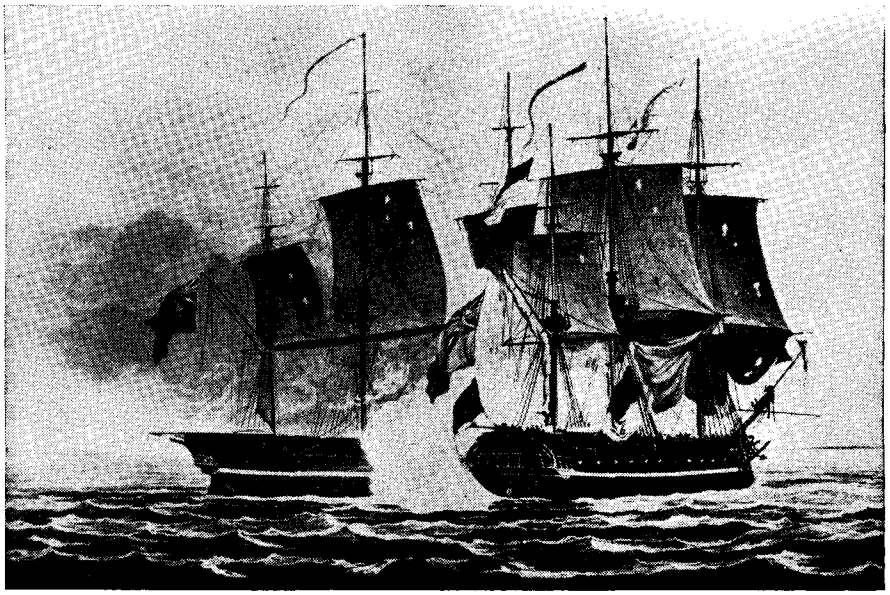
To make matters worse, the uncritical use of fact and fancy handed down from past generations allows writers to perpetuate legends that have long since been relegated to the ashcan by careful students of history. Many American textbooks, particularly those used in the junior high schools, repeat the tired clichés that inspired our grandfathers: that Patrick Henry rocked the Virginia House of Burgesses with his cry of "If this be treason, make the most of it;" that the British fired the first shot at Lexington; that Ethan Allen demanded the surrender of Fort Ticonderoga by shouting "I demand your surrender in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress;" that Captain Hamilton at Fort Detroit was a "hair buyer" who drove Indians against the outlying settlements; that the Hessian troops were bloodthirsty mercenaries bent on ravaging the nation's countryside. Scholars have long since proven that the heroic remarks ascribed to Patrick Henry and Ethan Allen were invented by nineteenth-century writers, that no one knows who fired the first shot at Lexington, that Captain Hamilton followed the practice of his fellow officers by discouraging the savagery of Indian warfare, and that the Hessians were simply professional soldiers who had somewhat less stomach for fighting than the redcoats they supported.

Nor do textbook writers in the United States alleviate their sins by using, as several do, the dubious evasion of "such-and-such was *said* to have happened." To say, as does one, that Patrick Henry was "said to have" denounced British tyranny in his oft-quoted words, or to state, as does another, that Ethan Allen "was understood to" have relied on the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress in demanding the surrender of Ticonderoga, is to risk the charge of deliberate distortion. The schoolboy who reads their pages still retains the impression that the Americans were supersaints and the British supersinners. Actually the statesmen and soldiers of both sides in the Revolution acquitted themselves with a distinction that needs no gilding. Until the authors of textbooks discard hoary legend and rely on the findings of up-to-date historians they will be guilty of planting prejudice in the minds of their readers.

If text writers on both sides of the Atlantic can be charged with foisting disproven myths on their readers, they also stand indicted for manipulating facts in a manner designed—consciously or unconsciously—to glorify their own nations at the expense of others. An almost universal sin among them is what can be labeled "bias by omission." Every historian has as a principal duty the selection of facts and interpretations that will most accurately portray the event he is describing. When an author chooses *only* information that will reflect credit on his personal heroes, he is violating the canons of sound historical writing no less than the writer who openly distorts the truth.

Such is the practice of a disgracefully large number of authors in both England and the United States. American writers time and time again recite the impressive record of General George Washington's military victories during the Revolutionary War, while barely mentioning his defeats. Readers emerge from such accounts with the impression that the patriots (itself a biased word) lost only the Battle of Bunker Hill, and that because they ran out of powder. English writers dwell with equal affection on the triumphs of their generals, leaving the student bewildered that such a series of victories could have lost a war.

The War of 1812 offers textbook writers an even more tempting parade-ground for one-sided distortions that tell less than half the truth. Every text read by junior high school students in the



—Bettman Archive.

Capture of the Chesapeake, June 1, 1813—"Every British textbook dwells on the victory of the Shannon over the Chesapeake, omitting any mention of the Constitution's conquest of the Guerrière."

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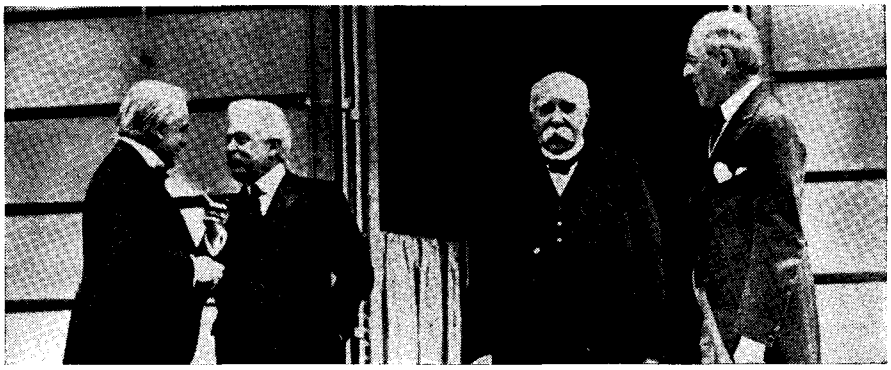
United States describes in some detail the victory of the *Constitution* over the *Guerrière,* but only one mentions the triumph of the *Shannon* over the *Chesapeake,* and then apparently only as an excuse to repeat the command of the American commander: "Don't give up the ship." Every British textbook that mentions the sea battles of the War of 1812 dwells on the victory of the *Shannon* over the *Chesapeake,* omitting any mention whatsoever of the *Constitution's* conquest of the *Guerrière.* Not a single junior high school textbook used in the United States fails to describe the burning of Washington by British troops during the war, and not one tells of the American burning of the Canadian city of York that led to England's retaliation. This is not objective history, and certainly conjures up visions of blood-stirring triumphs in the youth of each nation that are not sustained by the facts.

THE most flagrant example of bias by omission can be found in the treatment —or lack of treatment—of the War of 1812 in English textbooks. Admittedly, this was not a major conflict in Britain's long history. Yet this war set the stage for the future as did few conflicts of the nineteenth century; from it stemmed a series of agreements that underlay the long period of cooperative friendship between Britain and the United States; to it can be traced the century-long era of internal development that allowed America to emerge as a major power. These are crucial developments, and well worth the telling to English audiences at a time when world events are driving the two nations ever more closely together. Yet in several British texts no mention whatsoever is made of the war; in the remainder it usually appears as a minor distraction engineered by former rebels bent on hampering Britain's major effort against Napoleon. To say of this conflict *only* that Wellington was handicapped because "the best of his veterans had been sent to fight in a war that had broken out between Britain and the United States of America" (as does one book), or that "this led to a short, ignominious war (1812-1814) between England and the United States, which as a neutral country objected to Britain's claim to board and search her ships" (as does another), is to surrender to national bias almost as flagrant as that of a flag-waving superpatriot.

If a subjective selection of materials to be included reveals the nationalistic bias of nearly all textbook writers, so does the sense of group superiority that permeates the writing of many of them. They write unabashedly as Americans or Englishmen, standing squarely with feet planted in Boston or Washington or London. The result is distortion, often subconscious, but nonetheless dangerous.



—*Bettmann Archive.*

The Big Four at Versailles—"Nearly all American textbooks depict the peace negotiations as a struggle between the forces of Good represented by the saintly Woodrow Wilson and the forces of Evil played by the Allied diplomats."

To write sound history an author must make every effort to view the total picture, not only the half nearest him. He must strive to see events through the eyes of both George Grenville and Samuel Adams; he must sound the prejudices of George Washington no less than those of George III. Only then will he fully understand the national problems and viewpoints that determine history's events. Admittedly this is a difficult task, but it is not impossible. Intelligent reading of the sources and secondary works originating in *all* nations concerned with any one event, and constant awareness of the inherited prejudices that are part of every national culture, allows the writing of unbiased history, as a few textbooks prove. Eternal vigilance is the price of good history, no less than of liberty.

Instead a subconscious sense of group superiority leads textbooks authors to glorify their own nation at the expense of all others, and blinds them to the motives and purposes of rival powers. British writers especially are inclined to use "our armies" or "our people," encouraging the schoolboy to associate himself with a superior in-group that is sharply distinguished from an inferior out-group. Many mirror belief in English superiority when they consistently cast their leaders in the role of heroes and repeatedly suggest the invincibility of their armies. One only exaggerates this tendency by declaring that the British regulars during the Revolution "could be relied upon to beat the irregular levies of rebels whenever they fought on anything like equal terms." This may be a subconscious manifestation of national bias, but it is no less destructive of international understanding.

Even English textbooks that lean over backward, as a few do, to heap praise on the generalship of George Washington violate the canons of sound historical presentation. To these authors, who are motivated by a strong Whig prejudice, George III is the villain and George Washington the hero of the Revolution. He is praised as a "heroic leader," a

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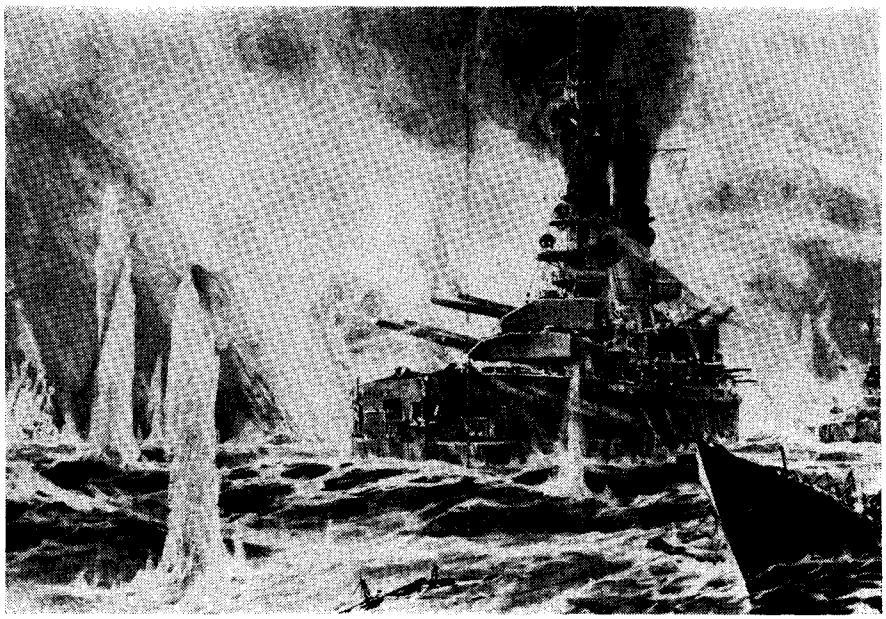

—*Bettmann Archive.*

The Battle of Jutland, May 31, 1916—"British youths are left with the false impression that England cleared the seas singlehanded."

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NEW DEMANDS, SAME OLD RESPONSE

1. The Immutable Ph.D.

By EVERETT WALTERS, *Vice President for Academic Affairs, Boston University, and editor of "Graduate Education Today," recently published by the American Council on Education.*

DESPITE A CENTURY of criticism, and of dramatic change in other facets of education, little change has been made in the Ph.D. pattern since 1861 when Yale awarded the first academic doctorates in the United States. American graduate schools still hold to the traditional requirements for the degree in the face of new demands for doctors as research scientists, college teachers, business leaders, government officials, and continued criticism of the programs that lead to the degree.

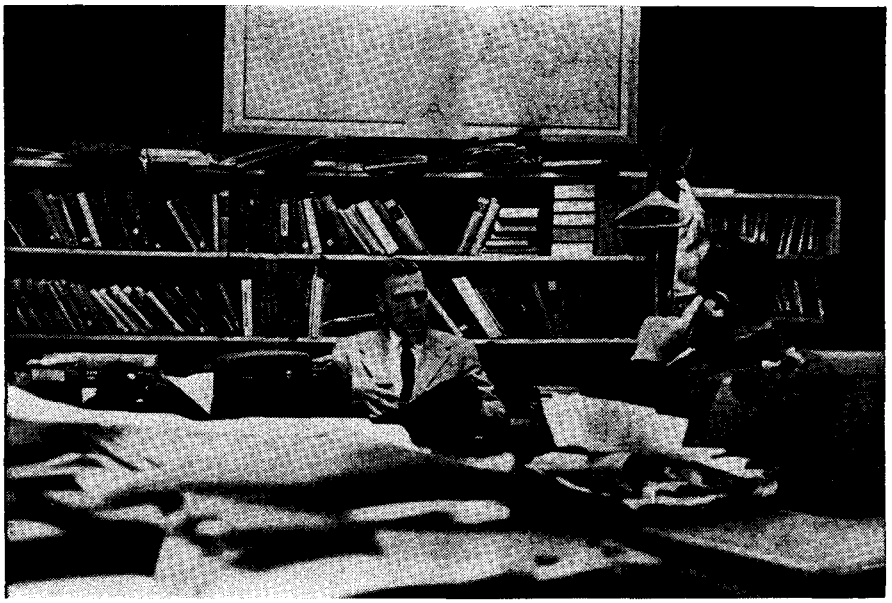
Critics of the degree appeared only a few years after it became established at the leading universities. Soon after 1900 prominent educators decried its very existence. William James, in his famous essay, "The Ph.D. Octopus," took the degree to task in an urbane but savage fashion. President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard attacked it as stifling original thinking and leading to mediocrity in college teaching. In 1912 Andrew West, graduate dean at Princeton, denounced the Ph.D. as becoming like a "union card" for college teachers. University presidents and graduate deans of the prestigious Association of American Universities regularly criticized the degree at their annual meetings from 1900 to the 1930s. The Association of American Colleges in these years also criticized the doctorate as not preparing persons for college teaching. One persistent criticism during the early decades of the century was the cry that there were too many Ph.D.s—what would they find to do?

Renewal of general criticism came in the late 1940s as the critical shortage of Ph.D.s for college teaching and research became apparent. Censure began in the 1947 report of the President's Commission on Higher Education and was taken up in the spate of conferences, national and regional, that were held to discuss the problems of college teaching. Quite by chance, the 1957 report of four graduate deans, made to the Association of Graduate Schools (by then a division of the Association of American Universities), received national attention. It was newsworthy because of the Association's resistance to change, because of the recent launching of Sputnik, and because of the direct thrust of its criticism. The deans acknowledged that "current pressures force us to examine our myth-enveloped Ph.D. with candor," and led them "ruefully [to] conclude that the Ph.D. is tortuously slow and riddled with needless uncertainties. . . . The basic flaw is: we have never clearly defined this protean degree."

THE criticism continued. In 1959 Earl J. McGrath, former U.S. Commissioner of Education and now of Teachers College, Columbia University, denounced the graduate schools for their failure to give proper training to future college teachers and for their heavy emphasis on research. One year later, Dr. Bernard Berelson published the results of an extensive survey of graduate education and reviewed thoroughly the half century of criticism of the Ph.D. pattern. In 1961 Dr. Oliver C. Carmichael, formerly of the Carnegie Foundation, published his analysis of graduate education, which he found to be an area of confusion. Criticism was voiced, too, in the meetings of the various associations of graduate deans.

Yet, despite the years of criticism, few changes were accepted—only minor alterations in the foreign language requirement and in the requirement for publication of dissertation. Other segments of higher education had changed but not graduate education. It remained essentially as it had 100 years earlier, when the Ph.D. was created, in the words of Professor James D. Dana of Yale, "to prevent our youth from seeking in the atmosphere of Germany the knowledge for which they yearn."

The basic flaw is, as the four graduate deans pointed out, the complete failure of the leaders in graduate education to define the purpose of the Ph.D. Simply put: is it for college teachers or is it for research persons? Most graduate deans have maintained that it is a research degree that is appropriate for the future college teacher. As they see it, the Ph.D. pattern *does* prepare young men and women for college teaching. The critics over the years have contended that it does not. Although never as specific as



—George Zimbel (Monkmeyer)

"Graduate faculty members are strong advocates of established ways, too often clinging to the notion that what was good for them is good for the young people."

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they might be, the critics sought either to modify the existing graduate pattern or to establish new degrees.

What kinds of degrees have been suggested for college teachers? First, there is the revitalized or rehabilitated master's degree. This degree would call for about two years of advanced work beyond the baccalaureate, including the preparation of an acceptable essay and some experience in teaching. Variations of these requirements have been suggested by graduate deans and others. A two-year master's as the degree for college teachers, it should be noted, was tried by Johns Hopkins and Yale in 1909 and 1910. One thoughtful dean advocated that an appropriate master's degree should be awarded to all students who passed the Ph.D. general examination—they could receive the doctorate upon completion of the dissertation.

A second possibility is a doctoral degree especially designed for college teachers, presumably midway between the doctorate and the present master's degree. Such a degree has been suggested by those who believe that the latter degree cannot be rehabilitated because it has been so abused and so compromised by leading graduate schools and by institutions not qualified to offer any graduate degree, and because it lacks the prestige of a doctorate. The idea of a two-year doctorate for college teachers was discussed from time to time during the 1920s and 1930s at educational meetings. The post-World War II years saw the revival of the idea; at the several national conferences on college teaching, a special doctorate was considered.

PRESUMABLY the requirements for a new doctorate would be as follows: the same standards for admission as for the regular Ph.D.; two years of course work beyond the baccalaureate, designed to provide breadth rather than depth in subject-matter; either a course or a seminar in college teaching; facility in foreign languages and/or statistical methods, as determined by the student's department; a general examination, written and oral; and an essay that would reveal the student's ability to investigate a problem and to present his conclusions effectively. The essay would be concerned either with research in the student's field or with instructional problems encountered in college teaching. The stipulation concerning course work does not necessarily preclude considerable opportunity for independent study and research. Certainly, extensive experience in the classroom would be a prerequisite for this degree. Since the degree would be known specifically as a degree for college teachers, the possessor of it should have the ability to explain himself and his subject, to speak well, to know something of good teaching and testing methods, and to understand the psychology of learning.

FOR want of a better title, Doctor in Geology, Doctor in Political Science, and so on have been suggested for the new degree. The possessor of such a title would not be classed as an inferior member of the college faculty, yet he would not be known as a research scholar. His place would be assured in the college community but not in the graduate faculty of a great university. He would be accorded the title of "Doctor," so precious in academic circles. There would be no reason why a Doctor in English, for example, could not, if he desired, return to his graduate school and secure the Ph.D. by passing a general examination and preparing a satisfactory dissertation. This proposed doctorate would clearly set the Ph.D. apart as the degree for research persons and graduate faculty members. The prestige and standards of the Ph.D., it might be argued, would thus remain uncompromised and might, perhaps, even be higher than they are now.

The objections to such a "named" doctorate center chiefly on the belief that it would be a "second-class" degree and that it would cheapen the established doctorates because the traditional requirements of a research dissertation would be missing. Another objection, quite widely held, is that a new degree is not needed. Sufficient young people, it is averred, will be attracted into graduate schools and will receive the doctorate so that the great crisis of 1970 will not develop.

What are the chances for change in

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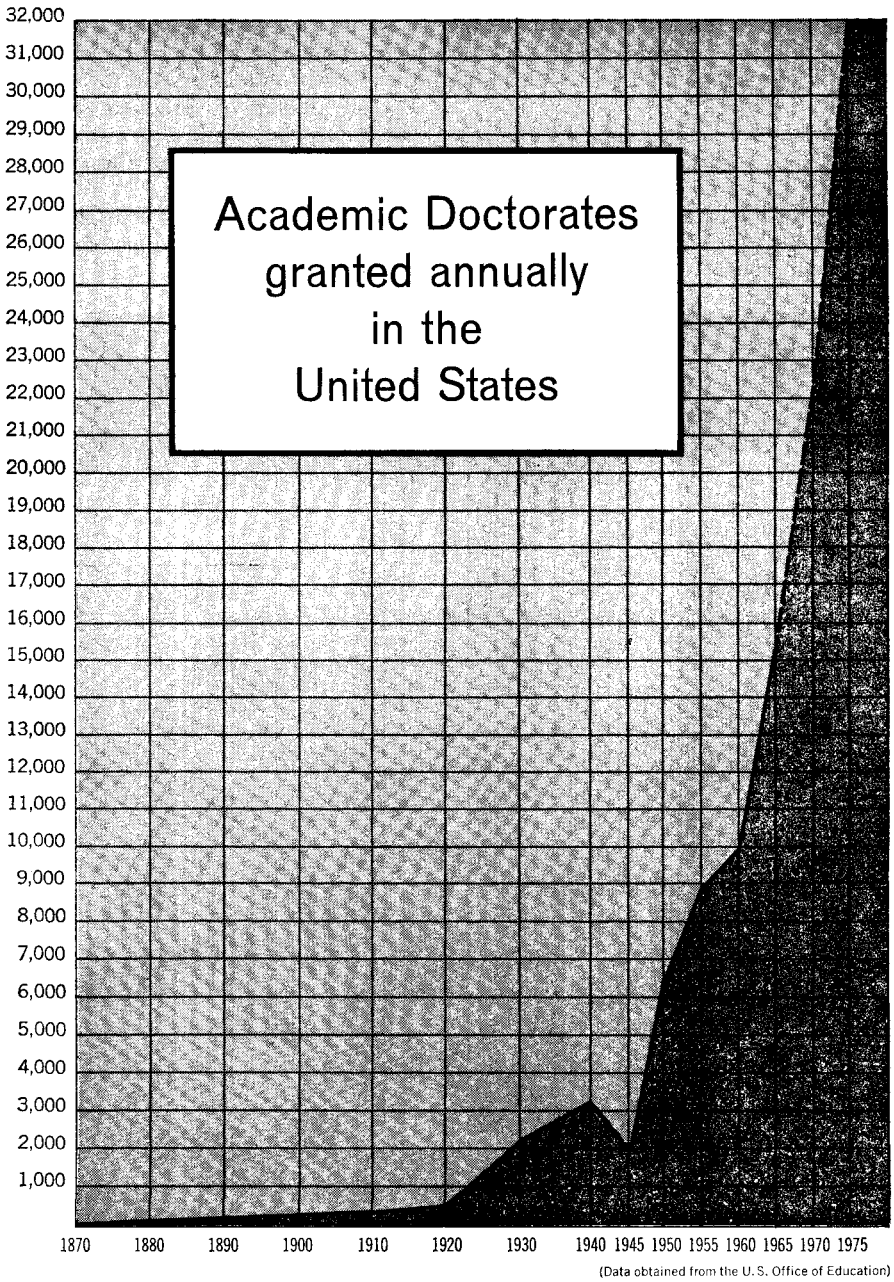

(Data obtained from the U.S. Office of Education)

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2. *The Case of the Lingering Degree*

By FREDERIC W. NESS, *President, Fresno State College, California.*

ABOUT A YEAR AGO the graduate faculty of Columbia University reportedly "took drastic action" to curb that most perplexing of problems in American graduate education of this century, the stretching out of graduate study. The action took the form of establishing a flat, but nevertheless quite round, resident fee in place of course credit fees, with the higher percentage levied on the part-time student. Although many degree candidates will be disturbed—and some wives of graduate students may well be distraught—no one should be particularly surprised at the university's action. For if the years of advanced study consumed by Columbia's master's and doctoral candidates were totaled, the sum might well resemble the carbon dating of a paleolithic fossil.

For historic and understandable reasons New York City's Ivy League university has probably provided opportunity for the greatest number of ABD's ("All But the Dissertation") of any graduate school in America. Scattered from the rock-bound coast of Maine to the beaches of Hawaii, and perhaps even to the plains of Rampur, are instructors and professors—young, aging, and aged—who enrolled in this Colossus on the Hudson with eyes shining, head held high, and grasp seemingly well aligned to reach. And then something happened. They became not so much dropouts as fadeouts.

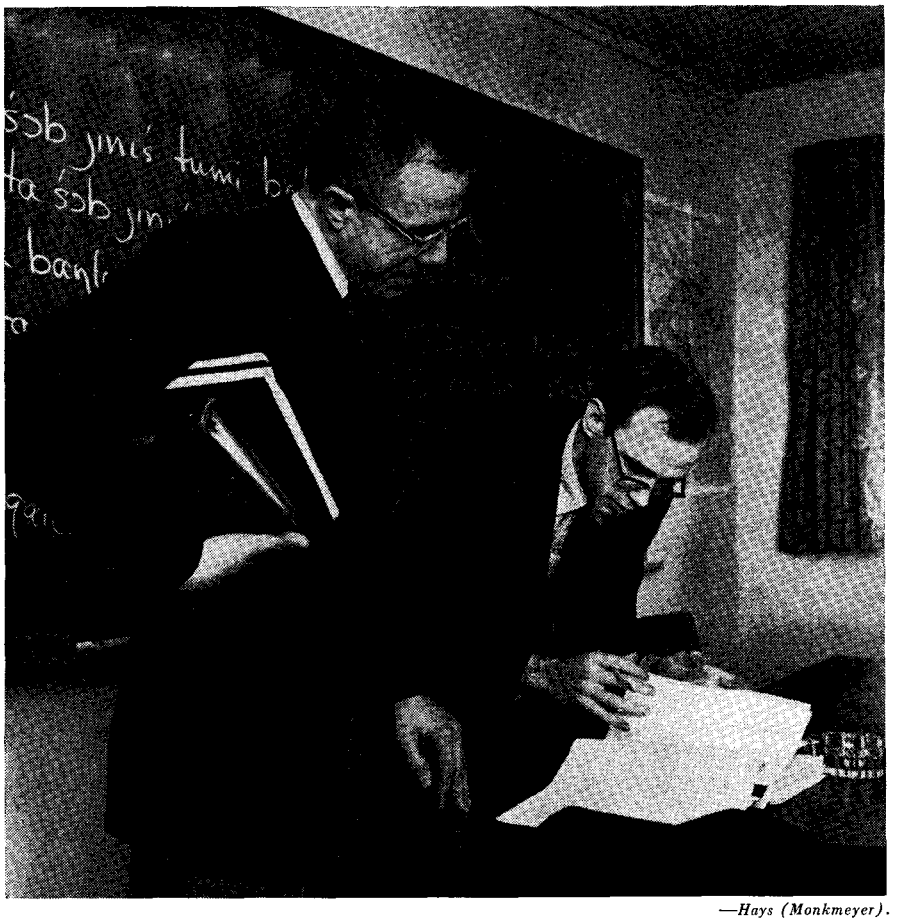
But before looking at what happened and searching for a few whys, it is only fair to say that Columbia, though a major offender in this creation of second-class academic citizens (as those without the doctoral almost inevitably become), is accompanied by virtually every one of the approximately 150 colleges and universities now awarding the Ph.D. degree, to say nothing of those that dispense the several other academic doctorates. Yet particularly under the former administration of Jacques Barzun, perhaps no graduate school in the country has made a greater effort to overcome the excesses of the system it helped to create.

The company of ABD's traditionally has consisted of three platoons. The first, always relatively small and yet providing a certain element of glamour, has been comprised of the perennial, if not perpetual, full-time graduate student. That full-time graduate study as a way of life is becoming increasingly difficult, however, is fully attested by this edict of the Columbia graduate faculty, which was one of the first faculties, some years ago, to set a limit and bourne to the hospitality it would provide the lingering degree. This latest move would suggest that the only effective measures would seem to be those that directly hit the pocketbook.

The second platoon is comprised of the perpetual part-time graduate student, a stalwart individual not to be confused with the mere academic gourmet. This is not to say that his numbers are not enlarged from time to time by young, attractive college "graduettes" in search of a suitable degree holder; but as will be observed later, the "p.t." candidate can be, and frequently is, a serious and highly motivated individual.

The third platoon is comprised of those whilom full- or part-time graduate students who have run afoul Grim Reality. This specter takes many forms. In its pleasanter aspects it can be the lovely bride who, a year later, signalizes the couple's faith in graduate study by giving birth to twin geniuses. But before they, in their turn, are ready for the doctorate all four must eat, and a full-time instructorship under such circumstances begins to look good. Then the inexorable law of the Medes and the Persians begins to operate. The Medes are the butcher, baker, and candlestick maker (or more usually the diaper service and the supermarket); the Persians are faculty committees, speeches to the local AAUW, and occasionally even a student or two who needs a little extra time.

And then suddenly it is too late. It is —or can be—too late for many reasons. The university itself may have set a statute of limitations, a statute that declares invalid any graduate credits earned more than five or seven years in the past. It may be too late because financial commitments have rendered quite out of the question a return to full-time study ("It would be unfair to the wife and kids to demand such sacrifices.") and part-time attendance may be geographically impossible. It may be too late because the doctoral adviser has gone into hiding or someone else has produced a tome on the identical subject of the almost completed dissertation. It may be too late because psychologically, possibly even intellectually, it is impossible to return to the campus to compete with younger and more vigorous graduate students and to struggle with ever more incomprehensible knowledge. This last is no mere chimera, for the nondoctoral teacher generally teach-



—*Hays (Monkmeyer).*

"There are still some candidates who believe that their doctoral dissertation should be a magnum opus, a genuine contribution to human knowledge."

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es full loads and therefore tends to have less access to research grants and therefore a lower pecking order at the founts of new knowledge.

In painting this grim picture of the legion of the academic damned, one cannot overlook certain élite souls for whom graduate study, whether part- or full-time, is still a highly desirable way of life despite the gradual disappearance of rich maiden aunts. There are the young men and women who become the middle-aged men and women who enjoy the tenure of research fellowships or assistantships. As one project closes out they are eagerly snatched up for another. They are, in a sense, the middle management, and their research assistantship often pays better than an assistant professorship. They continue to be candidates or deferred candidates for advanced degrees, but neither they nor their mentors look forward to the day when they will be paroled into the cold, cruel world. The top management in the institution is glad to have these relatively inexpensive assistants on whom to rely for the conduct of their research activities. On their part, these graduate students are happy for the security of sharing without risking. At one major graduate school this type of operation has traditionally been known as "The ——— Factory," with the blank filled in by the name of the professor in charge or the particular subject of investigation. What the workers in these factories are called changes from time to time.

IN defining the above classifications, a certain rationale for the ABD's was suggested; and in the process an injustice or two was undoubtedly committed. For example, it is important to note that there is a difference between the European and the American concept of the doctorate, even though our degree may well be considered one of our most significant imports from Europe in the latter part of the last century. And this difference is that the European doctoral dissertation to this day tends to represent a substantial piece of scholarly research, a genuine contribution to human knowledge. As such, and despite the exceptions, it may well require years for completion, without anyone's raising a voice in complaint. And there are, *mirabile dictu*, still some young-to-aging American ABD's who believe that their doctoral dissertation should be in the same sense a magnum opus. These latter-day Paracelsuses are possibly more to be pitied than praised; for an increasing number of leaders in the field—Oliver C. Carmichael, in his *Graduate Education*, to mention only one—are calling for a doctoral dissertation that indicates scholarly skill and promise rather than one that contributes to human knowledge. All this in the tacit recognition that many current dissertations do neither.

—*George Zimbel (Monkmeyer).*

"There are some simple human factors that enter into the business of continuing or not continuing graduate study."

Moreover, we Americans tend to be realists, even if in a romantic sort of way, and the capable graduate student is all too frequently presented with some realistic alternatives. At present there are some 338,981 students enrolled in graduate programs in American colleges and universities, with roughly 15,000 completing the doctorate annually. The national demand for doctorates, however, is from three to six times this number, by the most conservative estimate; and when a Ph.D. is not available there is often nothing to do but settle for the second best. No matter how romantic a young graduate student might be about continuing without interruption toward his degree, when his own university offers him a part-time position in teaching or research or when another college or industry or governmental agency, in its desperate search, makes him an attractive full-time bid, he is the stout soul indeed who prefers the seclusion of the rare-book room. Thus the number of new college teachers who enter the classroom with the Ph.D. behind them has sunk to a dangerous low of approximately 25 per cent.

But what is the answer, if there is any answer, to this problem? Even as we ask this question we must acknowledge that there is perhaps a more basic problem, that of encouraging more of the right kind of men and women to undertake graduate study. Although the number is increasing sharply (a survey hot off the press indicates that of the 13,000 freshmen in twenty-three colleges and universities included in the study, six out of ten plan to attend graduate school and one out of four expects to go on for the doctorate), the need in our highly technical economy far outstrips the supply. But in this discussion we are concerned only with how to keep the student in graduate school for the shortest possible time to complete his terminal graduate degree (and, we hope, acquire an education in the process).

Obviously there is no one approach to this problem, or if there is one it is perhaps impossible to realize. I refer, of course, to money. And in doing so I perforce will sing the praises of such worthy efforts as the Kent Fellowships, the Woodrow Wilson National Fellowship Program, the Danforth teaching fellowships, the graduate fellowship provided by the Regents of the State of New York, and, last but not least, the graduate assistance under the NDEA program. But aside from the sciences, where industry and the federal government are stiff competitors in their largess, these all go only a short way toward meeting either our immediate or our long-range needs.

Money is a large factor and therefore it is needed in large amounts if we are to provide for full-time, uninterrupted graduate study for the number of doctoral candidates this nation needs. But money is only one factor, as President Rauschenbush of Sarah Lawrence may have been implying when she referred to the recent action of the graduate faculty at Columbia as a "distorted remedy for a disease that indeed does need curing."

There are some simple human factors that enter into the business of continuing or not continuing graduate study. While admittedly we move here into the realm of conjecture, it is recognized that

(*Continued on page 76*)

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Anne Mitchell

PERSONAL OPINION

The Crux of the Matter

On this page each month, a distinguished educator, writer, or critic of education is given an opportunity to express his views freely on a topic of his own choosing. The opinions expressed may differ sharply from those of the editors.

By ANNE MITCHELL, *former teacher and currently consultant to the Junior League preschool program in San Francisco.*

EDUCATION in America will never be as good as it should be until we do something about the role of the teacher. This is the crux of the matter and the aspect of education that must change before any substantial improvement will take place.

Consider this: The teacher is the most important factor in good education, the one who makes children think, who opens new horizons, who makes learning a great adventure—or who should. Yet what is the role of the teacher in American education today?

In the educational hierarchy, he is low man on the totem pole. In the power structure, he is the one without power. In the line of order, he is the one who takes orders from everyone else. He has little chance to exercise creativity, to show intelligence, or to use democratic procedures. He has no say in the important decisions affecting the schools. The educational system in America today is a vertical hierarchy and the teacher is at the bottom.

There is something terribly wrong here, a lack of perception and understanding on the part of people who should be masters of understanding and perception. If one is at the bottom of the heap, then that is the way one sees oneself, not as someone who is going to create a society of free, intelligent, democratic individuals. It is strange that in business where financial gain is the goal, some enlightened employers have already seen the advantages of involving their workers in decisions. Yet in the business of educating human beings, very few understand this simple psychological fact.

What does this mean specifically for education? For one thing, it means that many people who should be in teaching are not. Either they never enter, knowing that this field offers few opportunities for their talents, or, not knowing, they enter but leave quickly. It means, too, that those who are teachers have a choice of going along with the system or fighting back and being labeled unprofessional. Somehow many educators fail to realize that teachers are most unprofessional when they allow some of the things that are happening to children in the name of education to continue.

For it is the children who suffer most under the present system. First of all, it deprives them of many good teachers. Secondly, it prevents many of their present teachers from teaching as well as they could. Going along with the system in many cases means, for the teacher, giving up the initiative and drive it takes to teach well. For this reason alone, the teacher's role in the system should be changed.

The fact is, moreover, that *no* substantial, permanent improvement in education will take place until this role is changed. If we want the system to come alive, if we want all children everywhere to receive quality education, then the key people in the process must come alive, must contribute to and create the new programs, must become involved in the change in a much greater degree than any teacher in any school district now is.

This means then that the educational system in America has to be turned over. Instead of a vertical system, it has to become horizontal. Teachers, administrators, and school boards have to operate not in a chain of command but in a bond of unity and common purpose. Responsibilities have to be divided not along the lines of hierarchy but according to what each group is best trained to handle. All teachers should have more of the responsibility for setting up the curriculum of the schools, for who knows better than a teacher the problems involved? Who can judge better what methods and materials should be used? A council of teachers in each school, with a head teacher elected by the others, could certainly handle the educational content of the schools as well as, if not better than, people who are no longer in the classroom. The idea that an administrator, by some magical power inherent in his position, knows more about educational content than all the teachers in a school creates a hardship on both sides.

If administrators were relieved of this part of their role, they could then become what they are in fact most often today—business managers who keep the schools running smoothly. As education becomes an ever bigger business, this will have to happen. Then, too, if administrators were chosen for these positions because they were business-oriented instead of academically trained, it might also be possible to cut down on the mountains of records kept by teachers, for no business-trained person would allow the needless waste and endless duplications to continue.

School boards in turn should have the responsibility of financing the schools and of enlisting the community support for new and better ways of educating children. One of their first tasks should be to demonstrate their belief in the new role of teachers by enlarging school boards to include some representatives elected by teachers. Along with administrative representatives, this would facilitate a good working partnership.

There will be some who will say there are teachers now in the system who should not be teaching, much less making educational decisions. And this is true, as it is true of some members of every other profession. But if we don't want them to stay, then we must change the concept of teaching so that it does not offer a haven for the incompetents as it does now. We must make teaching a challenging place, only for those with initiative and drive and concern. The majority of teachers need only this change in role to begin to demonstrate abilities long unused because uncalled for. With respect will come pride in self and one's work and a desire to do even better. With reward will come security and freedom to experiment and create. With it all, the children will benefit.

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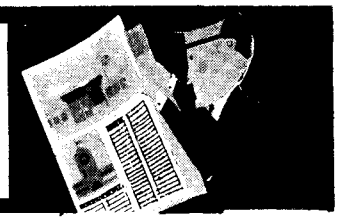
Schools Make News



Peace Corps service is finally being recognized as an educational experience. Two universities—Michigan State and Western Michigan—and Franconia College in New Hampshire have integrated it into programs for academic degrees. At Western Michigan a new five-year bachelor's degree program includes two years of Peace Corps service. Twelve semester credit hours will be granted for the training period prior to overseas service. While the students are overseas, they will receive guidance from an academic adviser for research papers, readings, field work, and possibly attendance at seminars in their area, which can earn each from eight to eighteen additional credit hours. The Peace Corps will allow WMU to send professors to areas where groups of WMU students are located to conduct seminars and maintain contact with them.

The university expects that most participants will have completed two years in residence before Peace Corps service, and that they will return for at least one semester afterward, but other arrangements are possible.

The program at Franconia is essentially the same, except that academic work during the service abroad is apparently less strictly delineated. The first group of Franconians left for South America last June.

Michigan State's program is for graduates seeking an M.A. in education, and includes two years of teaching as Peace Corps volunteers in Nigeria. Volunteers will earn fifteen credits during the training period, fifteen during overseas service, and fifteen after returning. The first group of twenty-eight volunteers is expected to leave this month. They will work under the supervision of a Michigan State faculty member acting as contract representative with the Peace Corps.

Programs of similar purpose, but unconnected with the Peace Corps, are getting under way at Yale and Cornell Universities.

Yale has developed a five-year bachelor's degree program, in which twelve undergraduates will spend their third year living and working in the less developed areas of Asia, Africa, and Latin America. The purpose, it is emphasized, is not formal study; the students will be expected to be living and working in a nonacademic environment.

The first group of twelve will be leaving this summer. Upon their return, each of the students will carry a program of six courses, probably interdepartmental. Instead of relying upon elective courses to provide breadth, the two years after return from abroad will include two tutored self-education programs each year.

Cornell offers a graduate program for "persons interested in service in developing countries" under the aegis of its Graduate School of Business and Public Administration. Entitled "International Development and Public Administration," the new program includes a formal curriculum leading to the master's and Ph.D. degrees; students from any academic department involved in international affairs may participate. Unlike the programs described above, Cornell's does not formally include a year abroad.

"Films on World Affairs" is an impressive little directory of more than 150 films on some seventy key world affairs topics from Apartheid to World Peace and on countries from Algeria to Yugoslavia. The booklet includes concise, informative sections on "How to plan a film program"—tips on why and when to use a film, choosing the kind of program, and how to select, order and preview the film—and "How to keep informed about films"—information on new films and new subjects.

The directory is an issue of Intercom, a publication of the Foreign Policy Association (345 East 46th St., New York, N.Y. 10017) and costs $1 (quantity rates available).

The Woodrow Wilson Teaching Intern Program is a unique experiment, now in its third year, conducted on the campuses of predominantly Negro colleges. Under the direction of the Woodrow Wilson National Fellowship Foundation (32 Nassau St., Princeton, N.J. 08540), ninety-seven graduate students have interrupted their studies to teach for at least a year on some forty-seven different campuses. The graduate students, most of them Woodrow Wilson Fellows, have taught, conducted, or initiated honors programs, sponsored arts festivals, and in general sought to motivate their students toward the life of the mind.

Each fall about half of the Negro colleges in the U.S. are invited to participate in the Teaching Internship Program. They submit a list of departments where they are willing to employ teaching interns and the foundation matches these needs with applications of graduate students interested in teaching. The interns are hired by the colleges with the stipulation that about one-fourth of their time will be released from teaching assignments. In other words, if the normal teaching load is twelve hours, the interns teach only nine hours. The remaining time is used for work with honors programs, discussion groups, research projects, and other meetings with students.

In many cases, changes the interns have planted in curricula, grading procedures, student-faculty relationships, and other areas have continued effectively after the interns departed.

Another measure of success: not only has the number of participating colleges increased each year; the number of applicants for intern positions has also. Anyone seeking further information should contact Dr. J. Curtis Dixon, Woodrow Wilson National Fellowship Foundation, 1422 West Peachtree St. Building, N.W., Atlanta, Georgia 30309.

School Volunteer Programs are booming, according to the National School Volunteer Program, which met for the first time last October. Nonprofessional volunteers in cities across the country are offering their services to help meet the needs of the schools as determined by the teachers and administrators.

An outgrowth of the successful Public Education Association in New York City, and financed by the Ford Foundation, the NSVP offers guidance and assistance to the twenty largest cities in setting up School Volunteer Programs or strengthening existing ones.

The size and number of ongoing programs varies greatly from city to city, but all report rapid expansion. Three principal areas of success are cited: 1) general noninstructional help, such as supervising lunch rooms, thus relieving the professional staff; 2) tutorial programs, mainly for disadvantaged high school youngsters—this was the area of the greatest interest and expansion in most cities; 3) enrichment programs for specially talented children.

The main headaches are seeing that volunteers are qualified for whatever job they undertake, and that each willing soul finds the place where he can be most useful.

More information can be obtained from the NSVP, 20 West 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018.

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One Generation to Another

By HARRIET H. SHOEN

"BUT they only pay $6,000 a year," said my young friend who was seeking his first job as a teacher. He left the impression that he valued his untested competence in his chosen profession much more highly than that. Yet I knew that he had only the vaguest notion of what true success in that profession would require from him.

Where does a teacher get his ideals of professional service? Where did I get mine?

I began to think back—fifty years or more—to the day in 1915 when I signed my first teaching contract. It was a contract with the State of New York. I found it still in my files—printed on such good paper that it looked as though it might have been signed yesterday. I agreed to teach in District Number 7 of the St. Regis Indian Reservation "at the compensation of $1.80 for each day actually taught." The New York State Education Department agreed to "employ and pay as stated the teacher thus engaged." And there was a clause that protected both parties: "The teacher may be dismissed at any time for incompetency or neglect of duty and may be released from this contract by giving due notice of a desire to leave the service."

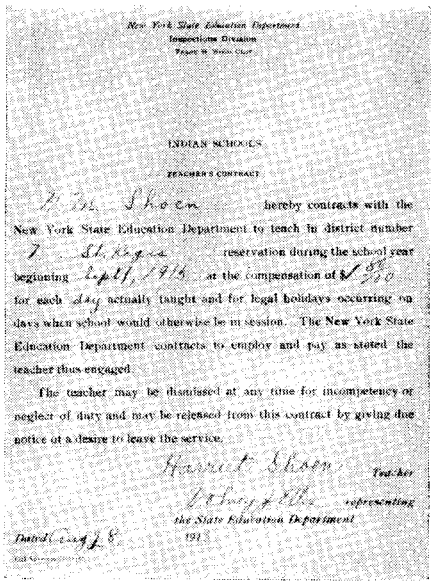
I remember how thrilled I was to get that job—even though my father reminded me that there would be weeks when I would not earn enough to pay my board ($6 per week). And the idea of teaching Indians appealed to my desire to render service to people who needed education.

The reservation was only fifteen miles from my home. But in those days, before automobiles were common and when all roads were bad, that was a long distance. In reality I had never seen many of the Mohawk Indians who lived there and knew but a few facts about them. Indian men who worked on the cables of a suspension bridge that was built near my home had seemed like all other men to me. My father admired the steady nerves that won for them a good reputation on high steel construction work. Yet he had no love for Indians who came at night and cut down the best black ash trees in his "wood lot."

The inspector from Albany who hired me had explained the rules of my job. My teaching vocabulary was to be limited to 300 words, and I memorized the list. He warned me never to permit pupils to speak the Indian language in the school building or on the school premises. I was not to fraternize with adult Indians, never to spend a night in an Indian home, and certainly not to marry an Indian. Should I disobey these rules, I would be "instantly dismissed."

There were a few tense days of preparation before I left home. I needed some new clothes. Just before I left, my father bought me a $30 worsted suit. I promised that it would be the last thing that he would have to buy for me. As things turned out, it was to be the only new thing I had that year—except footgear.

A two-seated covered surrey, drawn by a team of frisky bay horses operated as a stage, carrying mail and a few traveling salesmen over a route that stopped at the village on the edge of the reservation. My father was more afraid of having me associate with traveling men than with Indians. So he drove me out to the reservation himself—in the open rubber-tired buggy he usually used only to go to town on Saturday nights. It was a day's trip, part of it over a road with deep mud holes in it.



New York State Education Department
Inspections Division
Albany

INDIAN SCHOOLS

TEACHER'S CONTRACT

Harriet Shoen hereby contracts with the New York State Education Department to teach in district number 7 St. Regis reservation during the school year beginning Sept 1, 1915 at the compensation of $1.80 for each day actually taught and for legal holidays occurring on days when school would otherwise be in session. The New York State Education Department contracts to employ and pay as stated the teacher thus engaged.

The teacher may be dismissed at any time for incompetency or neglect of duty and may be released from this contract by giving due notice of a desire to leave the service.

Harriet Shoen Teacher

[illegible] representing the State Education Department

Dated Aug 28 1915

Teacher's contract dated August 28, 1915—"I agreed to teach in District Number 7 of the St. Regis Indian Reservation at the compensation of $1.80 for each day actually taught."

The author at her school door—"I was able to visit my school building in advance of opening day."

At the boarding house I was shown to a room with a rope-spring bed. On top of the ropes was a corn-husk mattress, and on top of that a buoyant feather bed that was on a level with my shoulders. When I told the teacher who was to share the bed with me that I wondered how I would ever be able to climb into it, she said with a laugh, "I'll lift you in!" She was a jolly girl of Canadian-French ancestry. Beside her, I was a "shrimp"—under five feet tall and less than ninety pounds in weight.

At dinner I was the only new teacher. I quickly learned that I was also the only blonde and the only Protestant. Then I discovered a few other facts about my new position.

"District Number 7 is the worst school on the reservation," I was informed. "Those kids got rid of four teachers last year."

"You have the longest walk to school of any of us," said someone else.

"It's awful in the winter in below-zero weather," added my roommate. "Two years ago a teacher from that school froze to death on the way home."

I did not talk much—except to answer questions about my education. Even then, what I said was too much, for I unwittingly let them know that I had had more education than any of them. It was then possible for a high school graduate, age eighteen, to

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get a license to teach in rural schools. None of them had attended normal school, as I had. I tried to apologize for having been graduated at seventeen, which made it necessary for me to go away to school until I was old enough to teach.

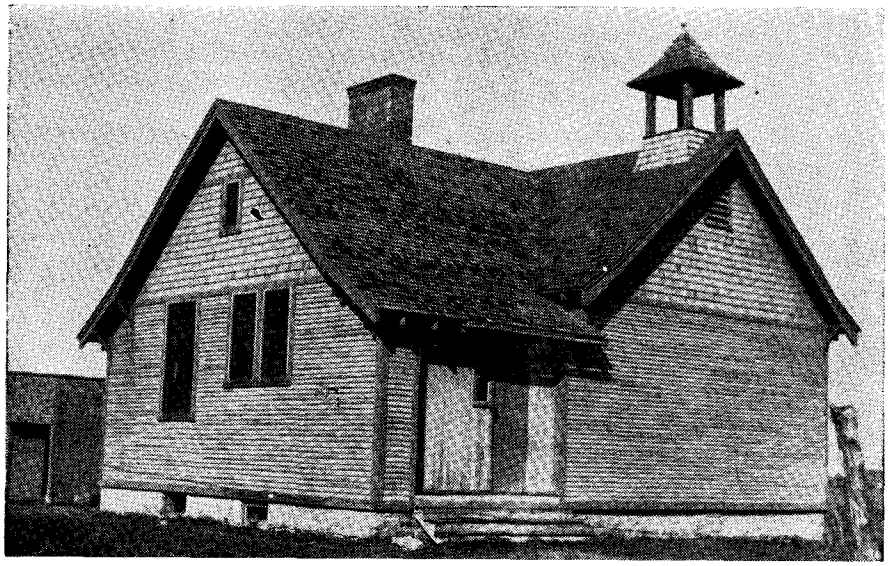
Next day I was able to visit my school building in advance of opening day. I was pleased with what I found. The building, no more than five years old, was well built and better equipped than the average rural schoolhouse. Two little rooms with windows opened off a big schoolroom. There was a good cloakroom and a roomy supply closet that contained plenty of books, paper, and pencils. A big furnace-like stove stood in the middle of the schoolroom, and there was a generous supply of wood in the woodshed and coal in the cellar. The prospect of having to build fires did not frighten a farmer's daughter. A wall-ladder led to an attic that had a good floor and windows. Under the building was an artesian well, securely sealed with cement at the level of the cellar floor. The hand pump in the classroom worked easily. The State of New York had been generous with traditional school supplies and equipment, but I was soon to learn that any unusual supplies would be totally unobtainable because they would be unauthorized by law.

Twenty-eight pupils were waiting for me when I arrived the first day. They stopped speaking Indian before I was within earshot and eyed me slyly from head to foot as I came up the path. Never had I endured such scrutiny. I said my first "Good morning, boys and girls" before I unlocked the padlock and opened the door. The pupils entered quietly and took seats wherever they liked. Then it was my turn to scrutinize them.

Half of them were clean and well dressed and had dinner pails that they took to their seats and clutched tightly. Two big boys wore new suits. Eight or ten girls in stiffly starched dresses, with their black hair painfully curled, looked uncomfortable. Most of the rest formed a motley group—ragged and dirty, with disheveled hair. Three nine- or ten-year-old boys looked as though they were wearing their father's shoes and overalls.

From the way they chose their seats I suspected that something besides economic status separated the two groups of pupils. I decided not to change the seats. By the time I had taken names and sorted pupils into classes, it was time for recess, fifteen minutes of play in the schoolyard.

After a summer of neglect, the yard was ablaze with the color of wild flowers —golden rod, Queen Anne's lace, purple asters, and tiger lilies. "Pick some flowers to make our room look pretty," I suggested as the children filed out. Then I cringed, for the word "pick" was not on the 300-word list.



The reservation school—"The building was well built and better equipped than the average rural schoolhouse."

I was not eager to begin my duty as policeman against the Indian language, so I decided not to go outside. What I did not hear I would not have to be responsible for. It seemed very important to me to get names written into a seating chart. But I listened to two boys who wanted to talk to me.

"We eat snakes," said one boy whose feet were swimming around in his father's shoes.

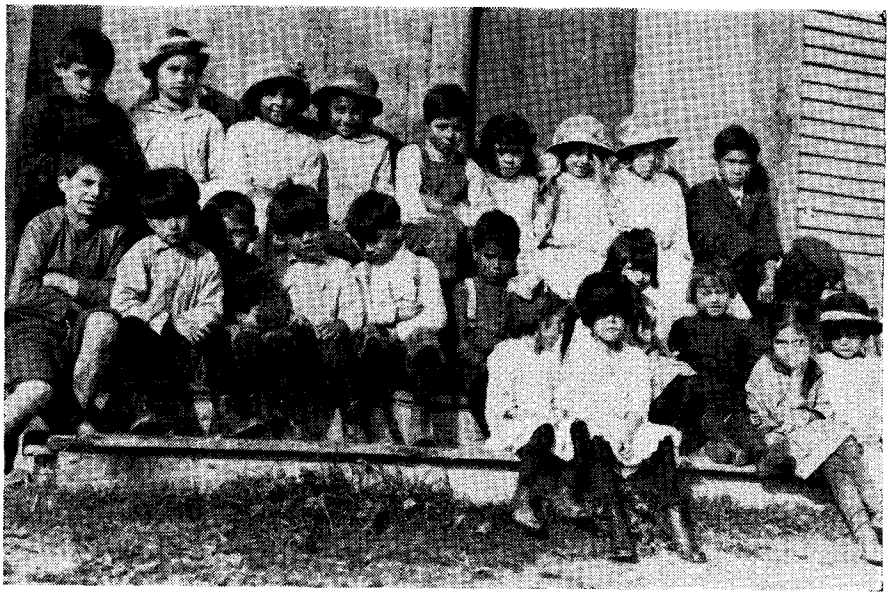
"Where do you get them?" I asked, "Few snakes could live in this cold climate." I felt another pang of malfeasance of duty because neither "snake" nor "climate" was on the 300-word list.

"We eat rats," growled the other boy.

"Too bad for the rats," I replied in an unconcerned manner. Then I said in a stern voice, "Now run along and get some fresh air." The word "fresh" was not on the list either.

I had been a teacher for less than half a day and had broken the rules from Albany four times in less than five minutes. But no one was present to exercise the "instant dismissal" penalty. I could see that most of the pupils had a larger vocabulary than 300 words. Common sense told me that I would have to interpret that rule loosely.

Before the day ended I had solved the riddle of the difference between the two groups of pupils. Some came from Christian homes where American ways of life were practiced. The rest had parents who were making a somewhat futile effort to maintain old Indian customs and beliefs. The children, in their conduct and attitudes toward each other, reflected this conflict of religion and



Six pupils who feared witches are absent—"Some pupils came from Christian homes. The rest had parents who maintained old Indian customs and beliefs."

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culture. The Christians were Catholics, most of whose fathers were farmers. They called the others "pagans," and that term did not seem to offend children whose parents tried to make a living by hunting, fishing, and basketry, and were not opposed to theft, so long as they could get away with it. Conditions were present for continual strife.

That afternoon I intercepted a note that was being passed around. On it was a recognizable picture of "Teacher" and the statement "Teacher has yellow hair." I thought to myself: "This poor dream teacher with lemon-yellow hair is going to have a bad time trying to keep pagans and Christians from fighting each other." I had studied enough psychology in normal school to know that it would be my duty to try to provide opportunities for using this competition in constructive ways.

"This is a good picture of me. I shall save it," I said. "Some day I will draw some pictures for you on the blackboard." I did not intend to punish any note-writers who used the English language correctly!

It was not difficult to discover why certain pupils wanted to talk about what they ate. They were hungry. They brought no lunches to school and did their best to steal lunch boxes from other pupils. This gave me some knotty disciplinary problems that could not best be solved by punishment. Food was what was needed, and I had no easy way of getting food for fifteen hungry children. Certainly I could not stretch my "$1.80 for each day actually taught" to cover much more than my own board.

Through talks with other teachers I learned that they had no sympathy for those Indians who lived by feast or famine without planning for the future. "Punish those little pagans," they advised. "That's all you can do when they steal lunch boxes."

By the end of October, nevertheless, I had decided that is was almost futile to try to teach hungry children to read. They could not keep their attention on books. I determined to do all I could to get food for them—in spite of what other teachers might say if they heard about it.

The mother of one of the older girls had been a teacher before she married an Indian many years before. She had five stalwart sons, three of whom worked off the reservation and sent money home. The other two ran the home farm, which was the best farm in our district of the Reservation. Every day they hauled big cans of milk to Borden's factory in the village. Their milk wagon usually was the only vehicle I passed on my way to school. I invited their mother to come to school and enlisted her sympathy for my hungry pupils. For the rest of the year her sons left a big three-gallon pail of milk at school every school-day morning.

We needed more than milk, and I had to exercise nerve and tact and ingenuity to get it. I knew the owner of a general store in the village (his daughter had been a high school classmate of mine). He was not famous for generosity—as any Indian who traded muskrat or fox skins with him could have confirmed. I bearded this lion in his den. For the rest of the year he gave me a five-pound package of oatmeal and a big can of cocoa every Monday morning—on condition that I tell nobody about it. I packed these supplies over the three-mile hike to the school in a big knapsack.

Fortunately our stove had a flat top with two griddles. The girl whose mother furnished the milk had the honor of preparing cocoa and oatmeal, with assistance from two big boys who lifted pots and pans and kettles. This was done while I taught the "non-English Class," just before lunchtime. That was my largest class (eight pupils) and the hardest to teach because ages ranged from five to twelve and none spoke English. I was ready to eat oatmeal and drink cocoa with the pagans by the time that class was over.

There were nut trees near our school building – butternuts, black walnuts, hickory nuts, and hazelnuts. For weeks the children gathered nuts—after school and on Saturdays and Sundays. We spread them on the attic floor to dry. This solved the ladder-climbing problem, which had been fast approaching disciplinary proportions. While the nuts were drying nobody had teacher's permission to climb the ladder. It was understood that, when dry, half of the nuts would be left at school and half divided equally, by count, among the pupils. I expected nuts to provide a nutritious addition to our meager luncheon diet. I also hoped that the fact that we saved and used them frugally would teach a lesson to children whose parents were in the habit of gorging themselves when they had plenty and then starving for weeks.

I could see the chasm between pagans and Christians gradually narrowing as pupils worked together on various activities that they liked. Boys seemed to take it for granted that I would expect a pagan and a Christian to work together, and it was fun for them to empty ashes, so long as they were building a cinder path. A climax came at Thanksgiving time when one of the pagans brought a big cake of maple sugar to school to share with everybody. I used our best butternuts to make some maple fudge. We were all friends that day, and we drank tea because we had no cocoa. After that, tea was always available for everybody who wanted it; it was our beverage of unity and hospitality.

In my November report to Albany I had more to say about our housekeeping activities than about book-learning. I fully expected to be rebuked for giving school time to activities that were not mentioned in the state's curriculum for elementary schools. I was surprised and

(*Continued on page* 78)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

BURIED TREASURE

For Dorothy G. Bradford of Los Angeles, money would seem to be hidden all over the lot. Each of the words she lists in the first column can be completed by filling in the name (legitimate or slang) of something monetary or financial. To help you complete each word, its definition or synonym is listed at the right. The vault is opened on page 79.

1. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ STAFF	An old weapon
2. INDE_ _ _ _	Unbecoming or unseemly
3. _ _ _ _ S	British handball
4. _ _ _ _ _ _ ODEON	A juke box
5. CON_ _ _ E	To limit
6. _ _ _ _ NSION	Magnitude
7. BE_ _ _ _	Benefit
8. QUICK_ _ _ _ _ _	Liquid element
9. _ _ _ _ _ _ ABILITY	Variableness
10. _ _ _ _ AGE	Slavery
11. SHOE_ _ _ _	A wading bird
12. _ _ _ _ CIDENCE	Correspondence
13. BAD_ _ _ _ ON	Claret soda
14. _ _ _ _ _ IOSE	Pompous
15. SWASH_ _ _ _ LING	Swaggering
16. DE_ _ _ _	Indicate
17. D_ _ _ _	Quaint
18. _ _ _ _ EW	A nut

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News in the Classroom

By JOHN H. HAEFNER, *Professor of Social Studies Education, University of Iowa; past president, National Council for the Social Studies.*

FOR TOO many students graduation means not only the closing of school books but a virtual end to their education. Thus teachers have always searched for new ways to motivate their students to absorb more ideas today to help them keep abreast of the world tomorrow—when teachers will no longer be there to guide them. Now, thanks to a new program taking hold in the United States and Canada, thousands of teachers have found one method that has proven particularly effective. It involves teaching students how to read the daily newspaper.

Introducing students to the newspaper is not really new, of course. For years teachers have clipped "current events" every Friday and taught long division by computing baseball batting averages. But it is only in recent years that a systematic effort has been under way to use the daily newspaper as a regular part of the school curriculum.

Today thousands of students are being taught the basic skills of reading the newspaper reflectively and the role of the newspaper as an institution in a free society. More than that, however, they are acquiring the *habit* of reading the newspaper regularly—a factor that assumes added significance when one considers that for many youngsters the daily newspaper will constitute most of the written material they will ever attempt to read as adults.

The heart of this drive for continuing education is an eight-year-old program of in-service teacher education workshops, conducted by leading universities and co-sponsored by the National Council for the Social Studies, a department of the National Education Association, and the American Newspaper Publishers Association, a trade association of daily newspapers in the United States and Canada. The workshops, each two weeks during the summer, are currently being held at Syracuse University and the Universities of Georgia, Iowa, California at Los Angeles (UCLA), and Waterloo (Ontario, Canada).

The workshop program began after newspapermen and educators together decided to come to grips with what seemed a paradox in our society: despite continued circulation gains by newspapers, despite the proliferation of other media, and despite the rising level of education, many citizens—and particularly teen-agers—continued to display an amazing ignorance of public affairs. Thus representatives of the NCSS, along with the National Council of Teachers of English, National Association of Secondary School Principals, and the National Association of School Administrators, met with a group of newspaper publishers and editors some nine years ago in an attempt to close this "knowledge gap."

The current program is the outgrowth of their discussions. It is a "national program" that is actually a collection of many local programs geared, as they must be, to the local daily newspaper.

Experimentation and research have demonstrated that use of the newspaper in the schools can bring about the prospect of a better informed public generations hence; improved instruction in such sophisticated reading skills as skimming, phrase comprehension, and propaganda detection; increased motivation for learning—particularly among culturally deprived children; and more appropriate source material throughout the school curriculum.

Because it relates to a world the student knows and because it crosses lines between many academic disciplines, the newspaper has been used effectively not only in social studies and English classes, but also in science, home economics, business education, and other courses from the primary grades up through senior high school.

The key to teacher preparation does not lie in reliance on any "standard" methods, but in providing, through the workshops, the necessary background for intelligent experimentation and in encouraging teachers to develop techniques and materials suited to their own local classroom situations.

Because workshop participants also receive guidance for developing similar seminars in their own communities, principals and curriculum supervisors frequently choose to attend the workshops themselves as well as encouraging attendance by their more influential and enthusiastic teachers. All participants attend on full scholarships provided by their local daily newspapers.

While specific programs at workshops are established by the universities themselves, they usually begin with a "short course" in journalism followed by actual demonstrations by workshop alumni and lectures by university faculty members on the relevance of newspapers to their particular academic disciplines. Finally, participants learn how to help other teachers at home and are advised on what sort of assistance they can expect from their local newspapers.

"Today thousands of students are being taught the basic skills of reading the newspaper reflectively, and the role of the newspaper as an institution in a free society."

This last point has proved to be particularly important because, while services that individual newspapers can supply may vary, teachers and newspapermen everywhere are realizing that they have a common objective: educating the public.

THUS scores of newspapers have published guides or curriculum outlines written by local teachers. Hundreds of newspapers deliver their products to the schools each morning either free or at a special school rate. Newspaper publishers collectively, through the ANPA Foundation, have reproduced and made available a number of teaching materials that can be adapted for local school use, and many newspapers freely provide their personnel and facilities to help teachers explain the operation and role of the newspaper in a free society.

At present some 400 newspapers (out of 1,760 in the United States and 112 in Canada) are cooperating with several thousand individual school systems in using the newspaper in the classroom. As the program expands, both these institutions are participating in the development of future generations better prepared to assume their responsibilities as citizens.

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DE FACTO INTEGRATION IN BEL AIR

By ALICE M. CLARK, *a parent active in the Bellagio Road School program.*

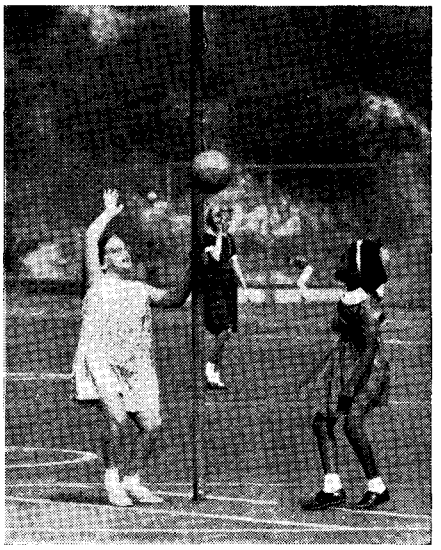
IN BEL AIR, California, fashionable and exclusive suburb of Los Angeles, there is an elementary public school with forty-five Negroes enrolled. And in nearby Westwood, home of UCLA, twenty-seven Negro students attend a junior high school, while another sixty are regular pupils at an elementary school in the same area.

These examples of integrated education in upper and middle-class white sections of Los Angeles, where they might least be expected to occur, are isolated exceptions to the city's overall pattern of de facto segregated schooling. And these few facilities are integrated only because parents themselves have so arranged it.

The successful integration of these three schools, despite misgivings of the education establishment, is achieved through the controversial student transfer system. Negro children are taken in buses, at considerable private expense, to all-white schools outside their own districts. Two parental groups, one Negro and one white, administer all details of the transfer and finance it as well. Their joint project is notable for its underlying spirit, rather than as a final solution to the overall problem of school integration. From the start, the two groups worked together at every stage of the planning, and the Negro children who enrolled were made to feel solidly welcome. In the view of their parents, these factors of receptivity and mutuality are the keys to the project's initial and continuing success.

The plan began to evolve some two years ago when it became apparent to civil rights groups, concerned parents, and to the Board of Education, that there were many vacant classrooms in Los Angeles schools, primarily in white areas, and a corresponding lack of them in predominantly Negro areas. Out of this situation grew the Board of Education's open-school policy which permits a student to transfer to any "open" school of his choice, that is, any school where one or more empty classrooms exist, but stipulates that the student must provide his own transportation.

As it worked out, no significant integration resulted. Very few individual Negro parents were able to take advantage of it because of the prohibitive transportation cost. And a test case transfer project, approved and financed through the Board of Education, failed after one semester and was never tried again.



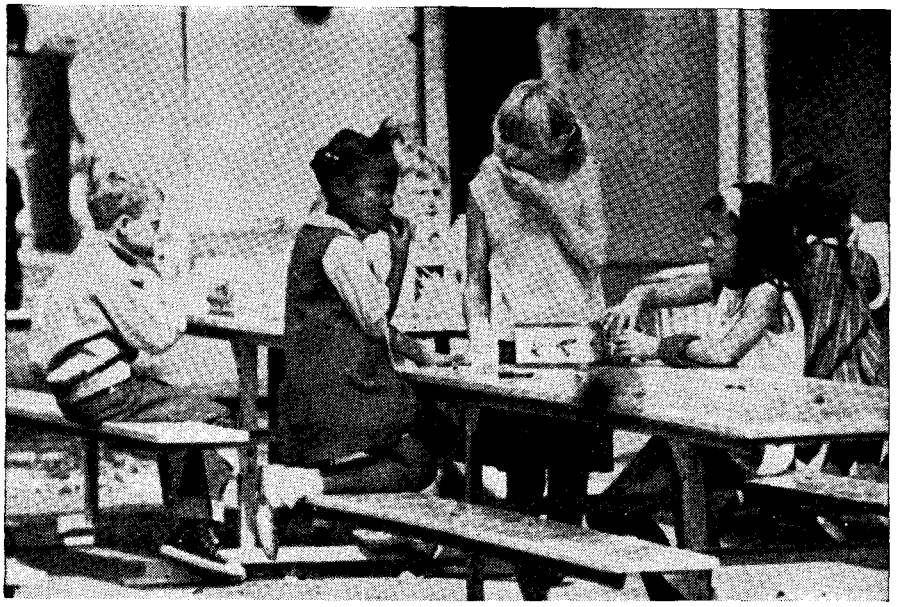
—*Photos by John W. Lampl.*

"From the start, the Negro children who enrolled were made to feel solidly welcome."

Civil rights groups felt from the beginning that the board's policy was nothing more than a placating gesture to their demands, a "minimum" effort that shifts responsibility from the board to individual Negro parents. And these groups saw in the board's handling of its test case, carried out in a hostile white community, an attempt to prove that an expensive bus transfer program, paid for with taxpayers' money and in violation of the neighborhood school concept, would be impractical and unworkable.

It was then that a small group of Bel Air parents determined to disprove the board's theory. Their initial effort began at Bellagio Road School in Bel Air when the school was declared "open" in late 1963. Leader of the pilot project was Mrs. Burt Lancaster, wife of the Hollywood star and past president of Bellagio School's PTA. Mrs. Lancaster has long been active in civic and school affairs in Los Angeles, and in the new project she hoped to create a model that other open schools could follow.

In order to find Negro parents interested in participating in the project, the group went to the Reverend James H. Hargett of the Church of Christian Fellowship in Negro-populated central Los Angeles. When Mr. Hargett announced the proposal from his pulpit, response came from Negroes much like himself, intelligent parents concerned about getting a good education for their children, but not interested in charity; these parents wanted instead an opportunity to take an active part in the process. Most of them were already doing what they could in their own school dis-



"The founders of the Bellagio project do not see the project as a perfect or final solution to the complex issues of integration."

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tricts, and they thoughtfully weighed gains made there, through their own efforts, against the risks of entering their children in an all-white school.

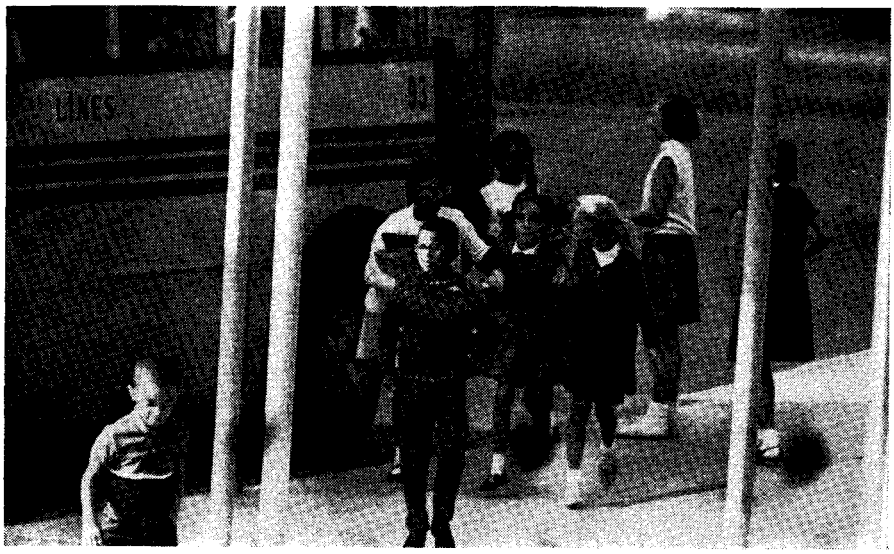
"We want to do more than get them out of a poor school," one parent said. "There is no point in transferring them unless we know through investigation that the new school is a genuine improvement."

Another who negotiated with the Board of Education over a period of some two years for a better teaching staff in his neighborhood school, and finally achieved a measure of success, had to choose between the security of the now improved "home" school and the challenge of distant Bellagio School. "But," he added, "I wish my high school boy could have had the advantage of going to Bellagio."

The choice was perhaps easier for a third parent, herself a teacher in the Los Angeles school system, whose daughter had just completed a three-year private school. This mother decided to accept because she, a professional, was alert to her child's need for a strong academic program. "If her new schedule had left her unsupervised after school, however, I would never have considered it," this working mother said.

These are only a few of the ideas, emotions, and fears which Negro and white parents discussed in a series of planning sessions. Ultimately, two administrative groups were formed; one, "Transport a Child," finances the plan; the other, "Parents for Better Education Exchange," composed of participating Negro parents, coordinates all other details, such as private transportation, supervision of children at bus stops, and "sitting" arrangements for first and second graders who are released an hour earlier than the older grades.

Bus transportation for the group costs $38.50 per month per child. It is paid for by each participating parent to the extent of $12.50 a month, with a downward sliding scale adapted to each family's income. The difference is made up with a subsidy by the fund-raising corporation "Transport a Child." A total of $4,067 was raised at TAC's first annual cocktail party, indicating the extent of parental support. Bellagio parents, as well as a growing number of outsiders, continue to support TAC, permitting the project to extend to other open schools.



"Negro children are taken in buses, at considerable private expense, to all-white schools outside their districts."

extra space as a music room for our own children."

"What good is it doing?" was the thoughtful question of another. "They just get on the bus and go back to their own neighborhoods. What kind of integration is that? What is it going to do to those children to be exposed to Bel Air and then go back to their own homes? It seems artificial to me."

The founders of the Bellagio project would be the first to admit the validity of many of these criticisms; they do not see the pilot project as a perfect or final solution to the complex issues of integration, but rather as an example, on an admittedly small scale, of successful racial mixing in perhaps the most significant context, the school, the institution with which the child has the most intensive and prolonged contact.

The Bellagio planners, and particularly the Negro parents among them, are also well aware that the success of their project depends heavily on the elusive intangible factor of receptivity on the part of the white community involved. Mr. Hargett, in fact, predicted that the "unique strands" peculiar to Bel Air would be absent in projects at other schools and cause them to fail.

Three other white communities have, however, accepted the challenge of integrated schooling, and a fourth will adopt the "Transport a Child" plan in the fall. The Bellagio founders now hope that these few successes will prove to the educational establishment that integration is possible through a carefully structured busing plan reinforced by cooperative white communities. It is hoped that the Bellagio plan will be adopted at more and more open schools, until it becomes city-wide and publicly financed.

Whatever the outcome of future integration efforts, it is clear that the children themselves are making workable whatever projects their parents initiate. One white child at Bellagio, whose mother had asked, "Does that colored boy sit next to you in class?" replied, "What color?"

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The Times as Teacher

World Affairs Workshop, *compiled and edited by the New York Times and the Encyclopaedia Britannica (Encyclopaedia Britannica Press, 425 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, $58.50; books available separately at $1 each) is a new social studies program for high school students.*

By BONNIE BARRETT STRETCH

IF YOU FIND a large blue box labeled "World Affairs Workshop" in the classroom or teachers' lounge, for heaven's sake open it. Examine it with enthusiasm, but if you use it in the classroom, keep a quizzical eye and a skeptical mind. It is an excellent package of material guaranteed – if used properly and with some imagination – to make social studies exciting, be it history, economics, or geography.

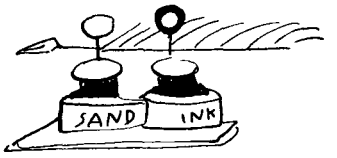
The *New York Times* and the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* have prepared a program designed to relate the usual high school social studies courses directly to the events making daily headlines, with the intention that both the classroom and the newspaper will be better understood.

At the core of the program are six books, each covering an area of the world in ferment – the Middle East, Communist China, the Soviet Union, Latin America, Africa, and Southeast Asia (see p. 34 for reviews of the first three of these books). Since most textbooks deal inadequately with such areas, these books already break through the traditional constrictions. The books are written by *New York Times* correspondents with the accuracy and effort toward objectivity for which the *Times* is famous. For anyone who reads that newspaper daily, the style of writing and points of view will be familiar. But considering the newspaper standards in most of the country, it should be a breath of fresh air for those who do not read the *Times*. The *Times* has its prejudices, but better the *Times* than the East Cupcake *Gazette*.

But the books are only the beginning. Some very handy card files supply biographies of ninety-five world leaders and socio-economic information about each nation covered in the set. The cards are not only handy; they can also be easily updated as today's fact passes into history and a new one takes its place.

Although the publishers declare the books and the supplemental cards to be the "core" of the program, the materials that will no doubt determine its success are the Teacher's Guide and the Problem Cards. Both were prepared by *Britannica* editors, working with social studies teachers and advisers. The Problem Cards offer questions to be answered or discussed by the students. The Guide contains answers to these questions and suggestions for discussion and research. An outline of each book is also given. The Guide's most useful contribution, however, is the section on "How to use the Workshop in various disciplines." Study aims are suggested and a cross-referenced index to the Outlines enables the teacher to find the sections in the books that are pertinent to his subject area.

A similar section is called "World Problems Index." It organizes references in each area-book under general topics of problems shared around the world. It is designed to "enable your class to get a world view" but strikes me as very inadequate. The conception of international problems that might be



dealt with internationally is certainly one of the most important of our times and one which the post-World War II age, for all its madness, has accepted more earnestly than any previous modern age. But the workshop includes only the index, plus twenty Problem Cards. Any package has to limit itself, but during these years when nationalism – in America as in the rest of the world–is so strong, so dangerous, and so outdated, it is a pity not to include a full section on internationalism, its multitudinous problems and failures and its enduring achievements, occasional though they are.

On this point and many others the World Affairs Workshop is far from complete. Its editors, of course, make no claims of perfection, but a danger remains that some teachers will take the books, the Guide, and the cards as the last word. The danger is greatly enhanced by the fact that a bibliography of other books and materials was forgotten by the editors until the last moment. The printed sheets to be inserted into the package will no doubt appear as an afterthought, not likely to impress teachers or students with the need to search further. But better late than never, and the bibliography, reportedly, will be formally incorporated into the Teacher's Guide at a later printing.

I have not seen the bibliography, but I hope it includes a great many books that do not join the *Times* in the middle of the road, that treat the issues with original thought not to be found in the mass media. For there is no such thing as objectivity, and while it is a good thing to begin with a solid base of fact, it is necessary to see that fact in all lights before an individual can determine which light *he* thinks reflects the truth most truly.

This is the trap of the great gray *Times*, in these books as well as in its daily reporting. While it strives sincerely for the greatest objectivity possible, and its efforts place it among the great newspapers of the world, it nonetheless views the world primarily through American eyes. *Times* reporters are more alert to America's imperfections than most, but they do tend to whitewash "our side" somewhat and make the Enemy seem the blacker by contrast. Our government's stated motives are rarely scrutinized and the implication clearly is that though it bungles things upon occasion, on the whole it is on the side of the angels. Communism, however, is continually suspected of duplicit motives (for example, in the book on Southeast Asia: "The Vietnamese Communists signed the Geneva agreement with the firm intention of renewing at an opportune time their drive to the south"; no substantiation for this statement is offered) and little effort is made to understand why this particular political and economic theory attracts so many of the world's peoples.

The inclusion of C. L. Sulzberger's book, *America and the Third World*, however, is an important gesture toward correcting many of the faults I have criticized. Mr. Sulzberger's book provides a "World Outlook" that helps greatly to enlarge one's understanding of the areas and problems discussed in the other books. Unfortunately, only one copy of this book is enclosed, for the teacher alone (there are five copies of each of the other books). It is to be hoped that the teacher will read it thoughtfully and well.

It is difficult to believe that this package will not be a boon to every social studies class in which it is used. The best teachers will keep their skepticism active and use it as a springboard to expand discussion and inquiry. More timid teachers may stick strictly to the Guide and text, but the books alone should arouse new interest and understanding in the students.

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Immutable Ph.D.

Continued from page 63

the Ph.D. pattern? As of now, not very good. The traditional conservatism of graduate schools probably will make it extremely difficult. And it is primarily the graduate faculty members who are the conservative brake; they are strong advocates of the established ways, all too often clinging to the notion that what was good for them is good for the young people. Many graduate deans, on the other hand, would support a new degree for college teachers if they could have adequate institutional backing. A few years ago when I attempted to obtain support from the Association of Graduate Schools for a two-year Master of Philosophy degree (M.Phil.) for teachers, my efforts received the typical cold shoulder. But after the Association meeting many deans confessed to me privately that they believed the idea to be a good one and that, if one well-established graduate school introduced the degree, their school and others would follow. The University of Toronto, incidentally, has recently established the Phil.M., a degree for teachers in subjects other than the sciences.

ANOTHER powerful factor supporting the present Ph.D. pattern is the ever-increasing federally financed fellowship programs. These programs accept the doctorate and its traditional requirements as the degree for college teachers. For example, the splendid National Defense Education Act, Title IV graduate fellowship program is set up for "the Ph.D. or its equivalent," and provides for three years of financial support. For 1965 the number of beginning Title IV fellows was increased from 1,500 to 3,000; in 1966 the annual beginning fellows will number 6,000. And only 1,500 of the total in future years will be for "new or expanded" institutional Ph.D. programs, the basic criteria established at the outset of the program. It appears obvious that this large federal fellowship program is committed to general and continuing support for doctoral programs. It is no secret that the guidelines for Title IV were set by a group of consulting graduate deans in the traditional pattern; for them to do otherwise would have been impossible. They could not create a new degree and force it upon the nation's graduate schools. Title IV fellows are selected by the graduate schools themselves.

Title IV is, of course, making it much easier for college graduates to go to graduate schools with the prospect of becoming college teachers, not only because of direct financial aid but because of the increased availability of graduate schools throughout the nation. Scores of universities have been encouraged to expand their graduate offerings or to begin them. At least twenty-five universities which did not have doctoral programs when the Title IV program was initiated in 1958, are now awarding doctorates.

Other federal agencies have large graduate fellowship or traineeship programs, all of which accept the established graduate pattern—they do not question the merit of the traditional requirements for the doctorate. And by and large they all offer the same stipends to the students and the same cost-of-education payments to the universities. In 1962 the federal government supported over 40,000 graduate students at an estimated cost of $129,838,000. Of these there are 19,350 research assistants on research contracts and grants. The largest numbers of fellowships and traineeship awards are made by the National Science Foundation, the National Institutes of Health, the U.S. Office of Education, the Office of Vocational Rehabilitation, and the Public Health Service. Other federal agencies offering fellowships are the Atomic Energy Commission and the Department of the Interior. It is safe to estimate that there will be far more graduates supported by the government in the near future.

Foundation-financed graduate fellowship programs, declining somewhat as the federal government increases its assistance, also adhere to the Ph.D. pattern. It is understandable that these programs would support the existing degree requirements and would finance students through the established schools. One exception has been the National Woodrow Wilson Fellowship Program (supported by the Ford Foundation) which has attempted to speed up the Ph.D. process by the use of several thoughtful devices.

The *coup de grâce* for any substantial change in the Ph.D. pattern appears in the recent action of the Council of Graduate Schools in the United States,

which represents over 200 graduate schools. Formed in 1961 as the national spokesman for graduate education, the Council has issued two statements, one indicating the minimum acceptable standards to be met by institutions beginning doctoral work, and another describing the characteristics of high-quality graduate programs. Reflecting its heritage, the Council adheres to the traditional standards of the Ph.D. pattern in these two documents.

In the light of these developments it will be difficult—almost impossible—for a graduate school, regardless of size or prestige, to offer a new doctorate or a rehabilitated Master's degree for college teachers.

DESPITE the continuing rigidity of the Ph.D.'s overall framework, it appears that some alterations have been made to help graduate students become good teachers. There are evidences that many university departments of instruction are attempting to help their graduate students prepare for their teaching duties. Indeed, carefully supervised practice teaching of high order is carried on at a number of universities. Most fellowship programs permit a limited amount of teaching experience, especially those programs designed to encourage the development of college teachers. Ohio State and several other universities offer successful courses on college teaching; the emphasis here is primarily on what is expected of a good teacher by the public, the university administrator, the college dean, the faculty, and the student. Also discussed in these courses are such topics as academic freedom and responsibility, "publish or perish," teaching in a small college as opposed to a university, and faculty employment benefits.

Unquestionably the recent swing of emphasis away from research to teaching will have considerable effect on graduate education. The reverberations of student protests heard from Berkeley to Boston and institutions in between can not go unheeded. A factor in generating student action has been the lack of relationship between students and faculty members. Such has been the pressure for faculty to do research that many of them have come to neglect their duty to students. For many Ph.D.'s the future is a continuation of their doctoral specialization at excellent salaries with few if any teaching duties or university commitments. They have little or no interest in teaching; for all too many of them classroom teaching is a drudgery to be endured until the next period of research leave turns up. Teaching, especially of undergraduates, all too often is scorned. Indeed, the pursuit of excellence in teaching has turned to the flight from teaching. Had these doctors be-

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come more involved in preparation for teaching in their graduate school years they would now be more concerned with students and their problems. As it is, they have been caught up in the frantic mid-century pressure for research.

Unquestionably, the amazing growth of graduate school enrollments will help to solve the developing shortage of doctors and thereby partially assist in the college teacher crisis. But even the most optimistic estimates of "doctoral production," such as those of Dr. Allan M. Cartter of the American Council on Education, indicate there will not be enough doctors in the 1970s to supply the demand for college teachers, research scientists, business leaders, and government officials. The prestige of the degree has continued to rise in our prestige-conscious age. As a mark of achievement the degree will be asked for increasingly in many new walks of life. It is, I believe, a supportable prediction that the shortage of doctors will not be relieved for well over a decade.

In conclusion, it seems safe to say that the Ph.D. pattern, and such other doctoral patterns as education (Ed.D.), business (D.B.A.), and music (Mus.D.), will be held to with only minor genuflections to the problems of college teaching. And it appears that despite the greatly increased number of doctors turned out by the nation's graduate schools, these will not be a sufficient number for all institutions. Obviously the major universities and the affluent colleges will be able to attract the doctors, but the small four-year colleges and junior colleges will not be so fortunate. The latter must be content with master's or bachelor's.

The Lingering Degree

Continued from page 65

the difference in voluntary dropout between medical school and graduate school is substantial. This can be explained, possibly, on the basis of 1) the stronger motivation of the prospective physician, 2) the more careful grooming and selection of candidates for admission, 3) the more rigidly prescribed curriculum, 4) the relative absence of employment opportunities for the pre-M.D., 5) the greater acceptance and understanding on the part of the public at large of the fact that medical study is a mature and respectable occupation, and 6) the great financial rewards at the end of the trail. Interestingly enough, the element of financial aid for the uninterrupted pursuit of professional study seems scarcely to enter the picture for the medical student. Until comparatively recently, no privately supported medical school had any but the most minimal resources for student aid, as many a nurse-wife can attest.

But to the public at large, those programs leading to "nonprofessional" doctorates are less well understood. Thus there is still a sympathetic response to Shaw's description of the teacher as a non-doer, with the acolyte being the most non-doer of them all, and we continue to come across cartoons showing junior trying to explain to his friends whose fathers work for a living, "My daddy can't seem to get out of school."

There are, in short, many pressures other than the financial that make the uninterrupted pursuit of doctoral study difficult in the extreme. But it is dangerous to underestimate the importance of money. Raising fees for the part time or the Rip Van Winkle candidate is likely to do little more than aggravate the problem, underlining what everyone has known for years anyway—that the other deterrants to continuous graduate study would pale into insignificance if enough fellowship money could be provided to meet the graduate students' and the country's needs. But this much money will never be available. Therefore one cannot help seeing the Columbia action as, at best, a device to secure additional income or, at worst, an almost romantic failure to grasp the realities of the situation—a kind of "off with their heads" approach when "on with their heads" would be so much more appropriate.

That it may be the latter is suggested by an experience the writer had not long ago at a meeting of graduate deans called by Commissioner Allen of New York State to review some of the major problems of graduate study in the state. The weight of the discussion was carried by the heads of the larger graduate schools, plus one or two consultants from leading universities outside the state. At one point the director of a small graduate program suggested that the forgotten man both in the discussion and in real life was the part-time graduate student who, in terms of numbers, represented the considerable majority in New York State as well as throughout the country. The unequivocal response from the representative from Columbia was, "I have absolutely no interest in the part-time graduate student." And the subject was dropped like a hot potato.

Aside from the fact that many so-called full-time doctoral candidates are actually engaged in part-time employment with their university—employment that may be less directly relevant to their academic interests than if they were employed outside the university—the part-timer must have every possible encouragement if we are to come anywhere near meeting our national needs. Instead of ignoring him (except for collecting his fees), our universities should be seeking ways and means of ensuring that his graduate experience is as significant as possible. He may well need certain modifications in the curricular patterns or requirements. He may well need even more formal opportunities for faculty contact than his more fortunate full-time classmate. He certainly needs special library and laboratory privileges. He should be required to meet with his fellow graduate students in congenial surroundings for that all-important cross-fertilization. He should not be excluded from financial assistance, for in all likelihood he is making an economic sacrifice to attend graduate school even on a part-time basis. Through special coun-

—Hays (Monkmeyer).

"Despite the greatly increased number of doctorates turned out by the nation's graduate schools, these will not be a sufficient number to meet the needs."

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seling he could be encouraged to obtain employment relevant to his graduate study. At the very least he deserves more administrative attention than he is getting in all but a few of the major graduate schools.

The plight of the part-time graduate student brings us, in fact, to the very heart of the problem. Expressed simply, it is that there is less creative leadership in graduate education than in any other level of American education, higher or lower. For anyone who has attended meetings of graduate school deans or read the proceedings of the Association of Graduate Schools, this fact is painfully evident. The monolithic protectiveness of the individual department, even of the individual professor in the individual department, renders the dean virtually powerless even if he should wish to exercise some leadership.

The necessity to specialize has so effectively eroded the capacity for generalization among faculty and administration that we might well despair of any effective attack upon the problem of the lingering degree—or upon most of the other problems related to doctoral study. We hear of current efforts to create a new "teaching" doctorate, as distinct from the "research" Ph.D. But we have been hearing of this for generations and still nothing has happened. We hear of the need to revitalize the M.A., that time-honored "consolation prize" for the frustrated Ph.D. candidate; yet, if anything, the M.A. currency is even more depressed today than it was yesterday. And now we hear of this new and ingenuous solution to the problem of the ABD—raise his fees!

What we do not hear of—despite the promise contained in the fledgling American Council of Graduate Schools—is any really creative or imaginative approach to graduate study. On the contrary, the general impression gained from Dr. Bernard Berelson's *Graduate Education in the United States*, to the effect that all is for the best in this best of all possible graduate worlds, seems to be shared by leaders in the field. Because of the security of this position, one educator has referred to them as "The Untouchables."

The regrettable fact is that when a problem with serious social implications cannot be solved from within, it will be solved from without, often with some less desirable result. For example, there has just been introduced to the California Legislature a bill calling for a new type of doctorate to meet the state's need for teachers in its burgeoning system of higher education. Legislators will act if educators will not, where the public interest is involved.

What we have a right to ask is that our graduate leadership should begin to dream a few dreams, even if traditional patterns and powers may be shattered. Here, for example, are one or two wild ideas that might start the party going:

President Johnson has proposed the establishment of major centers for medical research, training, and service spanning the entire nation. Assuming that one problem of the lingering degree is geographical separation, why not a similar national bracketing by graduate centers where the student who has met at least the minimum residence requirements at University X and established his academic credit could complete his work at his home university?

Or if this wouldn't work—and it has obvious drawbacks – why not provide means whereby the doctoral adviser of the ABD who has been forced by circumstances to accept a full-time position many miles from his academic base should make the rounds of his advisees rather than their having to come to him?

Perhaps there should be an ABD doctorate instead of the present ABD nondoctorate, with an additional service stripe awarded when the dissertation is completed. This might be at least as effective as the calling card reportedly carried by the young Indian scholar which bore the legend "Bachelor's degree not yet received."

Perhaps the whole process should be reversed. If we discard the polite fiction that the dissertation is an original contribution to the sum of human knowledge in favor of its being an indicator of scholarly competence and promise, then there is some reason for its being undertaken at the inception of graduate study rather than its culmination. Much of the course work in the typical graduate program is fully interchangeable, which means that the candidate could take the courses at any nearby graduate school and transfer the credits. Of course we might end up with ABC's—with the "C" standing for either course or credit—rather than ABD's; but the risk seems somewhat less hazardous.

Perhaps our colleges should seek financial means for hiring a percentage of their new faculty members while they are in graduate school—they do now—but paying them to remain at the university until the degree is finished.

For the convention-riddled graduate school these sample suggestions obviously belong in the theater-of-the-absurd. But they nevertheless suggest the kind of thinking that must be undertaken if we are to meet the nation's accelerating requirements for doctorates and avoid the tragic consequences of the lingering degree – consequences dramatically illustrated recently when the wife of a middle-aged assistant professor said to this writer, "If John doesn't finish his dissertation by next year I intend to seek a divorce."

Education Letters

Continued from page 58

If only English teachers would take heart from Miss Claggett's pointed words and be as honest as she, and then *insist* that the English and literature departments in their high schools read and discuss books that "may have some relevance in the life of the student."

My deepest thanks to Miss Claggett for reminding me that there are English teachers with courage enough to stay in the high school and pointedly discuss the issue that lies at the heart of one of the greatest problems facing English literature teachers.

Mrs. Joseph S. Hamilton.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

More on Social Studies

The thesis advanced by Donald W. Robinson in "Chaos in the Social Studies?" [*SR*, Nov. 20] is essentially correct: diversity in curriculum is a potential strength in U.S. secondary education. At a critical point, however, Robinson makes an error. Experience is showing that the sciences and mathematics are *not* yielding to one, two, or three curricula. New ideas are still being tried, and dissatisfactions exist. The principle still holds: diversity is essential. And related to this is a more important oversight in Robinson's thesis. The social studies should not stand midway between anything, particularly between the arts and sciences. Bronowski (*Science and Human Values*) points out that artists and scientists ultimately are engaged in a common enterprise: searching for unity in hidden likenesses. This is what secondary science should essentially be about, and the arts, mathematics, and the social studies should stand equal, emulating no one in their capacity for the creative, the worthy, the exciting, the search. In this broader view no subject need be patterned after the "new math" or the "new science," which, incidentally, are already becoming traditional in some respects.

Fred W. Fox,
Associate Professor,
Department of Science Education,
Oregon State University.
Corvallis, Ore.

Conant and the Ladies

I just love Professor Conant's assumption, described in your editorial [*SR*, Nov. 20], that because 95 per cent of professional degrees are awarded to men nobody needs to pay attention to the remaining 5 per cent awarded to women, and that therefore educators can talk blithely about educating "boys." Perhaps it is worthwhile for me, as one of the insignificant 5 per cent, to point out that 5 per cent of 50,000 is 2,500. An educational closed society which is ready to freeze out 2,500 prospective members does not look much as if it is as interested in professional preparation as in the formation of an exclusive little club. I heartily applaud the *SR* critique of the Conant proposal.

Jean Macintyre,
Assistant Professor of English,
University of Alberta.
Alberta, Canada

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One Generation

Continued from page 70

delighted when I received a letter of appreciation for the "industrial work" I had been doing! The letter ended with these encouraging sentences: "A teacher's best work is often what she does outside the ordinary classroom routine. These Indian schools particularly need a great deal of the kind of training you have been giving the children."

I needed that letter to raise my spirits. It came the day before I was to leave the reservation for two weeks of Christmas vacation. Because of that long vacation I would not earn enough to pay my December board. I faced the embarrassment of having to ask my father for money.

What my father had to say about my job was not printable. He was sure that I could do much better as a waitress—"what with tips and all." He begged me to quit that job where I had to be near children who had the itch and lice in their hair. He noticed that I had lost weight on my boarding-house diet of boiled potatoes, codfish cakes and cabbage, with an occasional dried-apple pie. Such food was not fit for a farmer's hired hand, he said. Nobody should be expected to pay good hard money for it.

I was tired enough to quit the job. But I had been taught in normal school that it was a point of ethics for a teacher to keep her side of a contract—and also to stay at least two years in her first job. So back I went to the reservation.

For that trip my father drove a team of horses hitched to big bobsleds. I sat on the seat beside him, wrapped in bearskin laprobes from bears my grandfather had killed. Behind us, wrapped in more robes and nestling in straw, was a barrel of russet apples, several bushels of potatoes, a big bag of onions, another of beans, and some sides of salt pork. As I remember the logic I used to get it, this loot was supposed to represent the food I would have eaten if I had not been earning my own living.

We made the whole trip almost in complete silence. I imagine my father was disgusted with his stubborn eldest daughter. He stowed my provisions in the school cellar before he delivered me to my boarding house.

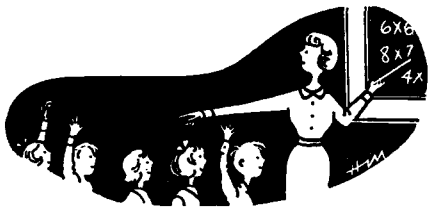
Had I not used snowshoes, I doubt that I would have survived that winter. Roads were never open at the hour I set out in the morning. The only milk team that came that way would be waiting at the school for me to open the door. Wearing skirts that reached my ankles, I often had to walk through drifted snow a foot deep.

No lady in those days wore short skirts. Slacks, ski pants, or leotards were unheard of. I must confess that I was no lady as I made my way through sub-zero snowstorms. I turned my skirt up to my knees and fastened it to my belt with safety pins. On snowshoes I defied the drifted roads and made my way across fields and fences—directly toward three tall pine trees on a hilltop from which I knew I could see the schoolhouse. I thought that nobody saw me. But I should have known better.

I shall never forget the day that an aged Indian, with a face like leather, burst into my warm classroom, carrying a pair of snowshoes he had made especially for me. "Big man, big snowshoes; little woman, little snowshoes," he said. From his gestures it was clear to me that the snowshoes I had been using were too long and too broad for my height and weight. "Little woman, big snowshoes, big backache," he explained. I knew from experience what he meant.

The pupils had had advance notice of this surprise. Over and over again they shouted a name that I was told was to be my Indian name forever. Its meaning in English was "Walking Through Snow."

Walking Through Snow greatly enjoyed her own snowshoes after that. By



placing her feet in the proper position from step to step, she could cover three miles in half the time it took her to do it in summer.

On days when it was between twenty and thirty degrees below zero I longed to stay all night at school. But I did not dare to do it. I knew that if I did not get home by six o'clock, a search party would set out to find the frozen body of the missing teacher. So I waited as long as I dared before banking the fire, which I wanted to be still burning in the morning. From 5 P.M. to 9 A.M. is a long time to keep a coal fire burning.

In such weather Monday morning was a nightmare. There had been no fire in the building for two days. We were all cold when we reached school. Ashes had to be removed from the stove before a fire could be built. Usually I kept a hot wood fire going for two hours before I put coal on it.

To keep children from getting too near the hot stove, I had them sit in a circle on the floor, with feet pointing toward the stove. They stayed there as long as it took to dry their shoes and get their feet warm. They drank cocoa or hot tea and studied spelling or reading books. School did not begin in earnest until about eleven when I called arithmetic classes, one after the other, to the bench in front of my desk.

I remember one stormy Monday when Father Buchette, the Franciscan missionary who visited our school every month or so, came in while we were still shivering around the stove. His broad brimmed, low-crowned, black hat was covered with ice and his long cassock frozen stiff to a point well above his knees. I was proud of my big boys who helped him crack the ice from his clothes and get dried out beside our roaring wood fire. But I began to teach spelling classes earlier than usual. In school, as well as at the boarding house, I formed a Protestant minority of one, and I did not want Father Buchette to get the impression that I neglected my duty. The good priest had permission from Albany to speak to the pupils, so long as what he said was "nonsectarian" and spoken in English. Since I had orders to report on what he said, I was not sure that he did not have the same kind of orders to report on me.

Father Buchette was of great help to me in many ways. To say to any pupil, whether Christian or pagan, "If you are absent again without a good excuse, I'll tell Father Buchette," was far more effective than to send a truant officer to a place where truants could slip into Canada after they saw the officer coming. Father Buchette visited homes in both countries, knew all of the Indians, and spoke their language well. News that I heard from him was sure to be accurate.

The state employed a doctor on a part-time basis. Occasionally he held office hours in my school. He fought a persistent battle against "the itch" and I was left in charge of the hardest task connected with his method of treating it. There was a galvanized iron washtub in one of the little rooms that opened off the schoolroom. I was supposed to force stubborn pagan boys to take hot baths in water that had sodium bicarbonate in it. I did it—but not without having to go into the room to make sure that the patient was really in the tub. Among these remnants of the once-great Iroquois Nation, the idea that "witches" controlled disease was still prevalent. Children would tremble with fear lest they offend the witches by taking a bath.

One little girl was absent from school because her father saw witches pass the house on the road. She was not permitted to come to school until her father found the right leaves to make tea to exorcise the witches. I must have reported that incident to Albany because I still have a letter in which I received the official reply to that one: "I think the little girl should be in school in spite of the witches. I know of no better protection against them than education." Father Buchette said that he knew the child's

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parents and would call on them. The child came to school the next day. Later Father Buchette told me, "No, I did not convert him. But I convinced him that my God had power over witches. I knew that fellow before he got this notion of trying to be a witch doctor. My practice is bigger than his is!"

Our school's washtub was not a popular gadget. I decided that it might be worthwhile to teach pupils about other uses for washtubs. I taught them what my Puritan grandmother had taught me about the five waters for washing clothes: 1) cold soaking water, 2) hot scrubbing water, 3) warm sudsing water, 4) warm first rinsing water, and 5) cold last-rinsing water.

Our first washday was a huge success. The boys brought dirty shirts and the girls dirty dresses. By night they were all dry and smelled "sweet" as we put them into a big new laundry basket, contributed by one of the basket-weaving mothers.

We washed on Monday and ironed on Tuesday—according to the old New England rhyme, which I had taught them. We borrowed an ironing board and real iron flatirons from the woman who gave us the milk, and her daughter supervised Tuesday's ironing.

The project was repeated on four Mondays and Tuesdays. Then I put a stop to it. They had begun to wash their fathers' shirts. I did not intend to turn the school into a free laundry for the whole reservation. Besides that, I was afraid that the older pupils, who supervised all of this washing and ironing while I did my regular teaching, were not getting enough book-learning.

In a weak moment I had promised to teach the girls to sew, and they did not let me forget it. I had no way of getting new cloth until one day in early spring, when a complete surprise solved that problem.

During the year I had written letters about Indians to some of my former teachers at the Oswego State Normal School. Unknown to me, the president of that institution had read some of my letters to the student assembly. The result was that pupils of the Practice School gave a play and earned $20 which they sent to me to buy cloth. I bought cotton flannel and taught the girls to make warm nightgowns.

The boys were miffed because they had not been included in the sewing project. They said that all they got to do was to carry ashes, wood, coal, and water—and scrub the dirty floor. There was truth in their complaint. I knew that Indian men did some of the best beadwork, so I decided to provide opportunity for boys to sew. Their project was to be a quilt made from embroidered blocks of unbleached muslin. They decided to let everybody help.

Pupils drew pictures which I transferred to ten-inch squares of cloth. Boys drew the best pictures and did some of the best embroidery. But everybody, even the tiny tots, embroidered a picture-block in red thread. When all were finished, the girls washed and ironed the blocks, and I took them home and sewed them together on the sewing machine—between strips of red sateen that framed them.

All parents were invited to our quilting bee, which came two weeks before school was to close. Women who had spent most of their life weaving baskets had clever fingers. They did the quilting. Their stitches were as fine as any I had ever seen. How delighted they were when I let them take home the long milliner's needles that I had provided for the work!

Fathers sat around the schoolyard smoking and talking—pagans and Christians associating with each other. They had brought fresh fish and potatoes, which they roasted over the coals of a trench fire. How good that feast tasted!

With the fathers as audience we rehearsed the play that the non-English class was going to perform on the last day of school—a dramatization of *Little Red Riding Hood*. I had completed a cape and hood for Red Riding Hood, which was the only costume that was ready. The fathers were so delighted that we did the play over and over again and accepted their advice about acting.

A few days later I received a wooden mask of a wolf that one of the fathers had made. In olden days Iroquois Indians had been famous mask-makers, and this was a good one. The wolf in our play had cause to be proud of his costume, but I had some difficulty in getting him to act his part without giving his total attention to his mask.

This dramatization grew out of my conscientious use of what was then called the "dramatic method" of introducing a foreign language to beginners. I wrote a long report to Albany about the adaptation of this teaching method for use in Indian schools. The result was that I was promoted. I was assigned to teach non-English and "industrial" classes in the Onondaga Indian School near Syracuse—at $400 a year.

We had another party on the last day of school. It was I who ruined the joy of it. I felt as though I were deserting my duty when I announced that I would not be back the next year.

The children wanted me to have the quilt, which had been used to cover the bed for both Grandmother and the wolf in the play. I suggested that they give it to an orphange run by nuns for Indian children. Father Buchette was chosen to deliver it with the special request—proposed by one of the pagan boys—that it be used in the room for "sick babies."

By keeping my school open for the full quota of days required for a legal school year in the State of New York, I was paid $288 that year. All but $48 of it went for board. My wages were less than what my father paid to an uneducated "farm hand." Farmers in that part of the country were then paying a "hired man" a dollar a day and "keep." The hired man received $365 in hard cash, none of which had to be paid for board. That was seven times as much as I had left after paying board.

All of this happened fifty years ago. I passed through the reservation in 1963. The old schoolhouse was still standing, but it was somebody's residence. For years Indian children had attended a consolidated school, staffed by well-paid teachers. The three tall pine trees on the hill were gone. Other landmarks were under the waters of the St. Lawrence Seaway. And I knew that the most "Mohawk" of all Mohawks today live in Brooklyn and find preferential employment as steel construction workers in and around the City of New York.

What could I say from my own experience that might be helpful to my young friend who would be completing his first year of teaching in 1965?

"Have you ever thought of joining the Peace Corps?" I asked.

"Are you serious?" he inquired.

"I was never more serious in my life," I replied. "I gained my most valuable experience as a teacher during the year when necessity required that I operate like a one-woman Peace Corps."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. *quarter*staff. 2. inde*cent*. 3. *fives*. 4. *nickel*odeon. 5. con*fine*. 6. *dim*ension. 7. be*half*. 8. quick*silver*. 9. *change*ability. 10. *bond*age. 11. shoe*bill*. 12. *coin*cidence. 13. bad*minton*. 14. *grand*iose. 15. swash*buckling*. 16. de*note*. 17. d*roll*. 18. *cash*ew.

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History Is Dangerous

Continued from page 61

"genius," and an "ideal leader." "It is not often," declares one text, "that a man can be said to have been so important in the history of his country that without him the whole of its structure would have been different. In Great Britain this has been said of King Alfred, who saved the country from the Danes, and of King Henry VIII, who made it possible for the Protestant religion to replace the Catholic. Today one hundred and thirty million Americans [English textbooks are not revised as often as American] rightly think of George Washington as the father of their nation. Without him, the colonies might indeed have become independent, but certainly not so soon. More important still, for them, they might never have become the *United* States of America." Paeans of praise such as this are suspect. English authors who sing them may be subconsciously justifying the defeat of their countrymen by a third-rate power. Unvarnished truth and the objective assignment of both praise and censure are the best antidotes to nationalistic bias.

If some British textbooks lean over backward to glorify American leaders for their Revolutionary War roles, they show no such inclination when dealing with World War I. Their authors share with text writers in the United States a tendency to write in a nationalistic vacuum when dealing with that topic, concerned only with events directly involving their own nations, and indifferent to (or perhaps unaware of) the contributions of their country's allies. Readers of the more outspoken textbooks on either side of the Atlantic are left with the impression that the Central Powers were defeated almost singlehandedly by either Britain or the United States, with only an occasional and largely unnecessary assist from the other.

American textbooks usually begin the story with their country's entrance into the War in 1917, not in 1914 when the tragic conflict began. Scarcely a single author deals adequately with the bitter three years of fighting that preceded his country's participation, or suggests to impressionable young readers that without the lonely sacrifices of the French and British people an antidemocratic Western world might have resulted. Few properly emphasize the fact that American troops did not become an effective force in battle until the end of May 1918, thus denying the Allies credit for holding back the Central Powers for nearly a year after the United States declared war. Nearly all stress the relatively few campaigns in which Americans played a decisive role, and most depict the peace negotiations as a struggle between the forces of Good represented by the saintly Woodrow Wilson with his dedication to democracy and the forces of Evil played by the Allied diplomats who sought to frustrate his noble designs for their own selfish ends.

If nationalistic bias such as this mars textbooks used in the United States, it is more than matched by those popular in England and Wales. A balanced account of World War I should assign proper credit to the burdens borne by the British people, but English authors should also recognize that that burden was not carried alone; France, Belgium, Italy, Imperial Russia, the Dominions, and the United States should be allotted their proper share of credit for victory. A judiciously written textbook should include a discussion of the widespread American sympathy for the Allied cause and the weakening of these sentiments with Britain's interference with American trade. It should explain the loans and other aid granted Great Britain by the United States between 1914 and 1917, and make clear the nation's contribution as a neutral carrier for the Allies. It should describe Woodrow Wilson's doctrine of "strict accountability" and the part this played in swinging the country toward participation after unrestricted submarine warfare began. In dealing with military events, a well-planned text should discuss the American contributions in fighting men and ships, the campaigns in which they participated, with some indication of the relative numbers involved, and the idealistic role of Wilson as a peacemaker and architect of the League of Nations, which might have created a better world than the one that emerged. To include all of this information in a brief account is to test the ingenuity of an author, but to omit it is to distort the truth so badly that international misunderstanding is the result.

FEW British authors even hint at an impartial treatment of the war. Readers will search in vain for anything approaching a complete account of the contributions to an Allied victory made by the United States between 1914 and 1917, whether of sentiment, loans, or the supplies that helped bolster Britain's defenses against the Central Powers. A majority of the textbooks used today fail to mention England's interference with neutral shipping, but all give full attention to German submarine warfare. Such lack of balance persuades an uninformed reader that the United States refrained from entering the conflict only because its isolationism made it reluctant to aid a sister democracy. "Wilson," writes one author, "urged his countrymen to be not only neutral in action, but neutral in speech and thought. A former university professor, he gave the impres-

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sion of regarding all European politics as beneath his notice, and he sometimes spoke as though there was no great gulf separating the actions of Germany from those of Britain and France. The sufferings of Belgium appeared to him little different from those of Ireland." Imagination could scarcely devise a less accurate picture of Woodrow Wilson's motives during that trying period. Yet that same author adds insult to misunderstanding when he ends his account of America's eventual entry into the war with: "Englishmen forbore to wonder why it had taken the President nearly three years to come to this rather obvious conclusion." Such gratuitous comments are hardly monuments to the objectivity of history.

British textbook authors are equally reluctant to accord the United States its just share of credit for victory over the Central Powers. In many texts no mention is made of the role of the navy in the blockade of Germany, or of its part in combatting U-boats. One compounds the errors of all by reporting: "Thanks to the increasing efforts of the Admiralty and the courageous determination of the Prime Minister, the losses declined steadily throughout the year and the rate of U-boat sinkings increased." Not a mention in that statement of the American navy; British youths are left with the false impression that England singlehanded cleared the seas. Similarly, many authors either ignore or minimize the aid provided by American troops during the last year of the war. This is brushed off with such phrases as "A large American army was enlisted and trained, and did useful work in the last few months of the war," or "The Allies, now strengthened by American troops, continued their successes." These half-truths conceal the fact that the fresh troops from the United States did help turn the tide of battle. This should be brought home to English schoolboys, just as Britain's decisive part in victory should be stressed in every textbook used in the United States.

Americans disturbed by such judgments will be even more startled by the picture of the peace negotiations presented by the majority of British textbooks. Accustomed as they are to the image of Woodrow Wilson as the hero of the Versailles conferences, they will find it hard to realize that English schoolboys have scant opportunity to learn of his lofty idealism, his hopes for a better world, and his willingness to sacrifice his future and even his life for his ideal. Instead he is cast as an irritating gadfly, standing in the way of Lloyd George's efforts to win a peace that would give Germany its just due. The Prime Minister is the undisputed hero, a man "quick-witted and realistic," who tried to steer a middle course; a leader with a "natural and experienced agility of mind." Perhaps so. But to paint this idealized picture, while at the same time dubbing Wilson as "unreasonable" and an "idealist" with little understanding of European politics is to succumb to the worst form of group superiority. British no less than American writers must change their course before they can boast of books geared to the realities of interdependence forced on nations by the communications revolution of the past half-century.

The youth of Great Britain and the United States will receive proper training in world affairs only when textbook authors on both sides of the Atlantic awaken to the fact that history is a dangerous subject, to be handled with caution. Those authors must realize that objective understanding can be achieved only when they immerse themselves in the records of other countries than their own. They must learn that words are as dangerous as bullets, and that each must be carefully weighed to detect the nuances of meaning that might prejudice the viewpoint of their readers. They must train themselves to select from the multitudinous records of the past the exact facts and interpretations needed to present an accurate, not a distorted image of the events they are describing. Only when they have learned these lessons will the authors of textbooks be equipped to combat the nationalism that has marred understanding between nations in the past, and that even today threatens the future worldwide cooperation on which the salvation of humanity depends.

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(Continued from page 81)

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(Continued on page 84)

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(Continued from page 83)

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. German conductor of first perf. of Brahms Symphony No. 1, Nov. 4, 1876.	183 123 76 139 154 66 117
B. Large State Park of western New York.	138 121 175 187 60 198 169 36
C. Capable of growing or developing.	164 95 159 132 57 28
D. Unfortunately misanthropic son of Abraham.	58 147 153 118 20 110 74
E. Sport of throwing flat stones so as to make them skip along water (3 wds.)	161 6 89 105 155 3 135 189 127 23 185 / 140 103 2
F. Civil word of address equivalent to our *Mrs.* in early Colonial times.	96 5 174 195 152 83 39 55
G. Interesting anagrammatic system in ancient Jewish mystical writing.	126 196 122 156 80 184
H. Beloved Hollywood personality, Russian-born, died 1961.	70 171 136 150 176 157
I. Followed by *as Melancholy*, Robert Burton's famous pronouncement (3 wds.)	41 14 99 112 87 72 203 180 48 172 93 / 130 192
J. Small village of Palestine, NW of Jerusalem, mentioned in *Luke* 24.	75 46 190 1 145 100
K. Rationale (of anything; 4 wds.)	84 102 124 92 133 16 188 59 33 108 27 / 4
L. Triangle-shaped figure in decoration, etc.	199 158 34 144 44 56 98 29 202

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. One who excels in the technique of an art, esp. music.	31 160 104 37 181 137 114 162
N. How aircraft are expected to make landings and take-offs (2 wds.)	116 11 141 146 22 64 82 32 7 42 91
O. Principal tines of a stag's antler.	119 149 167 197 53 77
P. Professional girl entertainer of Japan.	8 101 40 81 85 10
Q. Of the faintest possible shade of cream (comp.)	170 186 38 51 47 201 125 200 45 79
R. Object of purely rational apprehension.	63 65 71 9 17 151 25 131
S. Specifying the incoming tide (2 wds.)	177 78 54 109 43 21
T. Legendary hero, the rust of whose spear was needed to cure the wound it inflicted.	62 50 73 191 19 182 69 15
U. Any of numerous small herring or troutlike fish used as food.	13 90 165 193 49 128 30 12 148
V. In a different manner.	115 35 179 24 134 97 107 86
W. Hardened.	173 61 178 142 163 168 129 111
X. The summer in France (2 wds.)	18 113 67 194
Y. Father of the boy of whom it was well, according to Tennyson, "that he shouts with his sister at play."	26 88 143 68 52 166 94 120 106

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

	1 J	2 E		3 E		4 K	5 F	6 E	7 N	8 P		9 R	10 P	11 N		12 U
	13 U	14 I	15 T		16 K	17 R	18 X	19 T		20 D	21 S	22 N	23 E	24 V		25 R
26 Y		27 K	28 C	29 L		30 U	31 M	32 N	33 K	34 L	35 V	36 B		37 M	38 Q	
39 F	40 P	41 I	42 N		43 S	44 L	45 Q		46 J	47 Q		48 I	49 U	50 T	51 Q	52 Y
53 O		54 S	55 F	56 L	57 C	58 D	59 K	60 B	61 W		62 T	63 R	64 N		65 R	66 A
	67 X	68 Y	69 T		70 H	71 R	72 I	73 T	74 D	75 J	76 A	77 O	78 S	79 Q	80 G	81 P
	82 N	83 F	84 K	85 P		86 V	87 I	88 Y	89 E	90 U		91 N	92 K	93 I		94 Y
95 C	96 F	97 V	98 L		99 I	100 J	101 P		102 K	103 E	104 M		105 E	106 Y	107 V	108 K
109 S	110 D	111 W	112 I	113 X		114 M	115 V		116 N	117 A		118 D	119 O		120 Y	121 B
122 G	123 A	124 K		125 Q	126 G	127 E		128 U	129 W	130 I	131 R		132 C	133 K	134 V	135 E
	136 H	137 M		138 B	139 A	140 E		141 N	142 W	143 Y		144 L	145 J	146 N	147 D	148 U
149 O	150 H	151 R		152 F	153 D	154 A	155 E		156 G	157 H	158 L	159 C	160 M	161 E		162 M
163 W		164 C	165 U	166 Y	167 O	168 W	169 B	170 Q	171 H		172 I	173 W	174 F	175 B	176 H	
177 S		178 W	179 V	180 I	181 M	182 T	183 A		184 G	185 E	186 Q	187 B		188 K	189 E	190 J
191 T	192 I	193 U	194 X	195 F		196 G	197 O	198 B	199 L		200 Q		201 Q	202 L	203 I	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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at what look like prewar prices
—and where no one ever heard of nerves or worries

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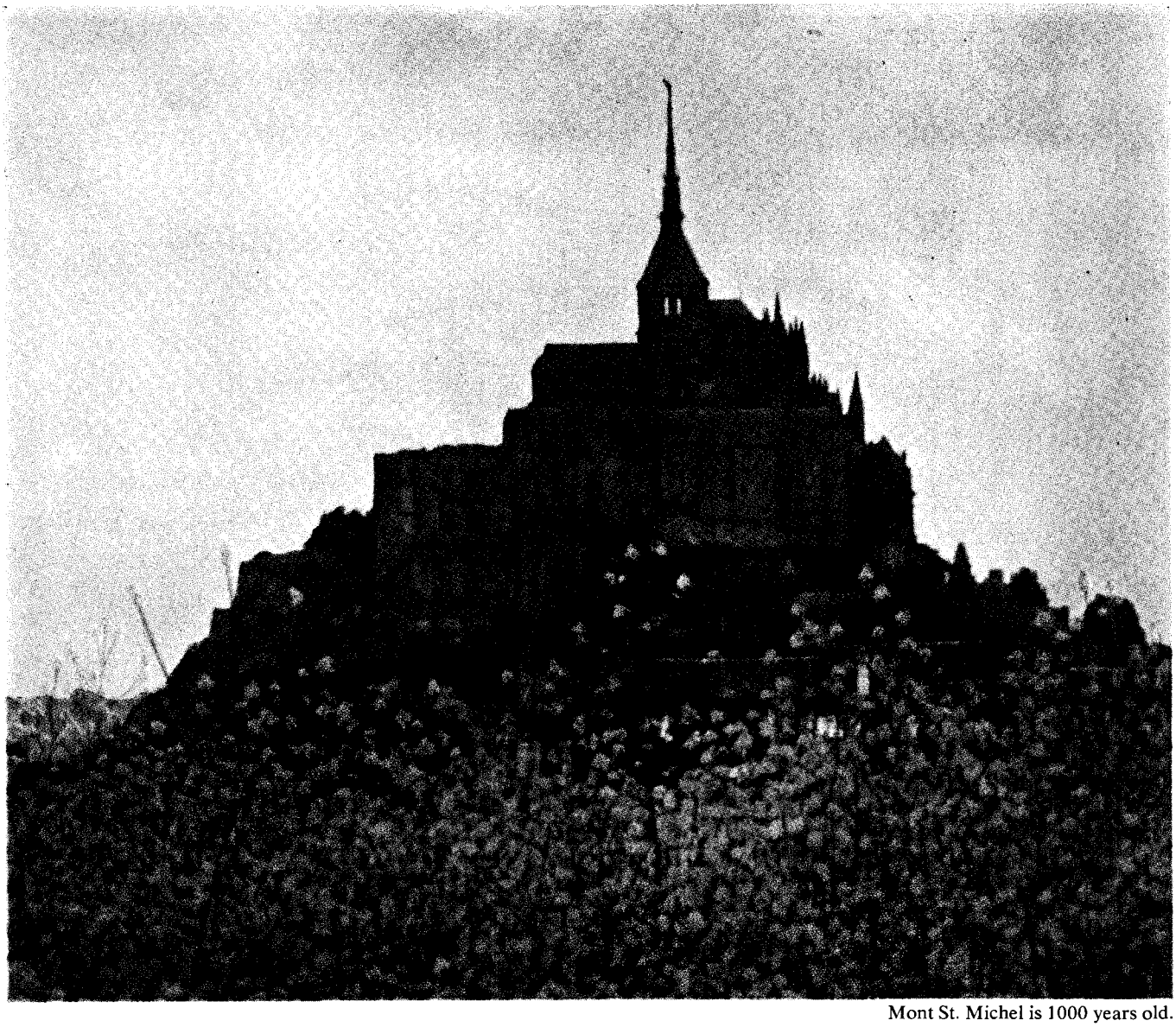

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